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NINETEENTH CENTURY
JULY-OCT 1909 G. K. U

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

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No. CCCLXXXIX—July 1909

THE UNITY AND DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

As one who since my entry into public life more than half a century ago has given earnest consideration to the best means of promoting the greatness and prosperity of the British Empire, may I venture respectfully to offer some suggestions to the important conference shortly to take place between the Imperial Government and the members of the self-governing Colonies?

The Premier of New Zealand patriotically offered to present a *Dreadnought* to the Imperial Navy when the recent excitement arose here as to the insufficiency of naval preparation to meet any emergency. A subsequent meeting of the leading public men in that Dominion developed some difference of opinion as to the best mode of rendering naval support to the Mother Country.[1]

Following the action of New Zealand a similar proposal was urged upon the Government of Australia by New South Wales and Victoria, and the Premier of the Commonwealth holding the opinion that a local

[1] Sir Joseph Ward has since carried his proposal through the Parliament of New Zealand by a unanimous vote.

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navy was a better mode of aiding Great Brit[illegible]as been superseded by that eminent Imperialist Mr. Deakin, who [illegible]fered a *Dreadnought* to the Parent State.

In the House of Commons of Canada, Mr. Foster having moved a resolution in favour of a local navy being vigorously proceeded with, the following resolution was moved by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after conference with Mr. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, which passed unanimously :

This House fully recognises the duty of the people of Canada, as they increase in numbers and wealth, to assume in larger measure the responsibilities of national defence. The House is of opinion that under the present constitutional regulations between the Mother Country and the self-governing dominions, the payment of regular and periodical contributions to the Imperial Treasury for naval and military purposes would not be, so far as Canada is concerned, the most satisfactory solution of the question of defence.

The House will cordially approve of any necessary expenditure designed to promote the speedy organisation of a Canadian naval service in co-operation with and in close relation to the Imperial Navy, along the lines suggested by the Admiralty at the last Imperial Conference, and in full sympathy with the view that the naval supremacy of Britain is essential to the security of commerce, the safety of the Empire, and the peace of the world.

The House expresses its firm conviction that whenever the need arises the Canadian people will be found ready and willing to make any sacrifice that is required to give to the Imperial authorities the most loyal and hearty co-operation in every movement for the maintenance of the integrity and the honour of the Empire.

Since the passage of that resolution much dissatisfaction has been expressed in the Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia, that Canada did not present a *Dreadnought* to the Imperial Navy.

Lord Milner, on his return from visiting Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, said in reference to this question when addressing the Canadian Club at Toronto in October last :

The membership of the Colonies in the Empire added more to its collective strength than liability for their protection added to its responsibilities ; but the general position would be much stronger if all the Colonies adopted the course which Australia seemed disposed to adopt, of creating a national militia and laying the foundations of a fleet. It was not a question of transferring burdens, but of developing fresh centres of strength, and this development of the defensive resources of the Colonies would not make for separation, but would create a stronger desire to share in the glories and responsibilities of the Empire. But such development, especially in the case of the Navy, might be along lines so dissimilar as to hamper conjoint action, and the arguments for a single big navy for the Empire were so strong that they might overcome the political objection. He felt, however, the political objection very strongly : for, if the Colonies were to contribute to a central navy, they would not take the interest and pride in the matter which it was essential that they should take. The fatal weakness would be that the participation of the Colonies in Imperial affairs would begin and end with a contribution The true line of progress was probably for the younger nations to be brought face to face with the problems of the defence of the Empire gradually.

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A few weeks ago Lord Charles Beresford, in a speech reported in the *Times*,[2] said

the time had arrived for us to look narrowly into the question of Imperial defence as a whole. The Government, he thought, were wise in having called a conference together upon that important matter. We should learn a great deal at that conference from representatives of the British Dominions beyond the seas, and he hoped they might learn a little from us. The interest of the Dominions in the matter was shown by the fact that they had offered to send to this country a sum of money for the purpose of building what were described as *Dreadnoughts*, but which he would prefer to call battleships. (Hear, hear.) The first thing that was necessary was for the Mother Country and the Dominions to consider how they could best help each other. Before spending a large sum of money it was necessary to look at what the result might be. His view of the situation was that our great Dominions could best help us, not by spending two millions on battleships to serve in British waters, but by making proposals for defending themselves.

. . . . . .

But he questioned the wisdom of their putting money into torpedo vessels and submarines and sending a large amount over here to build a battleship the life of which was only twenty years with luck, and might be only twenty months. If they invested two millions in Home Defence and in having cruisers which could go out and protect their trade routes, he thought it would be a better investment than in helping to defend the shores of this country.

. . . . . .

In the scheme which he proposed the first essential was that the vessels built by the Dominions should be under the administration and control of the Dominions themselves, and they should also be interchangeable with the vessels of the British Fleet, so that a cruiser from Sydney, say, might occasionally go to the Mediterranean and a Mediterranean cruiser go to Sydney. He would also have the officers and the men interchangeable for the purposes of training. (Cheers.) The various fleets should have identical designs, an identical system of training, and an identical system of discipline. He wished to say that the system of discipline in the British Navy was excellent and was founded upon sympathy and kindness on the part of the officers towards the men and respect and esteem on the part of the men towards their officers. (Cheers.) He suggested that this Imperial Navy should have the same signal books, the same uniform, the same articles of war, the same King's Regulations, and the same Admiralty Instructions. Its object would be to demonstrate to the world that if any component part of this great Empire was attacked, the whole Empire would go as one great service to its assistance.

. . . . . .

The best way, he repeated, in which the Dominions could help us was to defend their own trade routes; and the best way in which we could help the Dominions was to pass their men and their officers through our service for training. He preferred to call the Dominions nations; and if the Canadian nation, the South African nation, the New Zealand nation, and the British nation were cemented together for defence, they could laugh at the rest of the world.

I need not add more to show the diversity of opinion that exists in regard to this important question—upon which it is on every account desirable that unanimity should prevail. To promote that object I suggest that it is not impossible to find a solution. No one will dispute the fact that the greatest difficulty that presents itself in regard to

[2] May 22.

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the unity and consolidation of this great Empire arises from the long distances which separate its component parts, nor question the importance of any measure designed to draw them closer together. Animated by these considerations that incomparable Minister of the Colonial Department, Mr. Chamberlain, agreed to give from the Imperial Treasury 75,000*l.* a year for the purpose of subsidising a fast line of steamers between Great Britain and Canada, by which the Mother Country would at the same time be brought into the closest communication with Australasia, including New Zealand. The House of Commons of Canada thereupon voted unanimously a subsidy of twice that sum for the same purpose.

A contract was arranged with the Messrs. Allan on that basis, but was defeated owing to a change of the Government in Canada. These steamships were to be built under Admiralty supervision, and commanded by officers of the Royal Navy. The Admiralty had put on record in 1887 a memorandum saying

> My Lords would desire to state that the experience derived from the events of 1885 has led them to believe that true economy and real efficiency would be best promoted by securing the use to the Admiralty in times of peace of the fastest and most serviceable vessels, &c.

General Sir Andrew Clarke in 1894 also gave it as his opinion upon this point, that 'fast ships on these routes cannot well be captured except by mere mischance on the ocean.'

The principle referred to above was destined to receive a wider and more significant application. Under the late Government, on the 30th of July, 1903, a contract was made between the Admiralty, the Board of Trade and the Postmaster-General and the Cunard Steamship Co. Ltd., under which the Government loaned the capital, 2,600,000*l.*, to the Cunard Company at $2\frac{3}{4}$*l.* per cent. for the construction of the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* running between their country and a foreign port. In addition the Government have increased the subsidy to the company for the carriage of mails to 62,000*l.* per annum.

At the Imperial Conference of 1907 Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously by the votes of the representatives of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa :

> That in the opinion of this Conference the interests of the Empire demand that, in so far as practicable, its different portions should be connected by the best possible means of mail communication, travel, and transportation, and that to this end it is advisable that Great Britain should be connected with Canada, and through Canada with Australia and New Zealand, by the best service available within reasonable cost ; that for the purpose of carrying the above project into effect such financial support as may be necessary should be contributed by Great Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, in equitable proportions.

I believe financial grounds are responsible for the delay in giving effect to this resolution, which provides the best and readiest means of

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drawing the Mother Country and other great outlying portions of the Empire closer together.

Now I humbly submit that to keep this great question free from all party complication both here and throughout the Empire this financial support, so firmly offered, may accomplish the great object desired by all of efficiently providing for the defence of the Empire, and at the same time of affording the best means of promoting trade, mail, and personal intercourse to such an extent as to be of great value to the Empire at large, while it will, as Lord Charles Beresford proposes, provide a Fleet of Royal Reserve Cruisers to keep open the trade routes in time of war.

The importance of the latter task may be understood in the light of the statement publicly made recently by Mr. J. J. Hill, one of the great railway magnates of the United States, that the United States in a short time would consume all the wheat they could produce, and that Canada would be able to raise 800,000,000 bushels.

The proposed suggestion would in no wise interfere with any of the Dominions building naval cruisers or adopting any other means of protecting their shores which they might desire. I may suggest that in justice to the Messrs. Allan and the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., who have done so much unaided to improve steamship communication between this country and Canada, their interests should not be overlooked in making the proposed arrangements.

It is evident that the presentations of *Dreadnoughts* cannot be carried in the Parliaments of the Dominions except by a party vote, which in such a matter would be greatly to be deplored. On the other hand there would be unanimity in providing support to the Admiralty by the construction of local navies. That attitude, when taken in connexion with the opinion of a very high naval authority that the construction of cruisers by the 'Dominion Nations,' to keep open the trade routes between them and Great Britain in time of war, would give better support to the Admiralty than a presentation of *Dreadnoughts*, is certainly worthy of consideration. If that object could be secured in the meantime by the establishment of the 'All-Red Route' between this country and Australia and New Zealand *via* Canada, to which the Imperial Conference of 1907 committed itself, by large steamships built under Admiralty supervision, commanded by naval officers and manned by trained men, and provided with suitable armament, the trade routes could not only be kept open but the closest communication maintained between those parts of the Empire concerned. The means also of transporting troops and Volunteers in time of war in the most rapid manner would thus be secured to the Admiralty.

I cannot conclude without expressing my dissent from the disparaging remarks that have been made in reference to the neglect by Canada to discharge her duty in regard to the defence of the Empire.

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Canada has spent hundreds of millions of dollars in the construction of trans-continental railways which have been declared by the highest British naval and military authorities to be of vital importance to the defence of the Empire. She has reclaimed from the wilderness, by opening it up to settlement, the great Rupert's Land, which is being rapidly occupied by British subjects and will soon provide this country with all the breadstuffs which it is unable to produce. Canada, with a population of under five millions, accomplished this work without assistance, a greater exploit than has ever been achieved by any such population in the world. 'Canada,' in the words of her distinguished Governor-General, Lord Grey, 'has blazed the way for the Confederation of Australia,' which has since been followed by the Confederation of South Africa. Canada, again, under the administration of Mr. Chamberlain, led the van in the construction of the Pacific Cable, which I hope will prove the first link in the project of a system of Empire cables so long advocated by Sir Sandford Fleming for binding the Empire together in this manner.

The Government of Canada is now carrying out the policy propounded by Lord Dundonald of a great citizen soldiery at a cost of over six million dollars per annum, to enable her to defend the weakest and most vulnerable spot in the British Empire, and now stands pledged by the unanimous vote of her Parliament to support the Parent State in every emergency to the utmost of her ability, and to provide for the national defence of her shores.

I may be told that Canada has done all this not for England but for herself. Permit me, as one of the only two Delegates now living to the Conference for the Union of the North American Colonies held at Quebec in 1864, to say that the ruling sentiment of the thirty-two representative public men who attended on that memorable occasion was the determination to preserve for ever the priceless benefit of British institutions under the sovereignty of the Crown.

CHARLES TUPPER.

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ARE THE DEATH DUTIES AN ECONOMICALLY SOUND FORM OF TAXATION?

THE above is the question which I wish to put before the readers of this Review. I use the term 'Death Duties' in the ordinarily accepted sense, as including those taxes first associated in Sir William Harcourt's Budget of 1894, which, by the way, also for the first time introduced the principle of graduation into our system of taxation. I have for some time had considerable doubts as to whether these duties as introduced by Sir William Harcourt were not tending ultimately to reduce the capital out of which they were paid; my doubts were considerably increased when the scale was raised two years ago, and they have been still further strengthened by the proposals of the present year.

My question raises a further one: What taxes are economically sound?

It is interesting to apply Adam Smith's 'First Principles of Taxation' to the problem. He lays down that:

1. The subjects of every State ought to contribute towards the support of the Government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State.
2. The tax which each individual is bound to pay ought to be certain and not arbitrary.
3. Every tax ought to be levied at the time or in the manner in which it is most likely to be convenient for the contributor to pay it.
4. Every tax ought to be so contrived as both to take out and to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings into the public Treasury of the State.

The last of these principles, of course, applies to indirect taxes, and is not to the purpose, but Adam Smith adds some further considerations, which may be thought to be not irrelevant to the inquiry; for instance, that a tax 'may obstruct the industry of the people, and discourage them from applying to certain branches of business, which might give maintenance and employment to great multitudes. While it obliges the people to pay, it may thus diminish, or perhaps destroy, some of the funds which might enable them more easily to do so.' That is to say, the ultimate effect of a tax must not be to destroy the source from which it is derived.

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There is another principle, in which I was taught to believe; and that was that taxation and representation should go together. And, in these days, it would also seem necessary to assert that it is economically unsound for a nation, as for an individual, to live on its capital, basing its expenditure on revenue provided out of the capital, and not the earnings or revenues of the taxpayer. With these, or some of these principles before us, it will perhaps be easier to judge of the soundness of these taxes.

But, after all, and perhaps above all, the moral effect of a tax on the people must be taken into account: there ought to be a general sentiment that what a man is called upon to contribute to the support of the State is a fair apportionment, and that he and his successors are not crippled in the exercise of their calling. The absence of such a sentiment must inevitably lead to evasion—legally where possible, and, failing that, illegally. Once the taxpayer feels himself aggrieved he loses the sense of obligation towards the State which the majority of citizens naturally have, and all ought to have. And once a taxpayer's attention has been drawn to possible means of evasion, he will very soon feel justified (where he thinks he can safely do so) in adopting them. So that while the individual is demoralised, the State suffers in revenue. 'An injudicious tax,' says Adam Smith, speaking of indirect taxes, 'offers a great temptation to smuggling'; substitute the word 'evasion' for 'smuggling,' and the remark applies equally to direct taxes.

I propose in the remarks which follow to consider the death duties chiefly as they affect lineal descendants. I am fully prepared to admit that in other cases, particularly where the property passes to a stranger, and the capital out of the direction in which it has been employed, a good case may and does exist for a large contribution being made to the State. Moreover, I think the State may claim a somewhat larger share in the gigantic fortunes of which we hear now and then. But these latter are rare exceptions: by far the greater number of estates liable to duty are affected in the injurious manner which I shall endeavour to describe.

The death duties must be taken in conjunction with the income tax, and the cumulative effect of the whole must be considered. The United Kingdom is, of modern states, the only one in which taxation on capital has been suggested to the extent now proposed. It is a matter of considerable difficulty to compare the systems of taxation of different countries. In France death duties rise from 1 per cent. on the lowest to 5 per cent. on the highest estates. But in France there is—at least up to the present time—no income tax.[1] In

[1] There are certain direct taxes, such as on buildings, personalty, land, doors and windows, trade licenses, which to some extent correspond to our Income Tax, and some of which the projected Income Tax is intended to supersede; but there is no general Income Tax in the sense in which we understand it.

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Germany there is an income tax, varying in the different States, but in none of these does the State take more than 5 per cent.; municipalities, however, also raise their revenue in the form of a tax on income, and, including such local taxation, the total charge on income may rise to 8, or possibly 10 per cent. In some cases there is a very small annual charge on capital in the shape of a property tax. But the attempts at raising revenue by means of death duties on lineal descendants appear to meet with the utmost resistance, and, for the present, at all events, they may be left out of consideration. Thus, we have in France very moderate death duties and no income tax; in Germany an income tax but no death duties. In Italy, which is generally considered one of the most highly taxed of all European countries, there is a high tax on income (which, however, it is understood, is not in practice levied to its full extent), while the death duties rise to a maximum of only 3·60 per cent. It is also to be observed that both in France and in Italy the rates of duty apply not to the entire amount of the estate (as here) but to the respective fractions inherited; and of this more will be said later on. The instances given, however, will serve to show that the scale of income tax, super-tax, and death duties now proposed in this country is far in excess of anything attempted elsewhere, that it is an experiment, the economic effects of which must be far-reaching, and cannot be apparent for a number of years.

It is often asserted that when Sir William Harcourt introduced his estate duties the same fears were expressed that are expressed now, that they would make for the reduction of capital; whereas, it is said, the facts have shown that these fears were not justified. If this were so, which I do not admit, it would be but a poor argument for an extension of the principle then introduced, and especially such an extension as that now proposed. The first of the following tables shows the burdens now laid in the shape, on the one hand, of income tax and super-tax, and, on the other hand, of death duties, on estates varying from 5000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.*, reckoning incomes on a basis of 4 per cent. It also shows the produce of the same taxes as they were apportioned by Sir William Harcourt, who, in his Budget of 1894, raised the income tax from 7*d.* to 8*d.*

My second table shows the amount of capital that has become liable to estate and legacy duty during each of the last ten years, and for the same period the taxable income of the nation. What is remarkable and obvious from these tables is the steady progress year by year of the annual income—the rate of progress varies, but the increase is uninterrupted, and thus a safe basis is afforded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his estimates of revenue. On the other hand, what is apparent from the tables showing the capital liable to death duties is its uncertain and fluctuating character: taking the aggregates they show an increase over the figures of 1897;

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but, if I had happened to take 1899 as a starting-point, there would be a decrease.

TABLE I.

Income Tax and Death Duties in 1894 and 1909 Compared.

An Estate of	Yielding at 4 per cent. an Income of	Will now pay Income Tax (including Super-tax)	*Whereas in 1894 it paid*	And will now pay Death Duties	*Whereas in 1894 it paid*
£	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£	£
5,001	200	* 2 6 8	*4 0 0	200	200
10,001	400	*14 0 0	*9 6 8	500	500
20,001	800	46 13 4	26 13 4	1,400	1,000
25,001	1,000	58 6 8	33 6 8	1,750	1,375
50,001	2,000	116 13 4	66 13 4	4,000	3,000
100,001	4,000	233 6 8	133 6 8	10,000	7,000
125,001	5,000	291 13 4	166 13 4	12,500	8,750
[125,025	5,001	†341 15 0	166 14 0]		
150,001	6,000	425 0 0	200 0 0	16,500	11,250
200,001	8,000	591 13 4	266 13 4	24,000	15,000
300,001	12,000	925 0 0	400 0 0	36,000	24,000
400,001	16,000	1,258 6 8	533 6 8	52,000	32,000
500,001	20,000	1,591 13 4	666 13 4	65,000	42,500
600,001	24,000	1,925 0 0	800 0 0	84,000	51,000
700,001	28,000	2,258 6 8	933 6 8	98,000	59,500
800,001	32,000	2,591 13 4	1,066 13 4	120,000	68,000
900,001	36,000	2,925 0 0	1,200 0 0	135,000	76,500
1,000,001	40,000	3,258 6 8	1,333 6 8	160,000	90,000
2,000,001	80,000	6,591 13 4	2,666 13 4	320,000	180,000
3,000,001	120,000	9,925 0 0	4,000 0 0	480,000	270,000
10,000,001	400,000	33,258 6 8	13,333 6 8	1,600,000	900,000

* Allowing for Abatements. † Note effect of Super-tax, beginning on incomes over £5,000.

TABLE II.

—	Capital Liable to Estate Duty	Taxable Income
	Millions of £'s	Millions of £'s
1897	247·3	525·2
1898	250·6	548·2
1899	292·8	564·8
1900	264·5	594·1
1901	288·8	607·5
1902	270·4	608·6
1903	264·1	615·0
1904	265·1	619·3
1905	272·1	632·0
1906	298·4	640·0
1907	282·2	Not available

Again, an analysis of the various degrees of estates, separating them into four classes of from 100*l.* to 100,000*l.*, from 100,000*l.* to 500,000*l.*, from 500,000*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*, and from 1,000,000*l.* upwards, shows in each of them violent fluctuations, as may be seen by Table III. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimates become

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what has been described as a mere gamble on the death of a certain very limited number of individuals, and while, as has been shown, there has been a steady increase in the national income, the tables show no corresponding increase in the capital liable to death duty. This applies to aggregates, but a further remarkable point is that while the number of estates up to 100,000*l.* has in ten years grown from 31,868 to 38,173—an increase of 6305—the number of estates exceeding 100,000*l.* has decreased from 278 to 274, and this in years when there has been a constant increase of income, the period of the discovery of the mineral wealth of South Africa having led to a quite exceptional creation of huge fortunes, some of which have already become liable to these duties. I cannot help coming to the conclusion that the result of the Budget of 1894 has already been a diminution, in some cases voluntary on the part of the owners, in others involuntary, in the capital value of estates liable to duty. It is, in fact, a matter of common knowledge that this is the case.

TABLE III.

	Estates of 100*l.*—100,000*l.*	Estates of 100,000*l.*—500,000*l.*	Estates of 500,000*l.*—1,000,000*l.*	Estates of 1,000,000*l.*—upwards
	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.
1897	164·2	49·7	12·6	14·7
1898	170·8	51·2	10·5	11·6
1899	186·5	60·9	9·9	28·1
1900	178·2	52·5	13·0	13·6
1901	175·5	53·3	14·4	38·5
1902	182·8	52·9	15·6	11·9
1903	174·3	50·7	16·9	14·6
1904	181·6	53·1	17·2	5·9
1905	177·7	60·6	13·1	13·5
1906	181·2	62·8	12·8	34·1
1907	186·9	55·2	16·6	15·7

Moreover, the full effect of this can hardly yet be perceptible; it must be remembered that ten or twelve years of death duties represent, as it were, only the first crop—a comparatively small number of estates can so far have been harvested for the second time; is the soil on which Capital grows sufficiently fertile to make up for what is taken away? Statistics up to now afford no clue—we have up to now no decrease, only heavy disconcerting fluctuations—but what about the future when duties are higher, and at the same time the burdens on income are heavily increased? Is it not to be expected that when estates come up for assessment a second and third time the yield will be a constantly diminishing one, and consequently that our expenditure is based on a revenue derived from uncertain and declining sources?

I would insist upon the cumulative effect of income tax, super-tax, and death duties. It is often suggested, and I believe the advice was given by Sir William Harcourt during the debates on his Budget

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in 1894, that the prudent man should provide for the duties to which his estate will become liable by insuring his life. The cost of this operation varies naturally with the age of the individual, but it is not unfair to assume that by the time a man has accumulated wealth, or has inherited it, he has reached or is well over middle age, say, fifty. At that age, according to some interesting calculations by a recent writer in the *Standard*, on an estate of

£	*s.*	*d.*
5,000, the income tax and insurance premiums will be in the £ .	2	0
20,000	2	6
70,000	2	11

These examples do not include incomes on which the super-tax is payable. Coming to the larger fortunes, the charge on 500,000*l.* would work out at about 4*s.* in the pound; on a million, about 5*s.*; should the age be higher, the charge is correspondingly heavier. At sixty, income tax and premium on a million would rise to 6*s.* 9*d.* in the pound. All this on the assumption that the life is considered a good one by the companies, by no means a safe assumption. It must also be borne in mind that those who have already assured under the old scale will have to take out fresh policies according to their present age. As most men having attained a certain degree of affluence have already budgeted for their expenditure, and incurred a number of charges (not necessarily for their own comfort or self-indulgence), which they are unwilling or unable to curtail, it is not likely that insurance will be taken advantage of to any large degree; and the bankers have had good ground for stating in their recent memorial to the Prime Minister that the death duties are to a large degree paid out of capital. It is a point on which they can speak from experience and with authority.

Can it be expected that estates so largely reduced will on the death of the next owner yield the same result? Let it be remembered that this is the basis on which expenditure will be calculated; it will not be safe to reckon on a large creation of new fortunes to make up for the curtailment of the old ones; modern conditions of trade, increasing competition and smaller profits, coupled with high rates and taxes, higher wages and shorter working hours, are not conducive to the rapid accumulation of wealth. There is the further fact to be reckoned with that large estates are constantly subdivided into a greater number of shares, which will not be assessable under the same scale. The very heaviness of the charge will necessitate such diminution or subdivision; landed estates become mortgaged, or parts have to be sold; the reduction of personal property requires several years' income to make up again—not an easy task, especially when that capital is invested in businesses which must be seriously handicapped through the withdrawal of such a heavy percentage. I cannot but come to the conclusion that if the proposed scale of death duties is carried through, it will lead to a gradual but steady diminution of capital,

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and consequently to a constant loss of revenue from this source. And the diminution of such capital will in the end also tell in the direction of a decrease in the yield of the income tax and super-tax.

The disturbance to trade caused by the withdrawal of such a large proportion of working capital must not be overlooked; under the existing scale already serious inconvenience is caused: nothing hampers trade more than the lack of working capital, and it is just those fortunes that may be described as the most useful and necessary for the purposes of business that are most affected by the proposed new scale of graduation—fortunes from about 100,000*l.* to about 500,000*l.* As business is conducted nowadays, a larger amount of readily available capital is essential than used to be the case—the volume of business is larger, the cable, the growth of steamers in respect of carrying capacity and speed, modern inventions making speedy renewal of machinery more than ever necessary, all these require command of larger capital. It is no light matter for a business or factory with a capital of say 500,000*l.* to suddenly submit to a loss of 65,000*l.*; a reduction of trade and of employment must inevitably follow. That firm has probably for years employed a number of hands through good or bad times: it has presumably realised adequate profits, but has also had to put up with losses, yet it has gone on finding employment for the people; suddenly it is deprived of a tenth, or an eighth, or a sixth part of its resources. And that loss of capital finds no compensation elsewhere, it is not employed in any other industry; it goes to pay the expenditure of the nation. There are thousands of such firms in the kingdom. It may be urged that joint stock enterprise will come to replace the private individual; but that is no true answer; to enter into this question fully would lead us too far from our present inquiry: but there are many trades, indeed, I would say this applies to most trades, which can only be successfully carried on through the personal energy and enterprise, and willingness to take risk, of the individual. Apart from this, however, if large fortunes hitherto engaged in trade are replaced by a number of small shareholders, where is your revenue from death duties? Under any circumstances you cannot consume capital for expenditure and employ it in trade as well.

There is further a direct loss of business to this country which I consider inevitable as a result of the death duties. I refer especially to the loss of an important part of our international banking business which has helped to make London the monetary centre of the world. Foreigners in large numbers used to keep their investments here for safe custody, reinvesting their revenues, often in our own industries and employing their capital in our markets, to the benefit of our commerce generally. The existing death duties have already largely interfered with a part of such business; the increased scale will inevitably and naturally destroy it effectually, for why should a foreigner

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submit to such a loss? Never to my mind was there a more futile international agreement perpetrated than that between England and France, which provided for the disclosure in either country of the property of the subject of the other in case of death. We had a great deal to lose and very little to gain by such an arrangement, as the amount of English property in French banks is quite insignificant as compared with that of French property over here—but both countries lost business. The result was a very large accession of profitable trade to Swiss and Belgian bankers. That will be the result of death duties also—it is not a case of the 'foreigner who pays,' but of the foreigner who is benefited. Other and less direct loss of business is to be apprehended, leading to a loss in the revenue apart from intentional evasion; and of the latter a word may now be added.

Perhaps 'evasion' is not quite the right term to use, because it implies action which is not legitimate. However that may be, it is a fact that, in consequence of the introduction of Sir William Harcourt's death duties, a large number of estates have been divided during the owner's lifetime; and it is a further significant fact that since the introduction of the 1909 Budget this has already taken place to a very considerable extent. Bankers can speak of these matters not from report only, but from knowledge. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the number of such transactions is greater than the uninitiated would be inclined to believe. And, after all, it is but natural that men who, either through inheritance or through their own effort and their own frugality, have accumulated wealth, in the useful employment of which they take a pride, should not wish to see their inheritance decreased at passing to their children, or, to use again the words of Adam Smith, 'the funds used in the employment of productive labour necessarily diminished.' The proposal to make a tax payable on gifts *inter vivos*, if made within five years of donor's death, will save a portion of the revenue which these estates are liable to. But here the law of averages must work. A certain proportion of those who make over their property may be expected to live beyond five years; in this case not only would the subdivided estate pay diminished duties, but in all probability the Revenue would lose indirectly also, as the owners would probably escape the super-tax. The amounts involved are large, and it is the more fortunate, who are in the happy position of having their funds liquid and readily disposable, who are able to escape the tax in this manner. Others who may have their money locked up either in land or in fixed assets of some kind are in a less favourable position. And thus it is the less well situated who have to pay for those who are in a better position than themselves. That applies even more strongly to cases where the law is strained to the utmost to make evasion possible. The dishonest benefit, the honest suffer. And there are other ways beyond distribution *inter vivos* by which death duties have

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been, and are being, avoided. It is well known that when a tax reaches a certain point it will not produce what it was calculated to do, and the limit, in this case, seems to have been not only reached, but exceeded.

The whole question of a graduated tax is one that presents considerable difficulty ; the greatest judgment is required to determine the various steps of the graduation. Mr. Gladstone was strongly opposed to the idea of graduation, and one of his reasons was the difficulty of fixing the proper limits. For my own part I consider the principle of graduation to be not unjust in itself, and in any case it must, no doubt, be accepted as a permanent feature of modern finance. But the present Budget proposals, in steepening the graduation, lay the heaviest burdens just on those fortunes which I have described as the most useful to the trade of the country, while the graduation ceases at the very point where it might reasonably be enhanced. I conceive these proposals to be a step entirely in the wrong direction.

If we are to have graduation, let it be logically and consistently carried out. This is not done in regard to the death duties. As has been mentioned, in France and Italy they are charged on the inherited share, not on the corpus of the estate as with us. This seems to be the only fair way of carrying out this system of taxation. For, after all, it is not the deceased owner of the estate who pays, it is those who come after him, and if the burden is to be apportioned according to the ability to bear it, then, obviously, the scale ought to be applied to the inherited share, not to the total amount of the estate. Under the present system the greatest anomalies exist. An estate of 100,000*l.* pays on the new scale in estate and legacy duty 10 per cent. whether left to one son or divided among five ; so that in the latter case, the man who comes into a property of 20,000*l.* pays at the rate of 10 per cent., whereas the scale on which an estate of 20,000*l.* is assessed is 6 per cent. Thus of two men inheriting 20,000*l.*, one pays 1200*l.* and the other 2000*l.* More extreme cases might, of course, be given, but the illustration is sufficient. One of the amendments that I do hope will be brought forward and carried will be that the share inherited, and not the corpus of the estate, should be the basis of assessment.

The foregoing observations have been of little avail if they have not served to show that the death duties are a tax on capital. It is of little use to speak of them as ' deferred income tax.' In their present shape they are not a tax on income : it would be far better if they were : and granted that it is right that property should be taxed to the degree contemplated in the present Budget—and on that question I will not express an opinion—I am convinced that an increase of the income tax beyond the already high figure would be preferable to the new scale of the death duties. I am not alone in this opinion. The estimated produce of the increased death duties

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during the present year is nearly 4,000,000*l.*, which is less than the produce of 1½*d.* on the income tax. I assume throughout that this additional revenue is required, though according to the general opinion this is as yet by no means proved. All outside calculations point to the probability of the official estimates being far exceeded by the actual revenue which the new taxation will produce. It may not be altogether out of place to give the figures of the ultimate results as foreshadowed in the Budget. The income tax, plus the super-tax, is estimated eventually to yield upwards of 40,000,000*l.*, and the death duties upwards of 25,500,000*l.*—figures sufficiently startling. But if this expenditure is indeed necessary, it is better to face the situation, whether by means of an increased income tax, or, if it should be thought better, a small annual tax on property. Either alternative would be infinitely preferable to death duties : better for the Chancellor, for he would be able to calculate his revenue with greater certainty : better for the taxpayer, for he would realise what are the charges which his estate will have to bear, and would be able to take measures from year to year to meet them : there would not be the direct temptation for a man to live beyond his means, and the imprudent would have less excuse for putting the burden on posterity. The working capital of the nation would remain intact, and future generations would at least be no worse equipped than their predecessors for the work before them. If the tax is a payment for the protection afforded by the State, why should the tenant for life escape payment for such protection, and the burden be borne by those who come after him ? The whole system of death duties appears to me a mere device for disguising and concealing the actual burdens imposed : let the future take care of itself : sufficient for the year are the taxes thereof. But the device is unsound and demoralising.

To return to first principles and the precepts of Adam Smith. Can it be alleged that the burdens imposed by heavily graduated death duties are borne alike by all citizens 'as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities'—especially when they are considered (as it is imperative they should be considered) in conjunction with the income and super-taxes ? A new class of tax-payer has been created, a numerically small class, and the great number of voters do not share the burdens—or, at any rate, only to a small degree. Where is the check to public expenditure, to extravagance, to experiments doubtful from an economic point of view, when this is the case ?

Can it be alleged that death duties are 'certain' in quantity or in the time and manner of their payment ? What is more uncertain than the moment of a man's death, and the circumstances under which the payment will have to be made ?

And this supplies the comment on Smith's third principle that the tax 'should be levied at the time or in the manner most

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convenient for the contributor. The disturbance to a man's affairs through the payment of these heavy sums at the time of his death, when other claims may have to be satisfied, and other provisions made for the carrying on of his work, must not be overlooked.

Finally, in spite of every endeavour to appreciate the arguments that have been adduced in favour of these duties, appreciating also the temptations they offer to impecunious Chancellors of the Exchequer, the conclusion appears to me inevitable that death duties are in themselves objectionable, unsound as a form of taxation, and injurious to the community, to the working classes no less than the capitalist. Space does not permit of insisting on the last point as much as might be wished. But if we are committed to this form of taxation, let it be limited rather than extended. For, as I have endeavoured to show, these duties already tend towards a reduction of the capital, from which they are derived, and ultimately they must be for the State a declining source of revenue, while for the contributor they imply diminished power to carry out his duties to himself, to his successors, and to the State.

FELIX SCHUSTER.

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A BENGAL CIVILIAN'S VIEW OF THE INDIAN DEPORTATIONS

Now that the discussion on the subject of the recent deportation from India of political agitators has reached an acute stage, that questions on this subject are constantly asked in the House of Commons, and that a Bill has been introduced having for its object the further limitation of the power of the Government of India to deport, without trial, persons whose presence in India may be found likely to lead to internal commotion, it may help towards a clearer understanding by the public of the questions at issue, if some account is given, based on official but personal experience, of the circumstances which have led up to the deportations, and of the situation to meet which the Government of India have found it necessary to take action.

The three main points which have to be faced are these: that the maintenance of the public peace and the protection of its subjects from oppression are the first duties of a civilised government; that, in existing conditions in India, willing witnesses against the disturbers of the peace and the oppressors of the people will not come forward in the ordinary Courts, and that failing such witnesses the Courts are impotent; and that, even where witnesses are examined privately, to publish their names, or even details of their evidence, is to expose them to the gravest risks.

The more general aspects of the question have been summed up in the Prime Minister's letter of the 7th of May to Mr. Mackarness:— 'Deportation without trial as a method of dealing with political agitation must necessarily be repugnant to Englishmen.' 'I must ask you and those who are acting with you to bear in mind that deportation has been resorted to for the sole purpose of preserving the country from grave internal commotion. It is a preventive not a punitive measure.' There is probably no one, either in England or in India, who desires to see deportation without trial resorted to, except as a necessary measure to meet a gravely urgent condition of affairs.

The gravity of the situation, and the necessity for, and efficacy of, the action taken by the Government of India, are the ruling factors in the case.

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The question whether the selection of the persons to be deported has been wisely and properly made, although it has been made a leading issue by the opponents of deportation, is not one that can be usefully discussed in the absence of the data on which action has been taken. It may be reasonable to have doubts whether the circumstances are such as to justify the deportation of any person, or even to hold that no circumstances whatever can justify deportation without trial, but, if the necessity for the measure itself is admitted, it is not reasonable to believe that the Local Governments, the Government of India, and the Secretary of State, who, and who alone, are in possession of all the facts, and who are responsible for the peace and welfare of India, have combined to deport, or to sanction the deportation of, any person other than those whose influence in India has been proved, on a full examination of the facts and of the information available, to be specially dangerous and specially calculated to lead to internal commotion.

It is beside the point to talk of the private character of the gentlemen deported or of their hitherto unblemished careers, since in deporting them from India the object of the Government is not to punish criminals but to remove centres of danger to a sphere where they will be powerless for mischief. The Government is, of course, bound to take every care to satisfy itself that there are adequate grounds for holding a man to be dangerous before sanctioning his deportation; the treatment of those deported must be that due to persons detained for the good of the State, not that meted out to offenders undergoing punishment; and the detention of such persons should not be prolonged unnecessarily; but there is no reason to suppose that the Government of India have failed or will fail in their duty in these respects. The paramount duty of every Government is the preservation of the public peace; and to decline to silence one who by his words or writings is fostering sedition and promoting 'grave internal commotion,' on the ground that he has never been convicted of any crime, would be on a par with refusing to arrest a man carrying a naked light in a powder magazine, on the ground that he is an excellent husband and father.

It has to be considered, then, whether the present circumstances of India are such as to render it justifiable to have resort to the provisions of Regulation III. of 1818. Mr. Mackarness, in his reply to Mr. Asquith's letter quoted above, has, on behalf of the 146 Liberal, Labour, and Irish members of Parliament who signed the memorial against the deportations, assured the Prime Minister that every one of the signatories would agree 'that none of the various forms of anarchical violence should be tolerated, and that no lawful instrument for suppressing them should be discarded.' It is, therefore, unnecessary for the present purpose to recognise the existence of persons who hold that British rule is the bane of India, and that all that tends

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to bring difficulty and disrepute upon that rule is deserving of commendation and encouragement. It may be taken as agreed that the progress and prosperity of India is, for the present at any rate, identified with the stability and credit of the British Government. It will also be agreed that this stability and credit are intimately associated with the Government's power to protect the people generally from oppression, and its own officers and supporters from violence and outrage.

How hardly the Government has of late years been able to perform its duty in these vital respects is only too evident if we examine the course of events in Bengal since the partition of the province in October 1905. The reply of the educated Hindus of Bengal to that, with them, unpopular measure was the 'swadeshi' propaganda, that is to say, the preaching of the use by the people of the country of goods made in the country. It may be said that this movement in itself was harmless and even praiseworthy; the objection to it arises from the violent and illegal acts which marked its progress.

It is commonly supposed that the swadeshi agitation was started with the idea of causing loss to the British manufacturer, and thus inducing him to agitate for the repeal of the partition. Whatever its origin, there can be no question that its moving force was the idea of punishing England for an unpopular measure of the Government of India, and thus putting pressure on that Government, an idea obviously fraught with grave danger in the conditions prevailing in India. The swadeshi gospel, preached to students and schoolboys, nominally with a view to their influencing the members of their own families, was inevitably associated with the inculcation of hatred towards the British Government, British officers, and all things British. The encouragement of home industries by private influence inevitably developed into the boycott of all foreign, especially all British, goods, enforced not by moral suasion but by social ostracism and criminal violence.

I may quote, as an example of the spirit engendered by the boycott, in the minds even of little children, that a Bengali subordinate of my own told me that his little son, aged four, had pulled up all the radishes in his garden because they were 'bilati' (foreign, British) radishes, and 'they would have nothing bilati in their garden'; a trifle, amusing in itself, which throws a lurid light on the type of conversation which was, and is, reaching the ears of the rising generation of educated Indians even in comparatively loyal households.

There are no statistics available to show the actual effect of the boycott on personal liberty; but it is an undoubted fact that there are, or were till very recently, throughout the two Bengals, many, very many, areas in which the anti-British party has established a reign of terror; where the potter, washerman, and barber are afraid to serve those denounced as not complying with boycott ideals; where

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the man wearing clothes of British manufacture is liable to have them torn from his back; and where the dealer in imported cloth, salt, or sugar is liable to have his goods destroyed and his shop set on fire. The police records of the two Bengals for the past four years are full of cases of this nature, and the number of cases reported is only a small proportion of the total. I have myself on one occasion, when in camp, been turned out at midnight by a disturbance in a bazaar, to find a shopkeeper, who had attempted to replenish his stock of foreign-made piece goods under cover of night, defending his property from the local schoolboys, whose pickets had found him out even at that hour.

Not only is it a scandal that a small minority of the people should be able to tyrannise over their fellow-subjects, to interfere with the trade of the country, and to dictate what is and what is not to be bought and sold in the bazaars where the British law of equality and freedom is supposed to prevail, and that arson and other crimes committed in the enforcement of this tyranny should go unpunished; but the rise in prices due to the interference with the free course of trade by the boycott party, whose members, be it remembered, all belong to the well-to-do classes, inflicts very real hardship on the innumerable poor, who care nothing where their goods come from as long as they are serviceable and cheap, and to whom any increase in the cost of living is a serious matter.

It is probably unnecessary to recite here full details of the outrages on officers and others which disgraced the year 1908, following the shooting, happily but marvellously not fatal, of the Magistrate of Dacca, towards the close of 1907. These have been fully reported in the Press. The following list may, however, be a useful reminder of the state of things which existed in Bengal during that year, and which it is impossible to say has yet passed away. Three attempts on the life of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, two by train-wrecking explosives and one by revolver, of which the last was unsuccessful only owing to the almost miraculous failure of the weapon to act; an attempt by means of a bomb on the life of a judicial officer, whose only fault was that he had done his duty without fear or favour, which resulted in the horrible death of two unoffending ladies; another attempt on the same officer by means of an infernal machine sent by post, frustrated only by the fact that the parcel, owing to a mistake, remained unopened for some months; an extensive plot hatched in the suburbs of Calcutta, having for its object the subversion of the British Government by the use of bombs and firearms for the assassination of its officers; the murder, within the walls of the Alipur Central Jail, by means of revolvers, of the informer connected with this conspiracy; the similar murder, in the streets of Calcutta, of a Bengali Brahman police officer, who had assisted in the detection of the murderers of the two ladies; the murder, again with a revolver, in the precincts of the Alipur

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Courts in the suburbs of Calcutta, of a Bengali lawyer, a man universally respected, merely because as Government Pleader he had taken part in the prosecution of cases of sedition and kindred offences; these make a sufficiently formidable list, and to them must be added a series of attacks, by means of bombs, on trains in the vicinity of Calcutta, one of which resulted in a European traveller losing his arm, and several of which are supposed to have been aimed at the Public Prosecutor.

Within the past few weeks the murder by shooting and stabbing at Faridpur of a Bengali Brahman whose brother had given evidence against an unlawful association, and a murderous attack on a European at Chittagong by a young Bengali who was tired of life and wished to kill an Englishman before he died, show that the spirit of terrorism and political assassination is still abroad.

It is no part of the object of this article to give an unduly gloomy impression of the condition of things in Bengal or in India generally, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that, though in several cases the actual perpetrators have been caught and punished, the instigators of outrage, the conspiracies of which outrage was the outcome, the methods by which arms and explosives were procured, remain shrouded in mystery, and that there is no guarantee that the malevolent forces, of which political crime is the result, have been mastered. The list given above is long enough and serious enough to show that no officer, European or Indian, can do his duty unflinchingly, where that duty involves action distasteful to the party of misrule, and that no private person can assist the Government in its struggle against the forces of disorder, without grave risk to himself and to those dear to him: a state of things no civilised Government could be expected to tolerate, and which if tolerated must needs lead to disaster.

As regards British officers at any rate it may safely be said that no risks could induce them to shirk their duties; but it is inevitable that in many cases the sense of danger from the murderous hostility of a small class of Indians should unconsciously affect their feelings towards Indians generally. It must also affect their intercourse with the people whom they have to protect and govern. The custom, which now is universal, of district officers moving freely about their districts unguarded and unescorted, and receiving all men without question, must of necessity be modified, if every visitor is to be a potential assassin, and every village a centre of possible insult or outrage. That state of affairs has not arrived yet, but we have been, and for all we know may still be, within measurable distance of it.

The average Englishman will not tolerate the constant company and supervision of a guard; moreover, if accompanied by a guard, he loses half his usefulness. Closer contact and sympathy with the people of the country on the part of the officers of Government are admittedly among the most urgent needs of the day in India. The

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whole tendency of the propaganda of violence is to make them impossible.

From whatever point of view the existing situation is regarded, it is in fact intolerable. The Government is being brought into contempt as unable to protect those whom it is in duty bound to protect—its officers, its supporters, and the loyal and inoffensive public; and it would be failing in its plain duty if it omitted to use such of the resources at its command as are likely to be effective to restore order and confidence. There are many, and those not by any means all reactionary in their views or unsympathetic towards the political aspirations of thinking Indians, who hold that the Government of India have fallen short of their duty in deferring drastic action for so long.

To come now to the question why legal proceedings are not sufficient for the maintenance of the peace in India. The answer to this question is obvious to everyone who has any knowledge of the conditions prevailing in that country. Evidence which can be accepted in a Court of law is not, save in very exceptional circumstances, forthcoming in cases which have a political savour. The reason why this is so, and must be so, is not far to seek. Public spirit in connexion with litigation, even of the everyday kind, is almost unknown in India. With over twenty years' experience behind me I can unhesitatingly assert that practically never does a witness appear in any of the courts, who is not either compelled to testify by force of circumstances, or induced to do so by considerations of personal interest, direct or indirect. The following incident illustrates this fact. It was at the time that educated Bengal was raging at Lord Curzon, for having hinted in a speech at the Convocation of the Calcutta University that a strict regard for truth was not a notably Indian virtue. A very able and independent Bengali pleader was arguing for the prosecution in a criminal case in my Court. 'The defence,' he said, 'has called a number of highly respectable witnesses. Why have they come here? It cannot be from any love of truth and justice; there must be some other motive.' I could not resist the temptation to interrupt with 'How about the agitation over the Convocation speech?' 'I care nothing about that, your honour. I know what I have said is correct, and your honour knows it, too,' was his reply.

If this is the state of things in ordinary circumstances and with regard to everyday cases, it is plain that, considering the special dangers and troubles which await the Government witness in cases having any connexion with the political agitation, no Indian is likely either to come forward willingly in that capacity, or, if compelled to testify, to say anything prejudicial to the party of violence. The Government has hitherto signally failed to protect its supporters from the malice of its enemies; and seeing that support of the Government

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means almost certain persecution, with very slight hope of reward, while its open enemies, till the recent deportations were sanctioned, have gone about sowing the seeds of oppression, violence, and anarchy, unchecked and unpunished, it cannot be expected that men of substance will be found ready to take their stand on the side of law and order, and to give evidence against the promoters of anarchy and internal commotion.

In considering the ordinary law as a means of suppressing political crime, it must also be remembered that the police are very seriously handicapped in prosecuting for seditious utterances, by the fact that political speeches are usually made in the vernacular, and that the precise meaning of vernacular terms and expressions is exceedingly difficult to determine. Vague signification and suggestion is a leading characteristic of Bengali, as of the Sanskrit on which it is founded; and a hint, a threat, a suggestion, may be quite clearly understood by the audience, but may be so worded that a Court of law cannot hold it to be definitely criminal. An instance in point is the discussion in the Calcutta High Court as to the meaning of the word 'swaraj,' which resulted in a ruling that this word, popularly supposed to be the technical term for national independence, may be interpreted as denoting provincial self-government, after the Colonial pattern, under British control. Moreover, in the absence of a satisfactory method of recording vernacular speeches in shorthand, it is practically impossible for any man to swear to the precise words used in more than a single sentence; and a single sentence deprived of its context affords very slender foundation for a criminal prosecution.

Another very important point is that police evidence in India is always viewed with grave suspicion, and that the Courts require ample corroboration of such evidence before they will act on it. Such corroboration, in the present condition of affairs, it is, almost invariably, impossible to obtain. In this connexion let me quote the *Times* correspondent's telegram of the 10th of May, on the subject of the Barrah dacoity:

> The acquittal by a special tribunal of the High Court of the four prisoners in the Barrah dacoity case is a striking exposure of the incompetence of the detective police.
>
> Thirty dacoits, after killing two men and robbing several houses, escaped in a boat. They were chased for several miles by sixty villagers, of whom they killed two and wounded seventeen. The police produced only four suspects, and the judges, rejecting the evidence of the prosecution's witnesses, said that improper influences had been employed. It is felt that though the police were hampered by the unwillingness of the people to assist in the detection of the crime, their dubious character and methods are not the least important cause of their failure. Drastic reform is being demanded.

The police have been subjected to further criticism in connexion with the recent failure of the Midnapur conspiracy case. There is no reason to question the correctness of the decisions of the Courts

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in these two cases, nor is this the place to enter on a defence of the police. They have serious faults, the faults of the Orient to which they belong; but they are certainly the best police east of Suez, they are steadily improving, and they have much to contend with in the way of evil tradition and popular dislike. It is, however, pertinent to ask, with reference to the *Times* correspondent's comments, what any police could do, and how political crime is to be prevented by means of the ordinary legal procedure, if the people are unwilling to assist in the detection of such a crime as the Barrah dacoity (it will be remembered that this dacoity was said to have been committed by young men of the educated class, in order to procure funds for the campaign against the Government), and if the production of unwilling witnesses is regarded as proof of improper influence and of the dubious character of the police. Doubtless the creation of a trustworthy and competent police force would go far to improve the situation, but the material for such a force is not available. The Government has to do its best with the material it has got; and the Barrah dacoity case and the Midnapur case demonstrate the impossibility, under present conditions, of obtaining the people's help in dealing with crime of this nature, and the hopelessness of attempting, without such help, to check it through the operation of the ordinary criminal law. If the people will not assist in the detection of an atrocious and overt crime affecting their own persons and property, there can be no hope of enlisting their help in the suppression of the preaching of anarchical violence, which can only affect them indirectly.

The following instances of the impossibility of obtaining evidence in the case of offences committed with a political motive are within my own experience. A prominent swadeshi leader was addressing a large meeting when a river steamer came up to the landing stage of the village, situated at some little distance from the scene of the meeting, and endeavoured to land cargo, including some English yarn. Now English yarn is admitted, even by the most strict followers of the swadeshi cult, to be necessary for indigenous weaving, but some students and schoolboys objected to the landing of this yarn as 'bilati.' A disturbance ensued, and the steamer had to put off again without landing her cargo, amid a volley of abuse and small missiles. Although the offenders all belonged to the neighbourhood, and many of them must have been well known, and although the steamer company's clerk, himself a Bengali, was besieged in his office for some little time, and had ample opportunity of identifying his assailants, repeated inquiries failed to elicit any evidence whatever to connect a single person with the disturbance. In another case, where the local swadeshi leader himself told me that students and schoolboys had sunk a boat containing English salt, all I could ascertain on inquiry was that the boat had fouled a bridge and sunk acci-

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dentally. In the case already mentioned of the midnight attack on British piece-goods, the shopkeepers altogether declined to give me the names of the ringleaders, although they must have known perfectly well who they were.

The plain truth is that as long as the Government fails to protect the people from oppression, and its witnesses from violence, willing evidence against the oppressors will never be forthcoming, and that in the absence of willing evidence the ordinary Courts are powerless to enforce the law. Special tribunals may follow a more summary and efficient procedure than the ordinary Courts, but they are equally dependent on evidence, and equally unlikely to get it, unless their proceedings are held in secret, in which case they are as 'un-English' as any order of the executive authorities can be. Executive action is, in truth, the only means for meeting the situation. It is the Executive Government that must show itself strong enough to keep the peace in India, if the *Pax Britannica* is to be maintained. The martial races, the Muhammadan community, and the illiterate millions, may stand apart from, and be out of sympathy with, the political agitators, but they are watching the course of the struggle between the Government and the extremists. The fighting peoples have no intention of submitting to government by the literate but unwarlike classes; but they see very plainly that their own chance of ruling India might come with the overthrow of the British Raj through the machinations of these classes; and their faith in the power of the Government to hold its own is weakened when they see it, as they think, bullied and embarrassed by agitators, whom they themselves hold in contempt. As for the masses, just as they reserve their best worship for the Gods of destruction, so they are prepared to serve the party in the State that can hurt them most. If our Government cannot secure them from oppression, they will not hesitate to make common cause with the oppressors.

The situation is full of dangers; and if all fear of the 'bloody chaos,' of which the Secretary of State has spoken, is to be removed, it is vitally necessary that the Government of India should show that it is both able and willing to deal effectively with those who are its enemies, to protect the law-abiding, and to take drastic action to avert from the country the calamity of internal lawlessness and anarchical violence.

It has been shown above that evidence, other than police evidence, which, without an almost unattainable standard of corroboration, is not accepted by the Courts, is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, generally obtainable in cases connected with political agitation; but those who by open preaching or by covert instruction are instilling into young, unformed, but enthusiastic minds the poison of anarchical disregard for human life and property, and of reckless opposition to the established order of things, are perfectly well known.

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There is the widest difference between a man who, on their merits, opposes the measures or policy of the Government, and one who preaches indiscriminate and undying hostility to the Government, and to everyone and everything British. The last is, in the present condition of things in India, a menace to the peace, prosperity, and progress of the country; and he must be silenced if calamity is to be averted. As I have said, these firebrands are well known; and there is no reason to doubt that the persons deported belong to this class. In a matter of this kind private malice may lie, but public repute does not. Mr. Hobhouse has declared in the House of Commons that the Government have not acted on unsupported police testimony; and it is on the face of it absurd to suppose that Lord Minto and Lord Morley, to say nothing of the Local Governments, would have sanctioned a measure so repugnant to their own feelings as the deportations, and so certain to raise a storm of hostile criticism, without complete proof, not only that the measure itself was necessary for the welfare of India, but that the persons to be deported were in fact those by whose activities that welfare was threatened. The demand that the proof on which they have acted should be published, which has been put forward in the House, could not be seriously made, if the risks run by Government witnesses in India were properly appreciated in England.

It is not necessary to be an alarmist, or to be blind to the existence of various hopeful symptoms, to recognise that India is passing through a very critical period in her history, and that the whole welfare of the country, its present prosperity and its future progress, depends on the manner in which the Government faces the present situation. Anarchy and assassination cannot be allowed to prevail, but the ordinary law has proved powerless as a means of checking their growth. If the abnormal, but still mild, measures now taken fail to eradicate them, or at any rate to keep them within bounds, it is inevitable that more drastic measures should be taken, and measures which will affect a far larger section of the people than has been affected by the deportations. Military law has been spoken of in some quarters, and, though no responsible person would contend that anything which has occurred as yet could justify its introduction, it is there as a last resort, and as an alternative far preferable to the unthinkable one that a British Government should fail through sheer inability to govern. Fortunately we are not yet faced by these alternatives. The Government have other means at their disposal, should the deportation of dangerous agitators on the one hand, and the recent concessions to legitimate political aspirations on the other, fail in their object of restoring security and order in India, for bringing home to the people at large the fact that their interests lie in helping to maintain the peace and to suppress anarchism. Such are organised and general searches for arms and explosives, the quartering

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of punitive police or troops on disturbed areas, and the levying of fines and compensation for injury from the inhabitants of places where outrages occur.

These are legitimate measures for the prevention of crime, which in emergency have been adopted in other countries than India, but they are measures which inflict serious hardship on the innocent as well as the guilty, and are in all respects less merciful and less fair than the deportation, under conditions involving no unnecessary hardship, of a handful of persons who are known to have used their influence, whether covertly or openly, deliberately or out of mere wrongheaded recklessness, to promote that outbreak of anarchism and political crime which threatens to bring disaster upon their country.

Of course, if the theories embodied in the Bill introduced by Mr. Mackarness in the House of Commons on the 9th of June are to be accepted, if the Government of India are assumed to be unworthy of their trust, and to be capable of exercising the powers vested in them with recklessness or malevolence, then they are unfit to wield any executive authority, unfit in fact to govern, and our rule in the East is doomed. Let us be thankful that these theories find little favour among thoughtful Englishmen, and let us trust that the result of the action taken may be such as to vindicate the policy of the Government of India and of Lord Morley; that the threatened internal commotion may be averted, and the troubled waters stilled. We must however, recognise that the situation is still very grave and uncertain, and that it would be madness, in the face of present and impending dangers, to allow (to borrow the Prime Minister's words) any lawful instrument for the suppression of the various forms of anarchical violence to be discarded.

H. C. Streatfeild.

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THE CREED OF IMPERIALISM

SUPPOSING that the House of Lords were abolished; what would happen? Nothing very serious. We should have to invent a new Second Chamber; which would be nothing like so good as the present House of Lords. The process would be inconvenient, and probably expensive; but it would not endanger the safety of the Empire.

Or, supposing that the Radicals succeeded in robbing the Church (they call it 'disendowing'): what would happen? Nothing very serious. Churchmen would immediately set to work to re-endow the Church, taking every precaution for the future. It would be very inconvenient and expensive for Churchmen; but it would not endanger the safety of the Empire.

Or, supposing that Home Rule were granted to Ireland, what would happen? Something rather serious; for in a few years, or perhaps months, we should have to reconquer the island, which would be more than inconvenient and extremely expensive; but it would not endanger the safety of the Empire.

These are fair examples of 'party' questions, which are legitimately subjects of strife between the local parties existing in that part of the Empire where the questions arise.

A priceless advantage of 'travelling Imperially' is that we discover how insignificant do the most important affairs of these islands appear to the citizens of the great Dominion or the great Commonwealth. My Canadian and Australian friends are generally unable to understand the depth of passion aroused in England by such questions as those just cited. They are quite ready to abolish the House of Lords at five minutes', or five seconds', notice, for no particular reason that I have been able to discover. They consider that the 'State' Church ought certainly to be disendowed, as it is wrong to 'pay bishops out of the rates.' It is waste of time to explain the real state of the case.

Also they are eager to see Home Rule granted to Ireland, on the ground that the Dominion of New Zealand is separate from the Commonwealth of Australia. So easy of solution do these burning questions appear—when we are a long way from them.

The case of the Englishman, face to face with problems of burning

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local interest to Canadians or Australians, is precisely the same: he can only with great difficulty understand them. As a rule it appears that such problems could with perfect propriety be decided by the tossing of a halfpenny.

If he is a wise Englishman, he will readily understand that this cannot possibly be the case; so he will give up thinking about local politics and discreetly hold his tongue.

What is the bond of union between us all? Is it possible to define what questions are of 'Imperial' and what of 'party' interest? If we could arrive at some conclusion on that point we should have discovered a method of reducing into order the existing political chaos.

Moreover, we should rid ourselves of this eternal chatter of 'party.' Most people seem to have got 'party' on the brain. It has now become almost impossible for a man to mount his horse or order his dinner at the club without being called a party politician.

It has ceased to be ridiculous, it is more than a nuisance, it is an impediment to all useful interchange of thought, and an absolute bar to action. Let us have done with it.

Any plan of constructive statesmanship that does not commend itself to the Empire as a whole is not worth the paper on which it is written.

The creed of 'Imperialism' must, therefore, commend itself instantly to an Australian, a New Zealander, a Canadian, and the inhabitants of these islands. Not an easy thing to draft, the 'creed of Imperialism'?

Perhaps not, but if one has been studying the question for thirty years one may, perhaps, without undue presumption, make an attempt.

We may all quarrel as much as we like among ourselves on matters of local, or 'party,' politics, but no Cabinet ought to hold office throughout the British Empire which is not sound on the following five points:—

(1) A supreme Navy.

(2) Universal military service.

(3) The preservation of our Anglo-Saxon stock throughout the world.

(4) A Preferential Tariff throughout the Empire; and

(5) The teaching of Imperial rights and duties in every school and university throughout the Empire.

Any Canadian or Australian will accept these five points at once as axiomatic: he will only wonder why we should have been so slow in discovering them. Here, then, is our fighting creed.

These five points hang together like the fingers of one hand; they cannot be separated. Take the question of alien immigration, for example, which is the local form of the problem of 'preserving our Anglo-Saxon stock.' What connexion has that with the Navy?

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It has the most direct and important connexion. Of what avail are *Dreadnoughts* without hearts of oak on board? The vitality of our race is being daily lowered by the existence of two running sores in the life of these islands—viz.: the steady emigration of our most vigorous and enterprising sons by the port of Liverpool, and their regular replacement by the riff-raff of Europe entering this country by the port of London.

This point is one on which all the King's subjects overseas are keenly interested. It confronts the men on the Pacific coast in one form; it confronts the South African in another. The Australian, intensely keen on a 'white Australia,' finds it a daily anxiety. Many of us may remember the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Franchise Bill passing the Cape Legislature. By this Act nobody was allowed to vote who could not prove (1) that he was paying at least 1*s.* 6*d.* a week for his rent, (2) that he could read and write English, and (3) that he had not been convicted within five years of the date of voting. These very moderate conditions produced the salutary result of disfranchising a large number of hopelessly ignorant and incompetent voters. The details are of no great importance, but the establishment of the principle was of the first importance; and we shall have to carry the principle much further. If Anglo-Saxon ideals of government are to prevail throughout the world, they can only do so by the persistence and domination of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Where white and coloured folk dwell side by side, one or the other must rule. An Anglo-Saxon will say that the white must rule, and that anybody who maintains the contrary is a traitor to his race.

A collateral point is the restoration of the agricultural population of England. This, again, is a matter of Imperial importance: for a nation which destroys its agricultural population is gambling with its future. Yet any measure designed to bring the people back to the land is instantly stamped as 'obsolescent Toryism,' or something like that. 'Taxing the food of the people' has, however, almost ceased to be a useful cry: so we have made that much progress. It is now fairly well understood that a two-shilling duty raises the price of the loaf by within an unstateable fraction of half a farthing: it gives us a good round sum for the national revenue, and brings the population back to the land by making farming pay. This is good business all round. The alternative plan is to give to a man, who has a small holding that will not pay, another small holding (taken from a large landholder) which also will not pay. At this rate we might cut Chatsworth up into cabbage gardens with no result except extreme annoyance to the Duke of Devonshire. Poverty would not be diminished, nor national happiness increased.

This Imperial problem also takes different forms in different parts of the Empire; but we must all face it if the Anglo-Saxon stock is to be preserved, and its ideas to persist.

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The mercantile marine is another great problem. It ought to be a magnificent training ground and reserve for the Royal Fleet: but it is not. Many amiable schemes for its amelioration have been put forward; unfortunately, they overlook the owners, who are harder hit every day. Then, again, we have excellent plans for training the youth of the country to be deck hands; but they are trained so well that they are not fit to be deck hands, in the present condition of the mercantile marine. Then we have the amazing mismanagement of which the cartoon in *Punch*, the 21st of April 1909, is no caricature:

BOY: Please, Sir, may I be trained for the Merchant Service?
PRESIDENT: Parents in the workhouse?
BOY (*cheerfully*): No, Sir.
PRESIDENT: Well, run away and commit a crime or else we can't do anything for you.

It is not possible to imagine any other people on the face of the earth deliberately flinging away such magnificent material, and positively cherishing its good-for-nothings in preference to the sturdy, the respectable, and the ambitious—for that is what England is doing at the present moment.

Universal military training is chiefly valuable for its fine mental and moral education, its inculcation of national duties as well as national rights. As regards these islands, it must always be ancillary to the fleet; for it need hardly be pointed out that if every man here were a trained shot we should none the less starve if we lost command of the sea. It is of more immediate importance in other parts of the Empire, and accordingly we find that other parts of the Empire are giving us the lead.

We now come to Imperial finance, and, of course, the only possible system is that of a preferential tariff throughout the Empire. It is sixteen years since it was set forth in the pages of this Review that the existence of the Empire depended upon England adopting that system. It was said at that time that the author of that article 'might be taken seriously when one single election had been won on the issue of Tariff Reform' (or Protection, as it was then generally called). He may have some claim to be 'taken seriously' to-day.

The alternative to Tariff Reform is the financial policy of the present Government, which has been extolled as 'new,' 'glorious,' and so forth. But it is not new; it is but the primitive policy of 'grab,' and has never been beyond the reach of any pacha or mandarin—if that is what its defenders call 'glorious.' It has been described as gentle to the poor and just to all. Surely there never was a Budget which hit the poor so cruelly and caused such widespread discomfort and alarm. Never was there a Budget which put into practice the infamous distinction between 'classes' and 'masses,' and which (fortunately) thereby made clear to all of us that there is no such

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distinction, and that we must sink or swim together. Tariff Reform is not a party question at all; it is an Imperial question.

We now come to the question of Imperial education—the teaching of the history of the British Empire from the patriotic point of view. In case anyone should be tempted to make an experiment on these lines with a schoolmaster of his acquaintance, the results of much previous experience may be of use to him.

He will have to fight his way through being told (1) to mind his own business, (2) that teachers have 'their own academic way'[2] of treating history, (3) that patriotism is politics, (4) that 'there are two sides to the question,' and (5) finally, that there is not room in the curriculum for a new subject.

Here we get down to the bed-rock fact, and the parent may as well give up the struggle, even although he knows that 'the new subject' is more important than all the rest put together. The preparatory school has to 'show results' (which means scholarships at public schools); the public school has to do the same thing to the university; and the 'vested interests' of this system are in dead earnest opposed to any 'new' subject which might endanger their fees and their authority. Such is the fact: squalid, but none the less obstinate.

This is, perhaps, one of the most cogent reasons for sending the present Government about its business; for Imperial education is a pressing need, and we shall never get it from the present Cabinet.

Outside the organised educational system of the country things look much brighter; although it is more than absurd that it should be left to private individuals to do the work which is legitimately the duty of the organised educational system of the country.

These, then, are the five points of 'Imperialism,' on which Imperialists throughout the Empire are in complete agreement; and the immediate question is, will the vermin of anti-Imperialism devour the body politic, or will this country awake from its sloth, shake them off, and crush them? At the present moment it is about even betting.

Let us, then, see who are our enemies—that is to say, who are the enemies of our own household; because no external foe, however gallant and enterprising, need cause us anxiety if we are united among ourselves.

(1) All the people who say, 'Let those who want a Navy pay for it.'

(2) All the intellectual heirs of the people who ruined Warren Hastings (to come no nearer to our own time)—*i.e.* the avowed enemies of the Empire, the anti-Imperialists: from the Prime Minister of England, who didn't much like Imperialism, to the less conspicuous but more courageous person who recently allowed me to understand that he considered all Imperialists 'little better than receivers of stolen goods.'

[2] This means Alfred and the Cakes, the Wars of the Roses, etc.

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(3) A small number of women. Many Suffragettes claim the vote on the ground that it would strengthen the Empire; and it must be admitted that in the present generation the women, as a whole, are more patriotic than the men. On the other hand, many women 'will have nothing to say to the Empire until they are granted a share in its government.' How much of a 'share in the government of their country' they would be allowed to enjoy under the dominion of a conqueror is worth consideration.

(4) A certain number of Tories, old and young, who guffaw at the very mention of the word 'Empire.' To one not endowed with their peculiar sense of humour they appear quite incomprehensible people.

(5) A certain number of Tories who 'deprecate' Imperialism as a 'breach with the past.' Their ideas (in so far as they possess any) date from about 1750.

(6) All the Socialists, so far as one can judge, the Little Englanders, and Little Navyites.

(7) All the people who would rather see the Empire destroyed than 'tamper with Free Trade.'

(8) All the Radicals, so far as one can judge. They render occasional lip-service to the Empire for the purpose of hoodwinking their opponents; but that is all.

(9) A large number of half-educated people who 'don't see what the Empire amounts to.' These are our real 'decadents'; the people without mental or physical stamina—not the pleasure-loving. 'The puppies fight well,' said the Great Duke of their pleasure-loving grandsires, and the grandsons would fight as well to-day.

(10) All the 'Peace at any price' and 'International Arbitration' people, who are blind to the facts of life.

(11) A small number of people who are 'born tired' and don't care about anything.

(12) Almost all the humanitarians. It is easy to mock at some of their so-called 'crazes'; but, if these are nothing else, they are at any rate kindly experiments. The mission work represents much honest Christian endeavour; and this, as well as the kindly experiments, can only be carried on while the Pax Britannica exists. Nevertheless, it is rare to find an Imperialist in their ranks.

This is a formidable list. It is clear that Imperialism can rely upon no class and no party in this country. Supposing that the creed of Imperialism here set forth is sound; the time has arrived for all Imperialists to come forward and declare themselves: for their enemies are numerous, active, and resolute. If there is any more clearly defined 'creed,' let us hear of it.

Lest anyone should suppose that the inherent viciousness of the anti-Imperialists has been exaggerated in these pages, it is very easy for him to satisfy himself. Let him take his Tennyson with him to a Radical or Socialist meeting and ask permission to read a few lines.

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Let him choose the following magnificent lines from *Boadicea* and see what will happen to him :

Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets !
Though the Roman eagle shadow thee, though the gathering enemy narrow thee,
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet !
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many blossoming Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God.

He would be received with yells of rage and derision. Nor would a Socialist hymn be better received on a platform where the noble motto 'Empire and Liberty' was honoured. 'Socialism and Imperialism,' these are the only two parties with a future; the first destructive, the second constructive, and neither can afford to give quarter to the other. For the Socialist, patriotism is a 'great lie'; he 'denounces Imperialism': he wants to see Asia run with blood and the 'many blossoming Paradises' once more derelict. And yet the only security for the existence of Socialism is the continuance of the Pax Britannica; Socialism would vanish instantly with the downfall of the Empire, and be permanently banned by our successors in authority.

There is no longer any use in bleating about 'differences of opinion being tolerable.' The Anti-Imperialists of all shades are working their hardest to bring about an appalling catastrophe to the human race—the downfall of the Empire. They may pretend the loftiest motives, but every word and action of theirs tends in this direction and none other. Consequently they ought to be exposed and denounced by all lovers of humanity.

Finally, what shall we say to the large number of people whose opinions are represented by the following sentence from a letter on the table in front of me? 'I am not at all particular whether the King or his Nephew rules over me. So I do not intend to subscribe any more money for the defence of my country.' The letter is perfectly polite; and it is to be observed that the writer accords Royalty the appropriate dignity of capital letters. Also he recognises his country's existence,[3] though it does not interest him. But (like too many of us) he has parted with all that makes a good citizen, and is ripe for the position of a serf—which is precisely the position that he would occupy in the event which he contemplates with such equanimity. It is to be feared that he is representative.

Who, then, represents Imperialism? Failing the formation of an Imperialist party dominating the Lower Chamber, with recognised chiefs and organisation, the answer undoubtedly is—the House of Lords.

Imperialism is the opinion of the majority of the inhabitants of

[3] Socialists, I believe, do not.

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these islands, and of an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the 'Britains overseas.' It is only inarticulate in these islands because, as a rule, English people do not think or express themselves clearly or rapidly, and because this question of the conservation or destruction of the Empire has been sprung upon us with disconcerting suddenness.

The Socialists do not want a Revolution: they are getting all they want, thanks to the obsequiousness of the Liberals (and much more than they expected), as fast as possible; but this is their last chance. If the country awakes in time, they will never be able to break up the Empire. It is for the Lords to see that they do not succeed in doing so.

It is usual to speak of the Lower Chamber as 'representative.' The majority of the present Lower Chamber represents nothing but a number of vicious cranks; the real, sober, reflecting opinion of the country is represented, at the present moment, by the House of Lords; and the real, sober, reflecting opinion of this country is in favour of preserving and consolidating the Empire. That opinion calls every day more loudly on the Lords to do their duty to the country, and throw out the Budget—a measure which is constitutionally correct and imperatively called for in the circumstances—in order to force a dissolution.

At the present crisis everybody ought to read Mr. Price Collier's *England and the English*[1]; perhaps the most valuable book that has appeared for many years. Mr. Collier writes as a citizen of the United States, and how severely he lashes us may be judged from the severity of his judgment on his own country. In that favoured land 'government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people' has worked out, according to Mr. Collier, as government by 'the semi-successful, the slippery and resourceful, who live *on* the people, and *by* the people, and *for* themselves.' It is clear that in Mr. Price Collier we have the critic of the hour: fearless, free from prepossessions, miraculously observant and a master of detail—above all, impartial—a man in a million.

Let us see what he says about the House of Lords:

> There is probably no body of men in the world who combine such a variety of experience and knowledge among them as the House of Lords. . . . There is no assembly where a man could go . . . where he would be more certain of getting sound advice upon every subject, from higher mathematics and abstruse law down to the shoeing of a horse or the splicing of a cable.
>
> Why the English themselves, or, at any rate, certain of their number, wish to abolish this assembly of the picked brains and ability in every walk of life, from literature and chemistry to beer-brewing and railroad building, I, as an American, cannot understand. It is the culmination of the essential philosophy of Saxondom. This is what the race has been at for two thousand years, not to be too much governed by, but to permit to govern, those who have proved themselves most capable of doing so. (Pp. 57, 58.) The House of Lords . . .

[1] London: Duckworth.

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exists because it is the most democratic institution in England, and because in the long run it has been recognised as *an assembly whose opinion is as nearly as possible the opinion of a consensus of the competent.* (P. 61.)

The italics are mine. Well, that is what we want at the present crisis : ' the opinion of a consensus of the competent.'

How can any man who agrees with these views help to make them prevail ? He can call meetings of sympathisers to pass the following resolution and forward that resolution to Lord Lansdowne :

That this meeting denounces the present Government as having betrayed the nation by sacrificing the defences of the Empire to their party ends ; and it appeals urgently to the House of Lords to force a dissolution by throwing out the Budget, based upon vicious financial principles, as the best practical means of saving the Empire.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

2 *Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.*

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'CABLE' REFORM

For some time past the subject of submarine telegraph cables with their possibilities has acquired an increasing interest for the public, an interest which is by no means confined to Great Britain and her Colonies, although doubtless the necessity for this means of communication is more widely felt by us than it is by other nations whose territories are not so much sundered by the seas as is the case in an Empire such as this. Owing to the growing attention which has been drawn to this subject and to the numerous criticisms which have been directed to the working of these cable lines, there is little doubt that latterly the cable companies have begun to 'wake up,' and to realise that the public demands, in so far as these are not unreasonable, called for active attention, and in many cases for amendment, both in the rates charged and in the routes which these cables should follow.

Only recently my enthusiastic friend, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, advocated widely a project for universal 'penny-a-word' telegrams! This may be regarded as a pious aspiration, but not by any means as a scheme within range of present accomplishment, and although I fully agree with many of the pleas which Mr. Henniker-Heaton has so eloquently adduced in favour of lower charges for telegrams, I am by no means prepared to follow the 'penny-a-word' standard which he has raised. I would like to make it clear that the object for which we—I here refer to my colleagues on the House of Commons Telegraph Committee—are striving is quite a practical one. We wish to bring about, where possible, an uniform system of cable rates, low priced, and one which would offer not only to the merchant, but also to the masses, in the fullest way, the advantages to be derived from telegraphic facilities. Does anyone doubt that facility of communication is the first and chief means of riveting together the scattered units of the Empire, both socially and commercially? That being admitted, it is surely our duty to do all that lies in our power to see that the best use is made of this aid which science offers to human intercourse. In a letter which I received from Lord Curzon of Kedleston he points out, in this connexion, that cheap fares and cheap postal rates, valuable as they are, have but slight value as compared with cheap cabling rates. Even with penny postage within the Empire, we still have to consider

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the element of time. Just think what that means. It takes no less than, say, two and a quarter months to get a reply from Australia or New Zealand; from Canada (which lies almost at our doors) it takes, say, three weeks; from the Cape, six or seven weeks. Does anyone, therefore, seriously contend that in view of telegraphing possibilities, such a system is to be regarded as satisfactory—as the complement of all we may reasonably hope for? It will be obvious that I am for the moment referring rather to social intercourse than to commercial relations, but these two react on each other, insomuch as the race unity which depends largely on the social element is an important factor in commercial relations.

At an influential meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, which was held in the Mansion House early in December last, the following resolution was moved by the Duke of Argyll :—

'That this meeting, convinced of the desirability and necessity to manifold Imperial interests of a system of low-priced, easy, and uniform means of telegraph connexion within the Empire, pledges itself to support the efforts of the Cable Committee of members of Parliament with that supreme object in view.' He suggested the advisability of some arrangement being made whereby, after the usual business hours, people of moderate means would be able to send cable messages at very much lower rates than during the busy hours of the day.

Lord Milner seconded the resolution, and expressed his sympathy with the movement advocated. He felt, he said, the more bound to do so because he had, during a recent visit to Canada, enjoyed the advantage of seeing what were the practical effects of the reduction in the charges made upon postal communication between different parts of the Empire. In the most remote districts of the Canadian West he was met with an absolutely unanimous opinion as to the effects which that reform had already produced, and he saw the results illustrated before his own eyes, as he found in many clubs and private houses copies of English newspapers and English magazines which, he was assured, had never been seen in those parts of the world before the present year. He agreed that the reduction in the cost of transmitting mailed matter was important from the Imperial point of view, but from the point of view of promoting closer relations between the different parts of the Empire a reduction in the cost of telegrams was very much more important. Very often, before newspapers arrived, giving a full account of what had taken place in this country, telegraphic summaries had gone forth which had been incorrect and misleading. He was not censuring anybody; but the fact was that, while rates were so prohibitive that messages had to be compressed into the extraordinarily short form in which they were now compressed, it took almost a man of genius to send an account of an important speech or event without its being misleading.

These opinions, expressed by men of large experience, acquired while serving the Empire abroad in high official positions, cannot fail to carry the greatest weight with them. The merchant, banker, or manufacturer, however much he may desire and welcome the facilities which cheaper rates will afford him, stands on a different financial level from the artisan, the farmer, or small tradesman, whose son or near relation may now be earning his livelihood in our Colonies, which incidentally he is helping to build up. A system such as that we now

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have to rely on is obsolete and anomalous. It was all very well in the 'fifties and the 'sixties, when among prominent statesmen the idea that India and the Colonies were millstones round our necks was prevalent; when Radical statesmen with the ideas of Bright and Cobden yearned for the day when we should be rid of them. How are we to achieve our object?

Surely this can be done by the Mother Country and the States recognising that it is both expedient and politic to provide, consistently with a fair commercial risk, or even at some temporary loss, a freely accessible method of intercourse for their peoples. It means constructing new cables, and, where necessary, expropriating private enterprise under equitable terms; in short, by a policy of State-owned and State-controlled cables, which may also have a strategic value. Now there is nothing new or startling in that. The idea first took root and materialised in Canada. The Pacific Cable, owned in partnership as an Imperial enterprise, has been working for a little over five years, and although still showing a balance on the debit side,[1] the revenue from traffic is a growing one; but who can measure the incidental, enormous advantages which it secured, by contributing to the breaking down of a monopoly drawing large Colonial subsidies, and exacting high tariffs? Even if it does not do more than pay its way, may we not say that one amongst other reasons is because a State cable from our shores to Canada, one missing link, is still incomplete, and that there are other handicaps?

Perhaps I may here indulge in some home truths. I observe that out of the 3*s.* a word from here to Australia no less than 9*d.* is charged as a transit and terminal fee by Canada and Australia together, 5*d.* as terminal rate by Australia, and 4*d.* as transit by Canada; the 'ter-

[1] Extract from accounts of the Pacific Cable Board:

Deficiency recoverable in the following proportions:

	* Deficiency, 1906
United Kingdom	$\frac{5}{18}$ths = £8580
Canada	$\frac{5}{18}$,, = 8580
New Zealand	$\frac{2}{18}$,, = 3432
Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria, *each*	$\frac{2}{18}$,, = 3432

Year ending March	Gross Earning	* Terminable Annuity (50 years)	Working Expenses	Deficiency	Add Reserve Fund including interest on same	Bringing apparent deficiency to
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1903	19,579 ‡	—	40,526	—	16,500†	—
1904	79,824	77,544	54,824	52,544	35,794	88,338
1905	87,306	77,544	50,751	40,989	35,140	76,129
1906	91,814	77,544	52,964	38,694	34,138	72,832
1907	113,000	77,544	57,895	22,439	33,516	55,955
1908	109,637	77,544	62,978	30,885*	32,523	63,408

* Taking this 'deficiency' figure which *includes* working expenses, and the 50 years' terminable annuity, amounting to 77,544*l.* per annum, but which *excludes* an additional reserve fund, with interest thereon amounting so far to about 33,000*l.* per annum, we find that for last year Great Britain's proportion of guarantee cost her the sum of 8,580*l.* on Pacific Cable account.

† Including purchase of Stock Cable = 11,209*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*

‡ Cable opened for traffic the 8th of December 1902, about three months' return only.

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minal tax' in New Zealand is 2*d.* per word, while Great Britain only charges her usual rent on private land lines, and takes *no* 'terminal tax.' What are the inland charges over Australian State lines throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth? One penny! Whereas in Canada it is rather more, but that is probably because the land lines there are not yet in the hands of the State. Mr. Deakin, speaking from his position of responsibility as Premier of the Commonwealth, said recently that 'proposals for greatly cheapening cable rates throughout the Empire are assured beforehand of the ardent support of all British dominions.' Canada, New Zealand, and the South African Governments we know are in no wise anything but sympathetic, not platonically, but sympathy expressed in terms of coin of the realm. Surely it is not asking too much to suggest that the high 'terminal tax' imposed by the Commonwealth should be very substantially reduced. If you want a scheme to succeed you ought to give it a fair chance of showing what it is capable of. It is evident that the intervention of the State must be, and we do not contemplate that it need be anything but, a gradual process and a normal and healthy evolution.[2] It is sometimes suggested that the intervention of private companies is necessary to avoid the friction which would, it is asserted, arise were Great Britain and any foreign State to enter into direct partnership in the owning and working of submarine cables. Against this we have the fact that some 1,150 nautical miles is now owned by the British Government, in direct partnership with the Governments of France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Belgium, and that such partnership has existed for many years during which no friction has arisen. We cannot expect private corporations to do for us what we claim from the State. Why should they? They are not—they do not pretend to be—eleemosynary or educational institutions; they exist primarily to earn substantial dividends for their shareholders—and they have done it. These great companies have been paying anything you like from 5 per cent. to 13 per cent., besides accumulating handsome reserves, and as a further measure of protection they have vast invisible reserves in the shape of cables and other materials paid for out of revenue. But where do we, the public, here and abroad, derive advantage? We can only expect to benefit when the State works upon a basis of 3 or 3½ per cent. instead of the 7 and 13 per cent. which private enterprise requires, and when the State, alert to the constant scientific improvements in the

[2] The total length of all submarine cables at present retained on the official list, brought up to November 1908, is . 260,9[illegible] cables £

Of the above total the length owned by private companies, British and Foreign, is . . . . . which,

British companies alone owning 800,000

Memo.—A very large amount of British capital is [illegible]olonial, and are, nominally, foreign. [illegible]ing the Pacific

The mileage owned by the Governments of [illegible]und figures . 6,240,000 (including the Pacific cable) exceeds 8000 nautical m[illegible]

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methods and instruments of transmission, will be ready immediately to confer the advantages accruing from these ameliorations upon the public at large. If ever there was a case for Imperialising a great service, this is one, as can be gathered from the opinions expressed at the Imperial Press Conference. Some of our Socialist friends will be rubbing their hands at this doctrine. May I point out to them that, unlike our present cable arrangements, the Board of Trade can bring direct pressure to bear upon railway companies in regard to their charges; that railways cannot borrow a penny without justifying the demand to the satisfaction of Parliament; and again, unlike the system of working cables, which requires a comparatively small staff, you will, in the case of railways, be creating a huge body of functionaries of every grade who, as happens in the case of Post Office servants, co-operate to bring—and it is only natural that they should bring—direct, and sometimes most harassing, pressure to bear upon the legislative chess-board? Whether we like it or not, we are now in association with Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, in owning the Pacific Cable. We say, continue the movement. Give it a reasonable chance to develop and succeed. Like mercy, it will be twice blessed, and its beneficent effects will be felt by the commercial, and certainly not less by the social, communities.

It was only at the last meeting of the Eastern Extension Company that Sir John Wolfe Barry, the Chairman, characterised such competition as creating unfairness and hostility. Why? Is it because it is supported by potential Government subsidies? Surely not, because he cannot be oblivious to the fact that, amongst others, his own company has drawn well over 1,000,000*l.* sterling in subventions from the Australian and other Governments; and that an allied company, the Eastern and South African, of which he is also Chairman, has drawn over 1,300,000*l.* Is it to be wondered at that this private enterprise, entrenched and fortified by all these copious grants, should prove a strong rival to the infant State enterprise, and that the Pacific Cable should require, and in the circumstances not unnaturally require, some little nurturing and fostering against such State-assisted rivalry, in the initial stages of its development and working?[3]

[3] As regards State-assisted cables, the following is a summary of an incomplete list of total cable subsidies paid by British and Foreign States to various companies. (The experimental 'Red Sea Annuity,' amounting to 1,656,000*l.*, is *not* included in this summary.)

	Total subsidies paid by British and Colonial Governments up to	£
1906	91; 1908, as far as ascertainable	3,650,788
1907	113,0[illegible] of Foreign Government subsidies paid to British	
1908	109,637 nies	2,017,214
	Total	£5,668,002

* Taking this 'deficiency' annuity, amounting to 77,544*l.* per a thereon amounting so far to about 30,000*l.* payable annually by the German Government, proportion of guarantee cost her the sum

† Including purchase of Stock Cable = by the French Government, in support of German

‡ Cable opened for traffic the 8th of De[illegible]rious other amounts, particulars of which are not

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It would be less than just, it would certainly be ungenerous, did we fail to recognise the claim, constantly advanced, that many of the existing cable companies have acted in the past as pioneers in an enterprise of which the novelty warranted a considerable insurance against possible loss. This, however, is no longer the case. While making such an admission we must also say that the security asked for was of the amplest, both in character and in amount, and has resulted in placing many of the older companies in a position unassailable by unassisted competition. Let us take a case which has recently given rise to legal proceedings on the part of the Eastern Extension Company as against the Australian Government, on a question of rates, a question on which I do not intend to make any criticism; but propose to confine myself altogether to showing my readers the history of a typical case, which, I think it will be admitted, justifies the State intervention, so strongly protested against by some of the companies. On the 1st of May 1869 a cable some 180 miles long was opened for traffic between Australia and Tasmania, under a contract of the Tasmanian Government with the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, on the following terms: The Company to expend 70,000*l.* in establishing telegraphic communication between Tasmania and Victoria, in consideration of the Tasmanian Government paying yearly 6 per cent. on that sum, or 4200*l.* per annum, until the net profits of the Company exceeded 10 per cent., in which case the Government were to be relieved from the payment of the subsidies so far as the profits were in excess of 10 per cent. Now, if we take the value of this single cable at the very liberal estimate of 250*l.* per mile, we find that between a capital of 45,000*l.* and the sum of 70,000*l.* there is a considerable protecting margin before the critical 10 per cent. is reached. This property passed into the hands of the Eastern Extension Company in 1875 or 1876, and a duplicate cable was laid in 1885. The concession which has now expired was an exclusive one for a period of forty years, and thus a sum of 168,000*l.*, as quite apart from earnings, has been paid to the proprietors by the Colonial Government. A few months ago *two* cables were sent out by the Australian Government and laid down as Colonial property between Australia and Tasmania, at a total contract outlay of some 48,000*l.*!

For many years back the Chambers of Commerce both here and in India have been bringing constant pressure to bear on the Indian Government, which is in partnership with the companies whose lines

* *As regards State-owned Cables:*

	£
The length existing of British and Colonial State-owned Cables (*not* including the Pacific Cable) is 5,000 miles, which, multiplied by £160, give an estimated cost of	800,000
The total amount of Cable owned by British, Colonial, and Foreign Governments is 39,000 miles (*not* including the Pacific Cable), which are estimated to have cost in round figures .	6,240,000

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reach that country from Great Britain, with the object of procuring a reduction in the rates charged for telegrams.

In July 1886 the Indian rate was reduced from 4*s.* 7*d.* to 4*s.* per word, at which figure, in spite of an abounding revenue, it remained fixed until March 1902, when, in consequence of frequent representations and remonstrances, a further reduction to 2*s.* 6*d.* was brought about, so that we have sixteen years of studied stagnation. Indian traffic was asserted to be unproductive, unprogressive, and—another grand epithet—'inelastic.' It was said that even if by some supernatural interposition the traffic *did* respond to the reduced rate, so great would be the rush of messages that the capacity neither of the cables nor of the staff could hope to cope with it. Well, let us see what this poor, stagnant 'inelastic' Indian traffic has achieved. The Indian Government rendered a reduction possible, thanks to Lord Curzon's courageous sagacity and to the action of the Treasury at home, by guaranteeing the payment of a substantial portion, for ten years, of any initial loss—of one-third, in fact, of the amount by which the receipts might fall below the amount of 352,000*l.*, which was the annual revenue adopted as a 'standard.' Here I may remark that it is difficult to dissect the official figures with as much accuracy as I would wish, as the sub-division of the traffic results requires more detailed figures, as regards origin and destination of messages, than I find available; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to take the total combined earnings of the 'Joint Purse,' i.e. the Indo-European Government Department, the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Indo-European Telegraph Company, and the Eastern and South African Telegraph Company, who are all united in this 'pool,' and to compare their total present traffic and earnings, from India westward, with what these were before the reduction above referred to. In the returns for the year 1901-2, the year before the rate fell, the official return shows that for this year the total amount of Indian traffic to and from the westward was 2,754,477 words, of a total net value of 449,315*l.*, an exceptionally high year's receipts (the two previous years having shown 365,356*l.* and 391,569*l.* respectively). Last year's returns show a traffic of 5,281,127 words, having a net value of 401,458*l.*, and in that year, as well as in the year 1904-5, we find that the Indian Government had nothing to pay by way of guarantee. The 'standard' revenue above quoted apparently relates only to traffic between Great Britain and India, and in the last six years the guarantee has cost India only 26,000*l.* at most, as no indication is given of the amount to the credit side during the years when no guarantee was required. I should have mentioned that the rate to India fell to 2*s.* per word some three years ago. From the above somewhat detailed statement it would appear abundantly clear that 'inelasticity' is quite an unmerited description as applied to Indian traffic. I venture to go further than that, and have no hesitation in saying that past

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experience justifies us in asking for an 'ordinary' rate of not more than 1*s.* 6*d.*, with the suggestion that this should be followed up as soon as possible by a 'deferred' rate of at most 1*s.* a word, between Great Britain and India. Indeed, I may now repeat here what I have frequently suggested already, that a general and widespread introduction of 'deferred' cable rates would be of the greatest public advantage, while inflicting no ultimate loss on the cable companies concerned.

I believe that negotiations are now taking place between the Indian Government and the companies associated with India in the 'Joint Purse,' with a view to arranging for a private wire direct from Bombay to Madras, to be placed at the disposition of the companies. These negotiations would seem to afford India an opportunity for a rearrangement of the 'Joint Purse' agreement, with a view to a further lowering of rates, and also for any modification of that agreement which may have become necessary in order to recoup India for the diminution of the amount which she receives in 'trans-Indian' rates, owing to the recent establishment of a Batavia-Cocos Island cable, by one of the partners in the 'Joint Purse,' under an agreement with the Dutch Government, by means of which it is possible to divert Australasian and other traffic, thus cutting India out altogether, obviously to her financial loss.

At the recent meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, as well as at the Mansion House meeting to which I have referred, a resolution was proposed suggesting the convening of a Conference of Postal Authorities of the States and Dependencies within the Empire, for the purpose of concerting measures tending to a wider recognition of the policy of State-owned and controlled cables, subject to respect for private rights. This resolution was carried at the Mansion House with but one or two dissentients, and was carried unanimously at the meeting of the Associated Chambers.

The benefit accruing from an adequate national system of cables can hardly be exaggerated. Let us remember the marvellous growth in the Imperial sentiment. The boon of cheap and accessible cables means reinforcing our defensive forces, by lessening sources of friction and misunderstanding, and, more important still, the solid linking together in material and sentimental bonds of the Mother Country with her kindred beyond the seas. America is increasing, Germany is increasing in population by leaps and bounds, and, incidentally, I may remark that both the French and German Governments are annually expending large sums in the encouragement of cable extension, more strategic than commercial in purpose; indeed, Germany is now laying a direct system of cables, avoiding British territory, which, bifurcating at Liberia, will reach Brazil on the one hand and Togo and the Cameroons on the other—not to mention possible prolongations. In our islands no great permanent addition to the population and the

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economic wealth of the country can be contemplated. We are sending away some of the best of our raw material, some of the most vigorous and robust of our manhood every year. Make it worth their while, by offering them every possible encouragement, to direct their steps to our own possessions. Let us divert, as far as may be, this stream of emigration into our own channels. I strongly maintain that where, and if, private interests clash and conflict with public interest, public interest must prevail. Let no one dare to set limits to the concessions which the State has in its power to confer by the use of its credit, compatible with commercial consideration.

If we can do anything, however little, to strengthen the gradually weakening bonds between Great Britain and the rest of the Empire, not solely from the point of view of our common commerce, but also in the direction of maintaining race unity and the continuance of the patriotic spirit; if we can contribute in any degree to these ends, then I think we may justly feel that we have not failed in discharging a duty of the utmost importance.

EDWARD SASSOON.

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HENRY THE EIGHTH AND THE MONASTERIES: A REPLY

In the June number of this Review appeared an article by the Rev. G. Monroe Royce on 'Henry the Eighth and the Religious Houses of London,' written in a pleasant popular vein, somewhat too discursive perhaps to be strictly accurate, but on the whole both interesting and useful. But the writer, to do justice to his general ideas, thought it necessary to make some comments on a recent book of mine, called *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, in which he not only ventured to express disagreement with my views—a thing which I can take very easily—but expressly to accuse me of 'religious or party rancour' in upholding my theme. If I am guilty of this, it is a serious fault; and my difficulty in meeting the charge, I must confess, is aggravated by the consciousness that Mr. Royce, though he is the only writer, I think, who has used the word 'rancour,' is not the only writer who has accused me of bias. And so, in replying to him, I feel that I must reply to other critics also, although that makes my task a little more complicated; for, if a man really has a bias of some kind, he is probably not aware of it. Still, I do think, if I am amenable to such a charge, my critics ought to make it somewhat more definite than they have done; for I am willing to receive correction. And how I am to correct party spirit I really do not know, when I am not aware even what my party is. I sat down to write my book, indeed, well aware that it would conflict with views of the Reformation which have always been prevalent and are popular to this day. But I am no opponent of the Reformation; I only think it is defended from a false point of view by arguments which are to a great extent untenable. And my one great object in writing was to bring out the true point of view.

The task, indeed, is a very serious one, especially for a man at my time of life, for it is by no means completed yet. And one of the difficulties I have to contend with is that some of my critics have judged the half-told tale as if it were a completed work. I will, therefore, with your leave, state briefly what the design of my book is before proceeding to take notice of various censures passed upon it.

My object, when I began to write, was simply to examine the causes

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which gave birth to the English Reformation. As the Reformation itself began in the reign of Henry the Eighth, I wished to start with a mere preliminary chapter about the Lollards, followed up by a set of essays rather than a historical narrative. But I found it absolutely necessary to expand my preliminary chapter till it became four chapters, forming 'Book I.' of a work which, so far as it has gone, consists of four 'Books' in two volumes. It is quite open to anyone to say, and I shall not contradict him, that this introductory matter is very imperfect, and that there are faults all through the book. But I do feel it a little hard, after going back as far as Wycliffe, to be taxed with having said nothing about the suppression of the Templars, which occurred at the beginning of the century in which Wycliffe lived, and certainly some years before he was born. That I have not criticised 'that high-handed piece of tyranny' is true, because it did not come in my way. But I am happy to agree with Mr. Royce that it *was* 'a high-handed piece of tyranny,' the blame of which may be distributed between Philip the Fair of France and Clement the Fifth, the first of the Avignon popes. The only thing that puzzles me is this: Why am I blamed for not going out of my way to denounce the tyranny of suppressing the Templars, and equally blamed for denouncing the tyranny of Henry the Eighth in suppressing the monasteries—a subject that did come in my way?

The reason is that Mr. Royce has really a great admiration of Henry the Eighth's conduct in dissolving the monasteries. He confesses at the beginning of the article that both his sympathies and his better judgment 'are strongly drawn in support of the King,' whose conduct and motives in this matter, he is convinced, 'have both been grossly misrepresented.' Well, every man has a right to his opinion; and if he thinks it further 'a gross libel on the English nation and race' to say that Parliament dissolved the monasteries 'to please Henry the Eighth,' I suppose I cannot prevent him from so considering it. But when he points to the similar act of King Victor Emmanuel in suppressing the monasteries in Italy, and shows how popular it was, asking me if that, too, was an act of pure despotism, I may perhaps be allowed to say in the first place that I did not feel called upon, in connexion with *Lollardy and the Reformation*, to discuss the acts of Victor Emmanuel any more than those of Philip the Fair in France. The lapse of centuries really does produce, generally, very considerable changes in social life and institutions; and I am not going to deny the popularity of what was done by Victor Emmanuel.

But I do deny the popularity of what was done by Henry the Eighth, not only in this matter but in many others. Mr. Royce professes only to discuss the suppression of religious houses in London; and I do not believe his view is fully justified, even with regard to them. But what he says, if true at all, has a much wider scope; for he wants us to believe that the wholesale suppression of religious houses all over the kingdom

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was justified, and was generally felt to be so. This I have no hesitation in denying, for it is the direct contrary of the truth. Even Wolsey's suppression of twenty-nine small monasteries was unpopular, though its aim was the best that could be, and he had been at great expense and trouble to obtain both papal and royal authority for what he did. And what came of it all at last when he was attainted? Of the two great educational foundations to which the endowments were to have been applied, the Ipswich College was suppressed for the benefit of the King's Treasury, and the magnificent foundation at Oxford was finished on an inferior scale, and was ordered to be called, at first, 'King Henry the Eighth's College.' I hope Mr. Royce admires this very generous act?

But as to the King's own suppression of monasteries, we are at no loss to appreciate public feeling on the subject. In London, indeed, it was dangerous to speak out. Even words might be construed as treason. An Act had been actually passed to this effect (26 Henry the Eighth, c. 13), though it is true the words which were expressly made treasonable were such as tended to deprive the King and Queen Anne Boleyn of any of their titles (including tacitly that of 'Supreme Head of the Church' which overthrew the Pope's jurisdiction) or to say that the King was a heretic, tyrant, usurper, or anything of the kind. Does Mr. Royce know what such an Act inevitably meant? Everyone who was not prepared to face a horrible death, far worse than simple hanging, was bound to keep particular guard over his tongue—especially in London, where officers of the law were numerous. And much talk about the King's acts in suppressing monasteries—at all events by those who disapproved of their suppression—could hardly fail to lead on to statements that the King himself was a heretic and a tyrant, or something equally objectionable. Nevertheless, utterances nearly as bad are recorded to have escaped men's lips at times. The Duke of Norfolk himself—anxious as he was in general to show himself subservient—could not help remarking once 'that the King would hang in hell for destroying the monasteries.' And as to the common people, we know what happened in Lincolnshire, in Yorkshire, and all over the North of England, as soon as the Commissioners began to put in force the Act for the suppression of the smaller monasteries;—there broke out the most serious insurrection that ever occurred in Henry's reign, and one which he found peculiar difficulty in putting down.

On the whole, surely we may be thankful nowadays that we can safely express the opinion that Henry the Eighth was a tyrant. That is to say, it does not involve the old penalties of high treason to affirm this, or any legal penalty at all. But, except as regards legal penalties, it is not quite safe to say it to everybody even now—it may involve a charge of 'rancour.' Moreover, it is a libel on an English Parliament to insinuate that it ever passed an Act simply to please a king—nay, it is a libel on the whole English nation as well, we are told, that

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such a thing could possibly be. I recommend Mr. Royce to study the Treasons Act just referred to; but stay, I will give him somewhat better evidence than he will find in the Act itself. We have it on contemporary authority that cannot be contested, that this Act was passed by the Commons most unwillingly. 'There was never such a sticking,' says a worm-eaten paper, 'at the passing of any Act in the Lower House as was at the passing of the same; and they stuck at the last to have one word in the same, and that was the [word] *maliciously*; which, when it was put, it was not worth . . . (*paper decayed*), for they would expound the same statute themselves at their pleasure.' This was what Bishop Fisher was told in the Tower, and the fact that he had told him so was extracted from one of his servants on examination before the Lieutenant of the Tower and some other officials.[1] The word 'maliciously,' in fact, had been inserted by the Commons to protect men who, like Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, never entertained disloyal intentions, though they might have said that the King was not Supreme Head of the Church of England. But More quite agreed with the opinion expressed by Fisher's servant that, though that word ought to protect them, the law would be construed against them just as if there were no such word in the Act. I leave it to Mr. Royce to consider how all this fits with his fine theory that the age was not one which would pass Acts of Parliament merely to please the King. Parliament not only did so, but when it inserted a qualifying word in behalf of mercy or natural justice, the Crown lawyers treated that word as of no significance whatever.

But if anyone is unwilling to believe that Tudor despotism repeatedly dictated Acts of Parliament, I will add testimony that must surely be considered unexceptionable. John Rogers, the first of the Marian martyrs, drew up an account in his own hand of his examination before the Council, which was but imperfectly published by Foxe in his *Acts and Monuments*. For the martyr himself not only wrote out in detail the conversations which took place between him and the Bench, but added at some length an oration which he had intended to address to them, having carefully thought it out the night before, but which he was not allowed to deliver. This Foxe has omitted, but the omission has been supplied by the late Colonel Chester in his very painstaking *Life of Rogers* (pp. 319 *sq.*). And it appears that Rogers intended to have used these words after a brief prelude:—

> As in Henry the Eighth's days ye in your Parliaments followed only his will and pleasure, even to grant the Queen's Majesty to be a bastard (God it well knoweth, against your wills, and, as ye well know, against the wills of the whole realm for the most part, and that of all states, rich and poor, spiritual and temporal, gentle and ungentle), likewise the taking away of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, with other mo things not a few; even so, in King Edward's days

[1] *Letters and Papers Hen. VIII.*, vol. viii. p. 326.

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did the most part of the learned of the clergy (against their wills, as it doth now appear) set their hands to the marriage of priests (as deans and archdeacons, doctors, and masters of colleges to the number of seventy or thereabouts), and the most part of the bishops to the alteration of the service into English, and to the taking away of the positive laws which before had prohibited the said marriage:—this, I say, they did for the Duke of Somerset's and others of the King's executors' pleasure. Likewise, when the Duke of Somerset was beheaded, and the Duke of Northumberland began to rule the roast, look what he would desire, that he had, specially in his last Parliament; so that what his will was to be enacted, that was enacted. And in like manner, since the Queen's Majesty came to the governance of the realm, committing the same to the cure of the Bishop of Winchester (and very few others but he ruling the matter, as all England knoweth to be true), the consent of the whole Parliament followeth his head and will; so that now (against their wills, without doubt, and against the wills of many thousands true hearts of the realm, as they of the Parliament House well know) they have condescended unto him. And what he cannot do in one Parliament, that he doth in another; for he hath had three, all under the title of the Queen (or else he were shameless) in a year and a half.

This is a Reformer's candid view of the causes which produced the Reformation and the reaction under Mary; and I only wish it were as candidly studied in our own day. To me, I confess, it expresses just that view of the Reformation—a humiliating view, no doubt, which struck me even before I had come across the passage I have just quoted. But we must not blink humiliating facts in the history of religion. The Jews could not deny that they were long in the land of Egypt in the house of bondage, nor that they were afterwards captives in Babylon; but they learned to know that God was their Deliverer, not man. Nor must we glorify our Reformers too much. The religious settlement under Elizabeth was really a wonderful thing. Broad and liberal, without very exact definitions of things open to dispute, it is a curious contrast to the contemporary work turned out at Trent, which carefully closed some doors that might have been left open, and fenced with anathemas all the dogmas decided at the Council. And yet it would require a bold man to tell us that the critical acumen of the Elizabethan divines was superior to that of the Tridentine fathers. No, the result was not man's doing, but God's. A great work indeed was done at Trent for the purification of the Church in all countries that acknowledged the Roman obedience. But in England men felt the situation more; and while the conservative feeling of a Christian nation upheld strongly all truths really needful to the faith, a large liberty of thought was allowed which bore fruit in many other departments besides theology.

It was tyranny in England that laid down the conditions out of which mental freedom grew. To look upon the English Reformation as originating in a democratic movement seems to me to the last degree impossible. Mr. Royce says, I 'skim lightly over' the Lollard petitions presented in the Parliament of Henry the Fourth and Henry the Fifth. As to that I simply leave it to the reader to see if he can

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find clearer light upon the subject in Stubbs or Hallam. The confiscation of the alien priories by Henry the Fifth was simply because they were alien, not because they were monasteries, or in order to satisfy the Lollards. Their property was in danger before, during Edward the Third's war with France. The Lollards were indeed strong in the land for some time after Wycliffe, when they were supported by armed knights and barons; but their power did not lie in reasoning but in warlike champions, and after Oldcastle's day they fell into disrepute, till they again received powerful, though underhand, support from Henry the Eighth.

As to monasticism, I cannot altogether agree with Mr. Royce, whose argument seems to take this form: 'We can do very well without monasteries nowadays—in fact, they would be a nuisance and must have been terribly in the way of progress even in Henry the Eighth's time. Therefore it was quite right in that King to put them down.' Surely there is a little too much generalising here. Mr. Royce himself remarks that the 'friar' must be sharply differentiated from the monk, which is quite true, though they are often confounded together. But there were monks and monks, and also friars and friars; and what is true of one Order is not always true of another. No doubt the hermit and the anchorite disappeared without any noise, because they could be easily spared. Their case is quite by itself. But as to the friars, the cessation of bequests to them during the fifteenth century goes but little way to prove their unpopularity or even uselessness. What need had they of bequests? They were bound to poverty, and lived upon alms, hand to mouth. In fact, strictness was increasing in some Orders. For the rule of the Franciscans or Grey Friars—the most popular of the 'Orders Four'—had been considerably relaxed in practice when a new branch started up within that Order called the Observants, which revived the old strictness. During the fifteenth century there were seven houses of this branch Order founded in England. And these houses were highly favoured, even by royalty itself, one of them being at Greenwich beside the royal palace, and another at Richmond. But when Henry the Eighth was impelled by his passion for Anne Boleyn to launch out into a new career, the Observant Friars spoke too plain truths for his taste, and they were the very first Order that he determined to get rid of. All the seven houses were cleared of their inmates. Two carts full of friars were sent to the Tower, and the rest of the Observants of different houses were placed in severe confinement in the houses of the laxer Order of Grey Friars (called Conventuals) for refusing to accept articles to the King's mind which were against their rule. This was four years before the general suppression of friars' houses.

It is all very well for Mr. Royce to insinuate that the Grey Friars remained safe for a long time in their own virtue, and were so popular that no king, however despotic, could have been strong enough to

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dissolve or even to molest them. I do not believe they were a bit less popular at the beginning of the sixteenth century than they were in the fourteenth. So far as I can make out, I should say they were rather more so—especially the reformed Grey Friars, or Observants. But Mr. Royce's article is limited to a disquisition on the religious houses of London, and he does not even go as far as Greenwich, where the better Order of Grey Friars had a house. For it was the friars of Greenwich that first warned Henry the Eighth to beware of flatterers who were encouraging him to put away his true wife to gratify a lawless passion; and it was the friars of Greenwich above all friars and monks who first provoked his indignation. It was really the most virtuous among all the Orders, whether friars or monks, that were most severely dealt with, just because they were the most steadfast in adhering to their rules. And just as the Observant Friars were suppressed before other friars, so were Carthusian and Bridgettine monks martyred before other monks, and besides the Carthusians who died upon the gibbet many others rotted away in prison for not saying that wrong was right. Yet Mr. Royce actually wishes us to believe that as to monks and friars in general Henry the Eighth did no more than popular opinion would have done to them if it had been left free! None of those Orders was wanted, forsooth, and Henry the Eighth did quite right in clearing away what, it may be presumed, were mere dens of idleness and vice! It is extraordinary to find a clergyman maintaining views which, if he had only seen what they involved, would make the Parliament and nation of England the willing instruments of Henry the Eighth's barbarities.

And here, perhaps, I may be allowed, at least partly, to answer one criticism not relating to monasticism which has been passed upon my half-told tale. For I have been asked very plausibly how, if the Reformation owed its origin to the tyranny of a very strong despot, it developed much further after that strong despot died, during the minority of his son. There are a good many causes that can be shown for it, as I hope to explain more fully one day. But one of them may be very well taken into account in connection with the extract above given from Rogers. It must, I think, be presumed that men had just as great an objection to being hanged in the reign of Edward the Sixth as they had under Henry the Eighth—particularly that kind of hanging and cutting down alive, and ripping up, and hanging again by which the law of high treason was then enforced. And, although it is perfectly true that the old heresy Acts were every one of them repealed in the first year of Edward the Sixth, it was still treason not to recognise even the boy King as Supreme Head of the Church of England, or to treat the Pope as anything but a foreign bishop having no jurisdiction in this country. The result was that men's tongues were free all over England to utter what were held to be the most abominable blasphemies—a practice in which men of the Court had been freely

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indulging for some time, knowing well that the law of the Six Articles would never be pressed against men of their quality.

Bishops complained in the House of Lords that they had no power even to correct immorality, which abounded more and more. Secular lords sympathised, but could do nothing. The power of the House of Lords had been depressed by Tudor policy, which always exalted the claims of a Lower House made up of nominees of the Crown. And bishops who were not of the new school, who did not make the boy King, with the new rulers about him, an insular Pope just as his father had claimed to be, were shut up in prison like Gardiner, or even deprived after a mock trial like Bonner, whose character, of course, the new school made free with in many ways. It is a curious commentary, by the bye, on the name 'Bloody Bonner,' afterwards bestowed on this much-maligned prelate, that after he was liberated from his unjust confinement in the Tower on the accession of Queen Mary, he was received with kisses by a company of women anxious to congratulate him on his liberation. Such were old-fashioned ways. Under Edward the Sixth the government of the Church was practically in the hands of statesmen who were large sharers in monastic spoils, with Cranmer at the head of the spirituality, to give the new ecclesiastical system respectability. So, of course, the Reformation under Edward the Sixth developed upon Cranmer's lines.

But to return to monasticism, let me admit that there is something in Mr. Royce's statements, if he had not suggested that the suppression of the monasteries was altogether a wholesome act free from the taint of tyranny. For, indeed, I must confess that my treatment of monasticism is exceedingly defective; and though I was anxious to guard myself at the outset against the supposition that I was writing anything like a full history of religion in England, there are both defects and errors in my treatment of this subject which I very much regret. First, I feel that I should have said something about such a well-known fact as the decline of monasticism before Henry the Eighth's time, shown among other things, by the almost entire cessation at the close of the Middle Ages of those vigorous literary productions which were the glory of former times,—and further by a number of sporadic suppressions of monasteries which were no longer needed. This ought certainly to have been shown, for it is a matter to be weighed. And a further matter, in which I am sorry to find my remarks have been misleading, calls just for a few words here by way of retractation. My estimate of the general morality of the monasteries, I fear, was rather too high. The St. Albans case I admitted. It was an exceptionally bad one; and though I made a mistake (which I rectified elsewhere) about the particular abbot whose misrule was so disgraceful, I never attempted to palliate the facts. I have come now to see, however, that the moral decline of St. Albans after Whethamstede's day was a gradual one, and had only reached the lowest depths of scandal when

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Archbishop Morton obtained visitation powers to correct that and some other monasteries which had the privilege, under ordinary circumstances, of exemption from episcopal jurisdiction. Bishop Morton, supported by King Henry the Seventh, we may well believe, effected a much-needed reformation at St. Albans and in some other monasteries besides. But the general laxity of monastic rule was, I fear, rather greater than I supposed on the eve of the Reformation. In the Appendix to Book III. Chap ii., I endeavoured to put before the reader a fair criterion of the average condition of monasteries as shown in Dr. Jessopp's *Norwich Visitations* by an impartial review of the findings at several particular houses at different dates. I certainly did not wish to weigh down the scales on either side; but Mr. Coulton has convinced me that I have misinterpreted some things, and thought too lightly of the real meaning of the findings in certain particular cases. Among other things, at page 103, where I have said that 'one monk was a dandy,' I ought, I find, to have said, 'One monk dressed in indecorous fashion'; and this indecorous dressing in long hose—not 'long boots' as I have made it at page 97—was a thing that would really be a police offence nowadays. So I fear that there is much to be said about the state of matters in a considerable number of monasteries, to show that they were no good schools of delicacy or chastity. But, I say again, monasteries differed from each other greatly in that respect; and perhaps no general estimate can be trusted without much larger comparisons. It is enough for me at the present time to admit briefly what is faulty in my own, and yet to protest strongly against the notion that the suppression of the monasteries was not an act of tyranny.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

P.S.—I have been obliged to finish this article in Scotland, away from my books; but I believe the statements made, even when thus unverified, will be found accurate.

J. G.

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THE CULT OF 'TEDDY BEAR'

'I THINK,' said Lord Ottoway, reflectively toying with the beautiful gold-handled paper-knife which the Princess Baratilov, then in the zenith of her prime, had given him five years ago as souvenir, 'I think,' he continued, 'I had better call in Hodge, my German Bombastes. He knows most things. He's the very man you want, "Pinch."'

His Lordship rose and rang the bell.

The portly gentleman, addressed as 'Pinch,' sat back on the armchair in amused perplexity.

Sir Barbecue Brabazon evidently had something on his mind. Indeed it was written all over his long, square-jawed, inexpressive countenance, and the thick mouse-coloured moustache seemed to droop more disconsolately than usual.

'Can't quite see how your valet is goin' to help me,' he rejoined, conscientiously cutting his 'g's.' 'What does he know about the British Empire or anything else save your studs and shavin'-tackle—eh, Charles?'

'My dear Pinch,' Lord Ottoway made answer, 'the fellow simply knows everything. He's a doctor of philology of Marburg University, among other things, besides a minor poet; served in the "Death's Head" Hussars, too. Chap can sit anything, as well as drive my motor. He's priceless.' . . .

'Oh, just ask Hodge to come up here to me,' Lord Ottoway remarked over his shoulder to the footman who had entered the room. His Lordship selected a very long cigar with considerable care, lit it, and sunk down in an easy attitude upon the sofa.

In another moment John Hodge appeared. He saluted his master in German military fashion.

'*Zu Befehl*,' he exclaimed, bringing up his right hand stiffly to the eyebrow with his eyes fixed steadily before him. Then he brought his hand sharply to the leg and stood at ease.

'Hodge,' began his Lordship pleasantly, 'this gentleman, Sir Barbecue Brabazon, is getting up some detail on the question of Empire and British policy. In fact, he has to make a speech before the Imperial Defence Conference. But you see he's a busy man, chairman of most things under the sun, don't you know, and he

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hasn't had much time to study the German aspect of the matter. So I've sent for you. Now I want you just to give him the sort of lecture you gave me the other day. Remember, John?'

The German valet glanced at Sir Barbecue, as Klopstock, who loved skating, might have looked at the edge of his skates before he put them on, and appeared satisfied.

'*Ya, wohl,*' your Lordship,' he retorted laconically. 'Sir Barbecue wishes to know precisely what?'

Lord Ottoway looked at 'Pinch,' who returned the stare significantly.

The short silence which ensued proved embarrassing. Presently Sir Barbecue rose from his chair, lit a cigarette, and smiled.

'That's a bit of a facer, that is, you know,' he said. 'If I knew precisely what I wanted to say I shouldn't exactly ask you, should I? Fact is, I don't know. Look here, Charles, you must stage-manage this. It's your idea, you know.'

Lord Ottoway smiled discreetly but discerningly.

'You see, it's this way, Hodge,' he said. 'The great question for England at this juncture is the question of the Army and the Navy. Are we, as a nation, going the way of the Egyptians, of Carthage, and of Rome? Is the nation fitting itself to remain the fittest? Is it healthy and vital? Is horse-racing or the golf championship really more important than the matter of national and imperial defence? What are your views on the subject? How, in a word, does the situation strike you as an independent observer? Do you follow me, Hodge? That's what we want to know. And I want you to let out, do you see? Just get the whole affair "off your chest" as if you were on the platform and a thousand learned Englishmen, who can't read German, were listening to you. You can say just what you like. We won't mind. Now then, Hodge, "Full steam ahead," as your Emperor said, and St. George for ever!'

'*Sapere aude,*' said the valet sententiously. 'Dare to know, I see, your Lordship,' he hurried to explain, as his broad face lapsed into a broad grin, and his blue eyes sparkled with the gleam of the Hohenzollerns.

He took a half-turn round the room, cleared his throat, tugged at his upturned Kaiser-moustache, and smiled again.

'*Donnerwetter! Potstausend!*' he ejaculated to himself or to the recording angel, and the vociferation appeared to steady him. A steel-grey glint shone in his eyes. He took a step forward, threw back his head and pronounced:—

'My Lords, ladies and gentlemen, I have come here to-day to speak to you of Empire and of the policy which is to preserve it to you, but first I should like to tell you a story. You know how from small things great things are born, how from beginnings apparently insignificant great ends are fashioned, how, as Newton discovered the law of

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gravitation from the falling of an apple, so sometimes we, and all of us, receive inspiration from the revelation of fortuitous circumstance. Well, ladies and gentlemen, the other day I went to the Crystal Palace to see what is known as the "Cup Tie." The crowd, I need not tell you, was enormous, a gathering of sixty thousand people, or more, I'm told, and finding that I could see nothing of the football, I thought it my behoof to see something of the crowd—that crowd which had journeyed from the Midlands and the North, representative, I take it, of the youth and manhood of this country, the fighting force of Old England. For an hour I walked up and down, gazing into the ardent, shouting faces of that vast mob—that *mobile* of adult Englishmen, and then, unconsciously, I began to think.

'Sixty thousand sane, virile Englishmen screaming themselves hoarse at the performance of twenty-two professional gentlemen who were paid to play for them! Then I looked closer, scrutinised that crowd, and in sorrow I wondered. These men, these youths, this army of virility, had they any thought but football in their minds! They were pale, sallow, livid, and, for the most part, undersized. Their teeth were bad, their chests were narrow, their expressions were as hollow as their cheeks. They drank and betted and yelled and jested. "Gawd blimy, see old Alf shoot that!" Yes, they were keen enough on the football! But, "Gawd blimy!" gentlemen, could Alf or how many of those sixty thousand screaming, jostling, gesticulating adults shoot, not a goal, but a man, if ever the invader came upon them. How many? Ah! but how many were even fit to! How many of those thousand of undersized men would even pass the physical standard of the Army! Weak, unthinking, undisciplined, untrained, these were the men the nation would perforce call upon to defend the country in the hour of need. Weak, unthinking, undisciplined and untrained—such necessarily would be their defence. And as I mused, ladies and gentlemen, the concern and gravity of it grew upon me. I thought of the crowds I had seen in Russia, the great mob of giant, hulking Moujiks in the fairs of Moscow, the crowds of Germany, in Berlin and at the races, but nowhere had I seen men like these, men who jeered at the very idea of serving the country and were, many of them, physically incapable of it; men who were not of the soil which gives so splendid a military material to Germany and Russia, but of the town, the sedge and sediment of machinery.

'"Here, Jack, this bloke takes me for a bloomin' sodger!" said one of these men I got into conversation with and questioned on the subject of national defence. "A bloomin' sodger!" Think of it, ladies and gentlemen! The scorn of this youth for the soldier; this English lad, the descendant of the men who fought under the Black Prince, under Drake and Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington and Nelson, who made this matchless Empire lord of liberty and the

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ocean! Not so does the rude Pomeranian peasant speak of Barbarossa and his ravens! Yet these are the epigoni of Robin Hood, of England's archers, of the Elizabethan buccaneers and of all those men—sailors, soldiers, explorers and adventurers—who went out into the world and carved upon the scroll of history immortal fame as heritage. "A bloomin' sodger!" Would that we could make this youth worthy of one! But this heritage, this Empire, this island of ours, shall we keep it with such wardenship? Can we? Do we deserve to? Gentlemen, I ask with all humility, are we not living on the quicksand of tradition?

'The quicksand of tradition! It has been the grave of all Empires. I left my football friend, I left that howling wilderness of football enthusiasts a firm convert to national conscription. It seemed to me that we were indeed living in a Crystal Palace of complacency and deception.

'What then, many will ask—and many, I know, do sincerely ask—is the danger? Well, of course, I am aware that I shall be called a scaremonger, an Imperial hobgoblin of fright and phantom, and, no doubt, a flagitious journalist. The invective troubles me little. What troubles me profoundly is the unmartial understanding of the modern Englishman. We are the creatures of paradox in this country, and no doubt it is not so very strange that we, who are the people of Shakespeare, should regard all poets as mad, as invariably all dark-skinned potentates whom it falls to our lot from time to time to chastise, and all soldiers, including Lord Roberts, who plead for a national service. That is not the point. The question is: Are we preparing ourselves to survive in the new conditions which have arisen in the world, conditions both economic and military, and to face the spirit which controls them? Now let me pass in review the most notable of these new conditions, nor need I say that the pivot of them all is Germany.

'The modern success of Germany is largely due to her historical failure in the past. First the Fuggers tried to colonise Chile with Germans, then the Guelphs sought to people Venezuela, and just as they were succeeding the Thirty Years' War came and destroyed everything. Frederick the Great did not understand overseas Empire. The German efforts made between 1821 and 1840 to colonise Mexico likewise failed. Then in 1852 the fleet came under the hammer. It is difficult to realise that fact now, that only fifty-seven years ago what Navy the Germans had was actually sold by auction, but it is a useful mnemonic and an invaluable aid to the clearer understanding of the German spirit and ambition. It is a beacon to Germans to-day as Majuba Hill once stood to us. It is the quickening inspiration of German policy; it is the cradle of Pan-German aspiration. Pan-Germanism, to-day, is a substantial living doctrine, Prince Bülow's opportunisms the converse—put them together, and as a fact they do

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work together, and they form a perfect synthetic whole. The aim of that policy is to recover the past. So long as it was merely a land policy we, as an island, were not directly affected. But, as the ancillary of all Empire is the sea, so to the sea united Germany has gone, as did the Fuggers of old.

'Nobody will dispute that, I presume. Nor has anyone the right to cavil at it. It was Germany's misfortune to have arisen late in the world. It would be unmanly and ungenerous to grudge her the magnificent efforts she is making towards the realisation of her final national expression. It is no business of ours, if Germany chooses to build ships. It need even be no concern of ours, but then that is the problem. Still the fact is patent enough, and we have to face it. And it is that close to these shores a fleet is rising, built deliberately and avowedly, not for the protection of home or colony or commerce, but for the sole purpose of disputing our monopoly of the seas and eventually of destroying it. It is written in a thousand books and newspaper articles; sung in a thousand poems; inculcated solemnly into sixty millions of thinking minds. We may rub our eyes and stare, or shout or gesticulate, but we can no longer doubt. The curious gentlemen in these islands—the Lucifugæ of parochial philosophies—who claim that the German people are constructing their gigantic Navy for the vanity of Naval Reviews, are sure to talk of Cousin Michael and such like country-cousin sophistry; but those whose brains are not wholly obfuscated by the Panjandram god of party politics will realise that thirty battleships against our sixty equals half the strength of our fleet, and that any one Navy approximating, even on paper, three-quarters of our strength constitutes the gravest possible danger to this nation's existence. It needs no Chinese abacus to reason that out. The one thing essential is to draw the right conclusion.

'Oh, yes, I can hear that gentleman over there saying: What about the *entente* with France? And I am very much obliged to him for mentioning it. What about it, ladies and gentlemen? Is it not good? Has not France a fine Navy too? It is good. Undoubtedly France has a fine Navy, but not nearly as fine as the German, which it could hardly now venture to fight unaided. But what about our part of the *entente*? What about our healthy use as well as selfishness in the bond? Now, here, once more we live in a Crystal Palace of deception. The plain fact is that in the event of war between France and Germany we, as a land fighting force, would be of very small use indeed. Don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen, reason it out for yourselves! Suppose—and this is merely the hypothesis of Kriegspiel—suppose we landed 100,000 men in France. Would they avail much against the overwhelming forces of Germany and Austria? Could those 100,000 or even 150,000 Englishmen—about the equivalent of a mobilised German Army Corps—be a decisive or even a telling factor against an army of, say, a million and a half trained men

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composed, not as the Anglo-French Army would be of two differently trained forces speaking different languages, but of two German-speaking peoples fighting for a national cause and with a common brain and tongue? Does anyone seriously cherish such an illusion? Would the gospel even of muddling through avail France much in such extremity? One need not be a Territorial to answer the question. The real question is: Could France be expected to put it to the test, if ever the hour of decision should come?

'Now we saw what happened over Morocco, not once but on three successive occasions. "Fight! *Mon Dieu!* but you English, can you stop the Germans from marching into Paris? Even if you sink every hull Germany possesses, what then? *Saperlipopette! Mon cher*, you've no army. You cannot make war nowadays without an army. *Nom de nom de nom*, you cannot expect us to!" For so the peaceful French boulevardier spoke, and so finally did the Quai d'Orsay at Algeciras.

'The quicksand of tradition! We have an alliance, and we, in England, fancy that it is omnipotent. But, gentlemen, the French are under no such delusion. The power of the *entente* has a sorry plinth. It is the hollow pedestal of tradition. Without an army of at least half a million trained men to support it, the pact is but an amical arrangement on parchment which might tear at the first full stretch. For it is founded not on power, without which no interest, no treaty and no policy is a power, but on illusion, on the false supposition that unity of interest connotes unity of strength or that three is the equivalent of seven.

'We have made our *ententes*, settled our policy—Germany has settled hers. A new Metternich has arisen in Europe in the shape of the silent statesman, Baron Aerenthal. And, gentlemen, a new Austria is arising: an Austria young with national endeavour, conscious of a fresh destiny, proud with a new-born vitality. By the most fatuous lack of prescient statesmanship we drove, instead of humouring, Austria—only too anxious to rid herself of dependency on Berlin—into the arms of her powerful neighbour, and by our blunder riveted the bonds of Pan-German ethnic unity; so that Germany and Austria are now one pragmatic whole again, bound and pledged to each other, rejuvenated and reconsolidated by arms, while Germany, who for the first time since the Emperor ascended the throne held her tongue, clinched not only a policy and most necessary an alliance, but the *cliché* of the Young Turk party to boot. And that is the present situation. Against the Anglo-French Alliance with one army as *ultima ratio* there stand the German and Austrian Empires with two armies, to leave Italy on the one hand and Russia on the other out of account. And yet there are those who say that England has no need of a big army! No need! Why without it the *entente* is but a political myth! Without a national army our military value to

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France is little more than a negation and our support but the vanity of tradition!

'So much for the question on land. Now, what about the question on the sea. There, at any rate, the clouds of party politics have been pierced by the light which last month flashed across this island from the leaders of both sides. It is not a matter of the smallest doubt. There is no scare, however much the few who call attention to it may be called scaremongers. It is a matter of simple arithmetic and common-sense, being simply the quotient of ships against ships. On both sides it is now admitted that the German Navy is growing out of all proportion to its palpable necessity. On both sides it would seem now to be admitted that our Navy must be increased correspondingly, automatically and inflexibly. But, as yet, nothing has been done. We have heard vaguely of super-*Dreadnoughts*. We have been told that if build we must, build we will with a good deal of rhetoric and asseveration. But no definite statement has been issued. Not one of the four *Dreadnoughts* imperative to our safety has been laid down. If they are intended, why does the Government not say so? A plain statement of building policy will not frighten the Germans, but the absence of it must frighten those Englishmen to whom the present hush—to use Lord Rosebery's word—in the soul of Europe is fraught with omen and significance.

'For what do we see? Disarmament! The millennium of peace and plenty!—the very contrary. Every anvil in the Fatherland is ringing. Every yard in the Empire is working at high pressure. "Ships, give us ships," such is the cry of every nation in Europe; it is the Moloch of international economy. Austria, Italy, France, Germany—why are they all building? What does this warlike fever mean or portend? Why must the peoples spend their millions in this frenzy of competition? What will be the issue?

'The answer is obvious. As Admiral Rosendahl explained the other day in the *Deutsche Revue*, Germany needs her Navy in order that, in the event of war, she may be the mistress on her own coasts. To accept for all time by agreement or otherwise the "unconditional superiority of the British Fleet" would be (he tells us) "equivalent to an abandonment of our national dignity." The case is quietly and fairly stated. It is the national dignity of the German Empire which cherishes and inspires the creation of the German Fleet. It is the dignity of a youth which has yet to grow to maturity, of a national force and vitality which have yet to find self-realisation, of a constructive policy which has yet to be fulfilled. The German Navy is built and building as an offensive arm, growing to outgrow our Fleet, rising to depose our supremacy. Nothing will stay its construction—neither prayer, nor policy, nor imprecation. Its prospective fighting *venue* lies on the waters which lap these shores. Its spirit is the hope of young Germany. Its ultimate haven are the ports of England.

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And because Germany builds, Austria builds, and because they build France and Italy build, and woe to us, if we, ladies and gentlemen, do not build likewise, two keels to every one laid down by Germany!

'Time is gold, but, gentlemen, as Bismarck once memorably paraphrased it, time in some cases is "blood." That is what we fail to grasp. Having at last realised that Germany is consciously building to compass our destruction, we fall into a flux of hysterical garrulity and begin to prattle about peace and morality. Europe is "rattling into barbarism." Why can't England be left alone to rule the waves, as the good song prescribes? How monstrous of Germany to dare to build a great Navy, and what not other oratorical spate of impotent tongue! Verbiage! But, gentlemen, did our good Queen Bess so speak to Philip, or Hal who defied the very infallibility of the Pope, or Cromwell when he bearded the King, or Nelson when he cocked a spyglass to his blind eye, or Wellington when the Old Guard charged at Waterloo? Not they. Yet why all this talk because Germany intends to challenge our supremacy?

'When we were conquering the oceans, did other nations cry impotently about "rattling into barbarism"? When we took India, Africa, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, &c., by virtue of our own hearts and native valiancy, did the world shudder at "barbaric" England? Did it scream because our seadogs were the best and our longshoremen the hardest? And if we went over to conscription to-morrow would Germany put on vestal robes of innocence and protest in the name of the Huns? "*Ivo*," as the Germans popularly say. Yet, is it not rather strange and rather undignified that we, this nation of fighting kings and queens and heroes—from Boadicea to Miss Pankhurst, from William the Conqueror to explorer Shackleton—should bark and bay the rising moon of Germany like frightened kennelled whelps: we who have won for ourselves the grandest Empire ever known to mankind, who have fought more victories than any nation in the world, who are the scions and the guardians of immortal Shakespeare? I do not see that we have cause to complain because the Germans covet our ocean monopoly; the sea is no man's property. If William the Conqueror gave it to us for all these years, that is no reason why another William the Conqueror should not, some day, snatch it from us. Its freedom is in our keeping. It is the bequest of Nelson to this country. Why should we assume that other peoples should accept his testament as binding upon all men and for all time? The thing, gentlemen, is not to talk about it, but to guard it, and to see that we have the force to ensure its permanency.

'But, ladies and gentlemen, there is no permanency of life or things in this world, of traditions or institutions, of power or empire, unless behind it there stand the force and the will of continuity. Nothing survives itself that is not vitally and organically of itself. The grandest forest of oaks will wither and disappear if there is no seed

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of similar force and growth to replenish it. And it is so with Empires, as it is with some of the great worlds we see above, which suddenly vanish from the firmament. Because we live in the twentieth century, when men are reputed more scientific, more humane, more civilised than in former centuries, that is no reason why the arbitrary confines of political geography should endure *ad infinitum* any more than there is cause to believe that our own planet will remain for ever, or aught else that is of man. The age is a scientific one. It is profoundly materialistic, selfish, competitive; but scientific materialism, rapacity and competition are not the ingredients of a humane humanity. *Do ut des* was the formula of Bismarckian policy, and it has been the political and economic formula of the world ever since. If the rich are richer than they have ever been, the poor are poorer. The struggle for bread grows harder, the problem of labour and the economy of labour more ruthless and insoluble. Are these the times to speak of relaxation of the national endeavour? Is this the juncture in world-politics, with the nations thirsting like the beasts of the jungle to flash their claws upon the unwary victims, for us to mount the pulpit of seraphic complacency and bid the æons of time stay still? Like Xerxes who flogged the seas, like Canute who bade them roll back, are we in this age of science and enlightenment to cry to Father Time: "Good Father, prithee hand us thy glass, the sands are run out. We have all that we want. We want no other people to have anything more. An it please thee, good Father, bury thy sickle, so that nothing in this world more may progress or change. For see, gentle Father, our island supremacy is in jeopardy. Wherefore, we pray thee, bid Æolus with his winds of fate and fortune go tarry with some mermaid in deep ocean cave of everlasting sleep. Oh, Father, give us that fateful glass and we will store it with the crown in the Tower of London."

'Ah, even now I can see the long beard of Father Time wagging with laughter! Even the anachronistic Elizabethan Beefeaters who guard the Koh-i-noor might smile at so much peacock buckram. And yet that is what we are saying. That is how we view the splendid German enthusiasm for an almighty fleet. That is how, in the year 1909, we regard the efforts of a great nation to assert its will upon the world, instead of calmly and scientifically preparing ourselves to meet that will, to combat that will, to render nugatory the very expression of that will by a wise readiness and preparation preassuring, in conflict, infallible annihilation. Believe me, gentlemen, time will not stay still. Germany will grow and the German Navy will grow, and the will of the German people to use it will grow, though the blunderbuss of the whole British Press be turned against it. That is the crux of the whole situation. Far more important than the question of economic unity is the vital question of defence of Empire; of the power necessary at all time and in all eventualities to safeguard this island and our colonies

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from invasion, to be able to defeat the possible combination of any two fleets that conceivably may be opposed to us, and to vindicate not only our own national trust and honour, but also the trust and the honour of our allies.

'These are no words of fear or panic. But looking around at the gigantic armaments rising on all sides, at the martial preparations of Germany and Austria, looking back into the past, looking forward in the future—can there be any man, I say, can there be any man who seriously will question the singular gravity of the whole situation or the obvious lesson that it enforces? What Friedrich List, father of Pan-Germanism, what Treitschke founded, lives to-day in one central national idea focussed and concentrated upon the sea, where eventually it must find issue. It is nurtured, as Bismarck prepared collision with France. It is a force rising to shape a destiny, trusted and accepted by an entire race. At once a policy and a fate, it holds all Europe in enthralment, and yet with all Europe staggering under its burdens we alone complacently disregard it; and our mob howls vapidly at the Crystal Palace, and the man on the golf links practises his "putts," and the women of the country shout, "Votes for Women," and the party man yells mechanically approval or disapproval, and in the superfœtation of an absurd sentimentalism we are all engrossed with Mr. Teddy Bear.

'Observe the "Mr." It is characteristic and symptomatic. It is all very well for the Americans, for they, at any rate, do have, and do shoot, bears. But we don't; we don't even have any. We shoot goals, not bears, yet how typical the Teddy Bear worship is of our modern sentimentalism! It is the greatest danger of modern England. While all the nations of Europe, led and dominated by Germany, are increasing their offensive and defensive arms, we are trafficking with theoretical sentimentalism. We are suffering from an over-rich ancestry, from a heritage of wealth and ease, which, in the new conditions of economic competition, we find it harder and harder to maintain. Our rich have been too comfortable, our poor too pampered, and both are now unwilling and untrained to work. We take the German system of Old Age Pensions, transpose it as we travesty a French play, place the policy in front of the economy and produce a nefarious scheme of demoralising charity. We wrangle about the censorship of plays, but because in England nothing may be done without appealing to precedent, our dramatic literature lies in the pocket of a policeman, and there is no bauble of man to remove him. We are vexed because the Germans build ships. We think it unkind, unfair, unsportsmanlike, no doubt. And then when we have thought about it for a moment we decide that it is only the tattered-boggart of a few raving scaremongers, of a few journalists who perhaps have married German wives, of a few politicians who think that it is politic,

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of a few scarecrow publicists and party hacks who, like the whale, have no teeth, and only "blow up" froth and bubbles.

'And so we go back to our "Dear Teddy Bear." "Oh, Mr. Teddy Bear!" "Oh, lovely Teddy Bear!"—like a lot of maidens "enthusing" in a dormitory. The women return to the paper vote, politicians to the party rut, publicists to the *rôle* of party fags, and the country to the topical questions about "Mr. Tapster's millions," or "the Lloyd George," or the "Australian Test Match," or whether "Lady Mary" is really to marry the Hon. Stilskin, or how much cigarettes have "gone up," or what horse is going to win what race, or who will be "runner-up" in this or that golf match—to sport and the divorce news, yellowplush snobberies and sentimental vapourings about baby's bonnet and dear Teddy Bear. Oblivious, sweetly and sentimentally oblivious, to the central fact in Europe to-day, the fact that Germany is building up to us, we go our way, playing with soldiering, while all the rest of Europe is arming to the teeth; neglecting the two-Power standard while Germany and Austria are building to crush us; "foozling" on the village greens of party and parochial politics, while the island and the Empire are bleeding for unity, regardless of the new conditions, the new forces, and new combination of forces and dangers which threaten our integrity and the very structure of Empire, as if the question of German power had remained unmoved since the year 1852, when the German Navy went under the hammer.

'Gentlemen, the bane of England is that we have unlearnt the vanity of work. It has become alien to our habits, and so the alien comes in and does it for us. It is strange to walk about this London of ours, which harbours the greatest aggregate of misery and has the largest derelict population of any country in the world, and find the foreigner battening on the land while the Englishman, ignorant and indifferent, walks about with his hands in his pockets, as often as not hungry and homeless. It is difficult to persuade oneself that this vast foreign clerical, tailoring, hairdressing, purveying, serving—yes, and time-serving—increment conduces materially to the welfare of England; or that the louts and larrikins of our towns and countryside would not be better and more useful men by a year with the colours of their country.'

'Hold hard, John, you're in that boat, if it comes to that,' interposed Lord Ottoway. 'Keep to the point, John. Never mind the foreigner. The Englishman's home is a free place, you know.'

John Hodge looked at his Lordship almost fiercely.

'Gentlemen, I must ask you to bear with me. I will not detain you much longer. Was it not at the Battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1745, that an English captain called to the "Pragmatic" army, as it was called, "*Messieurs, faites tirer vos gens,*" to which the gallant Frenchman responded, "*Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers*"—an

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incident which Carlyle described as the "martial boy and his English *versus* the laws of Nature"? Well, in those days it did not very much matter who fired first. But in these days of mines and torpedoes and *Dreadnought* guns it matters very much indeed. But that is the spirit, the pococurante spirit of sniffing politeness, which exists in England to-day. We are becoming a sentimental, an unmartial nation at the very time when the Powers of Europe have become healthily selfish and militant. And I ask you in all earnestness to consider this. We cannot now say with Louis the Fourteenth on his deathbed, "We were too fond of war. Let there be an end to it, now that our ships are rulers of the waves." Rather should we say with Napoleon that a nation, if it is to live, must also know how to die. And that is just what so few of us seem to think about. The doctrine of "muddling through" is all very well in the case of mimic warfare against "mad" mullahs and prophets, and infidels, and assegai opponents, but it will avail little against the white science of a million Continental conscripts. It caught us napping in the South African War; caught us because, as we now know, the reports of our military intelligence department went "intelligently" into the waste-paper basket; caught us because, almost like the Popes of old, we live in the illusion of a glass infallibility.

'What notional form of madness is it that prevents our seeing the nature of the danger which threatens us? Are not the pages of history red with the tragedies of fallen Empires? Can we, this small island of people, in these days of universal scientific national service alone continue to defy the world with a dwarf army of Volunteers? Have our land alliances any value in such conditions? Has our voice in Europe any genuine effective power, other than tradition, or any military justification? And can we, before all things, now when the Continent is competing with us on the sea, afford to economise in the one arm which holds this Empire and the island together, which alone protects us from the devastation of invasion, which alone safeguards the nation's continuity? Not only a nation, an Empire, but a race is at stake, and the grandest civilisation that the world has ever known. We cannot afford to jeopardise such a heritage. The crown of freedom is upon our trust, the most sacred emblem ever won by man, and the noblest and the proudest flag waves over it in glory. Gentlemen, I give you the "Jack" and the Union—the union of our lives and dominions beyond the seas. And this only I would say to you.

'Keep them intact, inviolate, whole now and for ever. They are your right, your possession, your national and historical legacy, handed down to you with the voice of immortal Shakespeare. But, ladies and gentlemen, they are only yours by virtue of your own proud right of self-justification. They were not conceived by magic, but by the power of man, and by the power of man will they be held or blasted asunder.

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On you and the force you have to defend them their whole future depends, on your initiative and strength both now and always.

'Close to our shores a giant Power is growing in conscious virility, fired with the zest to challenge our supremacy. Gentlemen, let us keep Teddy Bear in his place in the nursery. This is no time for playing at wooden soldiers; this is no age to tempt the providence of fortuity. When all Europe is an arsenal and an army, can we, with our vast Empire scattered across the globe, hope or expect to survive without one? On the spirit that we display now, on the wise preparations for offence and defence, on the building programme of our Fleet, the fate of England and the Empire must in no very remote future depend. And this I say deliberately. Only the creation of a national trained Army can in the end save us, and an Armada ready at any moment, and superior at any moment to the striking power of any two possible effective combinations.'

AUSTIN HARRISON.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABDUL HAMID II AND HIS COURT

III

THE SULTAN AS A PRIVATE MAN AND A POLITICIAN

It is very natural that after many years of close intercourse with Sultan Abdul Hamid I should have been often asked to give my opinion about the character of the ruler of Turkey. In spite of all my efforts I never succeeded in satisfying the curiosity of my inquirers, nor can I do it now, for, despite the fairly long run of my life, I never met with a man the salient features of whose character were so contradictory, so uneven and disproportionate, as with Sultan Abdul Hamid. Benevolence and wickedness, generosity and meanness, cowardice and valour, shrewdness and ignorance, moderation and excess, and many, many other qualities have alternately found expression in his acts and words. If there was a predominant feature in his character it was his timidity, the constant wavering and the apprehension of having committed a wrong step, which left an indelible mark upon all his doings. This unfortunate quality, the disastrous effect of harem education, frustrated his best intentions; it blunted his otherwise splendid mental capacities and made his reign a misfortune to his country. If he could have been made accessible to ripe and disinterested advisers he might have been shaped into one of the most successful rulers of Turkey; but a host of sycophants having envenomed his mind, he fell very early into self-admiration, he despised the counsel of others, he grew angry and jealous at the slightest sign of mental superiority, and, favouring unbridled autocracy, he hurled his country with his own hands into hopeless ruin and destruction.

In the beginning of his reign, and in the face of such people as he liked to please, he played most successfully the part of a humble and modest man who feigned to be innocent as a child, and sometimes he went even so far as to be taken for an awkward and clumsy fellow. When I first met him in the Chit Kiosk, in his splendid room of reception, the antechamber of which was filled with generals, marshals, and

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other high dignitaries, he sat down most humbly, after having accorded me a warm reception, in the corner of his sofa, and, bending his head towards his breast, he spoke in a most humble, quiet voice. Instead of using the word 'accession' he said, 'When I unworthy came to this place,' and took particular care to avoid the expression 'Sultan' or 'Padishah.' On such occasions he used either to shut his eyes or to look timidly to the ground, feigning the greatest innocence and playing the part of a helpless victim who has been forced upon the throne against his own will. Hand in hand with this attitude of a humble man went his effort to show extreme politeness and amiability to the visitor he wanted to ensnare. Orientals in general are known to excel in the quality of flatterers, but Sultan Abdul Hamid surpassed in this regard all that I had seen and experienced heretofore. In spite of his being illiterate I was astonished at the choice of high-flown and artful compliments he used to apply when in the company of European ladies, and even sometimes to men. He had always some poetical expression ready at hand, which he accompanied with a humble smile and bashful eyes. In fact, he was quite justly called a first-rate *charmeur*. When sitting with him alone he used to light my cigarette, holding the match until it was properly lighted.

One evening—it was in winter—being invited to dine with the chief dignitaries of the palace, I was much surprised when a servant arrived bearing a plate of fine big strawberries ranged in a conical form. The bearer presented it to me with the remark, 'His Majesty has plucked and ranged them with his own blessed hands.' Of course, upon this the whole company rose from their seats. I took one strawberry, carried it to my forehead, kissed it in obedience and reverence to the royal donor, and offered to share the fruit with those present.

The higher the rank of his guests the more precious were the presents offered, and the Imperial Treasury was taxed to the utmost in order to provide for the numerous visits of the German Imperia Family to Yildiz. If I am well informed, it happened that on one occasion it was the same jewellery which the wife of Peter the Great offered during the Russo-Turkish war of 1711, in the utmost stress of her husband, to the Turkish Grand Vizier Baltadji Mehemmed Pasha as a bribe, and which was later on confiscated by the Sultan, that had been used in the making of a valuable brooch presented to the German Empress. If this story be true, it would be a very curious coincidence that the jewellery of one Christian Empress had in the course of time got into possession of another.

Abdul Hamid was not only generous to the princely visitors from abroad, but he always tried to show good taste, although he never received any counter-present worth mentioning. In his relations with European princes he took particularly great care to show himself as standing on the same level of aristocracy; nay, he very often

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mentioned the greater age of his family, saying that, excepting the Bourbons, the Osmanides were the longest reigning family in Europe. As his personal intercourse with European rulers was very limited, he liked to refresh his memory from the time of his visit to Europe in 1868, and amongst other mementoes he used to extol the amiability of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, relating to me that having fallen ill on his passage through Austria, and having been left behind in Vienna, the Emperor had every day sent his interpreter, Baron Ottokar Schlechta, to inquire after his health. 'It was a graceful act, which I shall never forget all my life.'

It was not merely with foreigners but also with his own subjects that he liked to appear and to act as a Grand Seigneur. Quietly and avoiding publicity he gave away valuable properties, houses, and thousands of pounds to his favourites; and as he gave with free hand to the manipulators of all kinds of concessions, many of his chamberlains and Court officials amassed big fortunes and quondam poor fellows became millionaires. He used to say, 'It is the royal fountain of favour which produces the best harvest on the field of sovereignty,' and in spite of his being often disappointed with regard to this principle he nevertheless continued to apply it. His means permitted him to do so, for he was very rich, and steadily augmented his private fortune, partly by all kinds of undertakings, partly also by the cultivation of his vast landed properties in Mesopotamia, which were well managed by modern Turkish officers. He had no expensive hobbies. One time he took a fancy for collecting various specimens of dogs and another time for different birds, but these passions did not last very long. It was only for horses that his affection remained steady, and these he mostly got as presents. For the rest he was decidedly very modest and unassuming in his own personal wants, and there is no exaggeration in stating that in his dress and fare he spent less than many other members of the Imperial Family. It was only in winter that I saw him at public receptions parading with very costly furs, whilst his house dress in summer was very simple. The same refers to his fare. He ate very little. Two or three dishes, consisting of vegetables, rice, and meat, were served at lunch and dinner, to which occasionally were added fruits; and, as far as I noticed, his meals did not take more than half an hour. Less moderate was he, however, in the use of black coffee and in cigarettes. There was no limit to the number of cups consumed in a day; and as to cigarettes, he used to smoke only half of each. In one hour's conversation I found the tray before him entirely filled with half-burnt cigarettes. With regard to spirits, he was a total abstainer at the time when I saw him in the palace, but he himself admitted that formerly he was much addicted to *mastica*, and also to wine, which he much regretted, for many of his bodily infirmities, as he said, were the outcome of that bad habit. At public dinners, when the table is dressed *à la Franca*, each of the

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guests gets four or five glasses for the different drinks which are served; but it is only the Christians who partake freely. The Mohammedans can only use water; of course, to their sorrow. It is superfluous to mention that the Imperial table on the occasion of banquets is provided by the culinary skill of a most perfect French *chef*, but the Sultan himself hardly touched any of the dishes. In his stricter family circle, and so also in the harem, Turkish food was served by the two large Imperial kitchens, to the produce of which the Sultan sometimes gave preference, if his apprehension about poison was duly allayed. I daresay it was this anxiously practised temperance in eating and drinking which enabled him to keep up his health so long a time. He was of a weak and frail bodily constitution, which he inherited from his parents, who were both tuberculous, his father having died when thirty-nine years old and his mother at the age of twenty-six. He often mentioned this to me, and said, 'I must take care of myself; any excess may prove fatal to me.' Judging from the foregoing remark, one may be inclined to assume that the Imperial household was in harmony with the simplicity of his manners and with his economical turn of mind. This, however, was not the case, for he had to keep up strictly the splendour and luxury of an Oriental court, inseparable from the dignity of a ruler. I never could ascertain the number of dignitaries, servants, attendants and relatives in his immediate neighbourhood, for there was a constant change going on, but I believe there is no exaggeration in stating that wives, favourite ladies, khalaiks (odaliskes), retired ladies, sisters, daughters, aunts, and other female relatives, together with the household of his grown-up sons, as well as the eunuchs, coachmen, grooms, gardeners, watchmen, equerries, aides-de-camp, &c., amounted to three thousand. Of course this large retinue is in contradiction with his often extolled economy and simplicity.

Instead of tiring my reader with further details about the palace and the Sultan's daily life, so often described by competent and incompetent writers, I will rather turn to the sketch of such of my relations with him as throw a proper light upon Sultan Abdul Hamid's personal character, upon his views of life, and specially upon his religious and political notions. By this I hope to add a few strokes to the portrait of a man so variedly depicted, and whose personality will long remain a riddle in the events of our modern history. Judging from my previous remarks, it will have become apparent that, owing to his innate timidity and distrust, he was very cautious in his utterances; but when once his speech became fluent he was usually carried away by his zeal, and on such occasions he showed himself in his genuine light. In religious matters he was not a bit more enlightened than many of the male inmates of the palace, and, leaning to mysticism, he was often subjected to accesses of fanaticism. But, on the other

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hand, his incontestably sharp mind brought him into collision with theories founded upon supernatural matters, and, in spite of his firm decision to keep up his holy character as a successor of Mohammed, he nevertheless entered into the discussion of delicate religious questions, by which he betrayed a good deal of scepticism. 'Tell me, Reshid Efendi' (he used to call me by my Turkish name as an excuse for his familiarity with a foreigner), he said to me one day, 'were you not afraid of God's punishment in playing the part of a dervish, whereas you did not believe in our religion?' 'No, Sire,' was my answer—'emergencies of life very often necessitate a difference between our inner feelings and outer appearance; and is not your Majesty, too, the ruler over many millions, so often obliged to show friendliness to certain persons whom you deservedly dislike and despise?' He turned from the subject, somewhat dissatisfied, continuing, however, on other occasions the discussion of the same topic, until he was convinced of the hopelessness of his efforts to convert me to a true believer, when he never touched it again. In the society of sheikhs, mollas, and learned priests he exhibited a good amount of religious fervour, but always with the view of rising high in the estimation of this influential section of his subjects, who could not be trifled with. I took great care to study his religious feelings, but, judging from what I saw and heard, I came to the conclusion that he *was not at all an unshakable believer, but, keeping in view his character as a successor to the Prophet, he accommodated himself in public life to the duties of a pious Mussulman.* This is proved by the fact that when he retired to his private rooms he neglected the five daily prayers, he did not keep the Ramadan fasting, and disregarded the prescribed ablutions after certain bodily functions.

In spite of his personal laxity in religious matters he expected from his Mohammedan subjects a most rigorous observance of the religious laws, and in this respect he surpassed his predecessors on the throne in many points. Not only had Turkish women to adopt a thicker veil and to avoid all kinds of luxury in their outer garments, but they were strictly forbidden from shopping in Pera magazines, from associating with Christian ladies, and from keeping Christian *gouvernantes* in their houses. Even the male portion of Mohammedans, particularly those who were in office, had no permission to frequent the coffee-houses, restaurants, and theatres in Pera; nay, they had to avoid all intercourse with Europeans in Turkey, for his main object in view was to keep them intact from contamination with political and religious views of far-advanced Westerners. His severity concerning this prohibition had no bounds. The son of a high dignitary, Military Attaché in Rome, was suddenly dismissed from office because it had oozed out that he had taken part in a Court ball in Rome and danced with a lady. A similar fate befell a young friend of mine who was seen walking arm-in-arm with a Pera belle; whilst

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any Turkish lady who ventured to travel to Europe was banished for all time from the dominions of the Sultan. The rigour of these Draconic laws, aiming at the separation of his Mohammedan subjects from intercourse with Europeans, defies all description and calls forth a serious doubt as to the sanity of his Imperial mind. On one or two occasions I touched slightly upon this matter, but I found him inexorable in his rigidity, and when pressed too hard he said to me, 'You do not understand the gravity of the question. It is only through the strict and minute observance of the tenets of our Koran that we can preserve the purity of our religion, for the slightest infraction of our laws may cause the relaxation and gradual downfall of Islam, and, as you know, without Islam my empire and our independence must cease to exist.' Admitting the correctness of this argument from the Sultan's point of view, I am inclined to think it was rather his own personal interest and the strictly absolutist principle of his rule which were present to his mind, for Sultan Abdul Hamid was a tyrant and an Oriental autocrat in the truest meaning of the word. Of course, he never admitted the correctness of such a qualification, for he liked to parade with the title of a benignant father of the nation who has made up his mind first to educate his children and afterwards to confer liberty and a Constitution.

His tyrannical propensity, derived from his early experience in the harem life of the palace, manifested itself above all in the relations with his own family, from the various members of which he exacted strict obedience, and the slightest neglect of his orders was enough to forfeit for all time his paternal affection, as proved by the case of his eldest son, Mohammed Selim Efendi, whom he hated and persecuted many years ago. Father and son got into a relation similar to that of Philip the Second of Spain and his son Don Carlos. Generally speaking, the great curse of polygamy manifests itself in the absolute want of tenderness in the family, where fraternal love and attachment are nearly unknown. This is proved by the relation of Abdul Hamid with his brothers Murad and Reshad, of whom the former was relegated to the palace of Chiragan and the latter to a corner in Dolma Bagtche. Murad, who had some private fortune, had no need, but Reshad had to suffer greatly from want of means. His annual pension amounted to 6000 Turkish pounds, which was irregularly paid, and sometimes he was even unable to cover the expenses of his kitchen, whereas the adherents to Yildiz were opulently provided for. Surrounded constantly by spies, the members of the Imperial Family lived in the same terror and anxiety as the Sultan's subjects. No outsider ventured to approach, to look at or talk to them; and when one day on my way from the palace Chit-Kiosk to the library I met a royal prince, I had suddenly to turn into a byway as if I had met with somebody affected with a deadly disease. A prey to his unbridled passions, Sultan Abdul Hamid was easier addicted to enmity and hatred than to

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love and friendship, and woe betide the man who tried to come in as a mediator and appease the Imperial anger in hopeless cases. When at the height of his favour it happened that one chamberlain asked me to put his case before the Sultan, but hardly did I mention the name when the Sultan grew angry and said to me, 'Never try to act as a go-between; as an outsider you cannot mix in the internal affairs of the palace.' On another occasion when he intended to send me to London in the matter of his brother-in-law Mahmud Pasha, he spoke to me of his sister Seniha Sultan, the wife of Mahmud Pasha, with a spite and hatred quite unfit for a sovereign and a brother. But of course I had to keep a dead silence during the outbreak of such Imperial fits, for any remark would only have raised his anger and caused a paroxysm, of which I was much afraid, remembering one evening when I was alone with him he had a serious fit of suffocation, and I said to myself, 'If the Sultan dies in my presence I am hopelessly lost.'

From this behaviour in his family circle it may be easily judged that the outer world, and in particular his civil and military officers, had much more to feel his autocracy, and they were often subjected to all kinds of humiliation and harsh treatment. With the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and other high dignitaries of advanced age he used an exceptionally mild language. He paid them compliments and consented to their proposals and advice, but only in appearance; for as soon as they had left the palace he began to reflect on the matter anew, or consulted with one of his favourite secretaries, or even with one of those stupid uneducated courtiers, and the end of it was that his own view carried the day and his own discretion prevailed in most of the affairs. If the Sultan had added due information and knowledge to his natural shrewdness, there would have been no harm in his presumption; but he was ignorant and inexperienced, and hence the failure and confusion in many of the political and administrative measures planned by him. Utterly servile and timorous as most of the Turkish officials were, Sultan Abdul Hamid rarely met with an open opposition on the part of his advisers, and those who had the courage of their own opinions would hardly maintain their position very long. Amongst the Grand Viziers of my time I can quote Edhem Pasha, a thoroughly civilised modern statesman, who could not agree with his master, and falling in disgrace he was relegated, with the rank of a Governor-Generalship, to Smyrna, *i.e.* to the province of Aidin. A much harder fate befell poor Djevad Pasha, whom the Sultan raised from the rank of a military captain to the Grand-Vizierate; but as his soldierly character could not bear the vile intrigues of the palace he was dismissed and sent into exile to Damascus, where he died. Another ex-Grand Vizier, namely Küchük Said Pasha, once his favourite private secretary, fared somewhat better. Full of cunning and ruse, like his Imperial master, he

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was initiated into too many secrets, and became consequently very troublesome and dangerous to the Sultan, who tried in vain to appease him by reiterated appointments to the Grand Vizierate, and the end of the continuous quarrel was the flight of Küchük Said to the British Embassy, from which time no mention was made of the former mighty man till later, when his former misgivings were pardoned and he was installed in the Imperial favour, and even made Grand Vizier again. A similar fate befell the ex-Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha, the well-known friend of England, who attracted the displeasure of his master and was sent to Smyrna, as Governor-General of the province of Aidin. But even here he was under constant fear of the enmity of Abdul Hamid, and after having taken refuge in the British Consulate-General of Smyrna, it was only under the shelter of the British flag that he was able to return to Constantinople.

As I happened to be present at some of the audiences accorded to his dignitaries, I was greatly struck by the dissimulation the Sultan practised even with his own servants. He used to point to either one of them, telling me, 'You see N. N. Efendi or Pasha is a very gifted, faithful officer'; but no sooner had the man left, when he said to me, without blushing, 'Oh, do not believe what I said. N. N. is a first-rate scoundrel. I do not trust him.' The effect of this unprincely and mean treatment may be easily imagined, and, having become commonly known, I do not wonder at all that he was feared by all and loved by nobody.

Judging from the foregoing sketches of his character, it is not so easy to say whether his good or bad qualities were preponderating. If in the eyes of his own subjects he appeared as a ruthless tyrant and a cruel revengeful man, we must not forget that all the crying injustice of secret murders, exiles, and life-long imprisonments committed in his name were the work of his too zealous servants in whose acts in the beginning he reluctantly acquiesced, but in the course of time fear, ambition, and lust of power had suppressed all delicacy of his feeling and made of him a bloodthirsty tyrant of the first order. Occasionally he was tormented by remorse, as was the case after the Armenian massacres, and without any reason he used to exclaim, 'Yes, yes, the Armenians! Alas! I had to be rigorous.' In a word, he was not very kindly disposed from nature, but circumstances had afterwards made of him an abominable tyrant. Next to the Armenians it was 'Young Turkey' which gave him most trouble and anxiety, and the most severe punishment awaited those Young Turks who were accused and convicted of adherence to that party. He used to say to me, touching that question, 'Is it not sheer impudence on the part of these youngsters to presume that they know better the weal and woe of Turkey than myself? Constantly exposed to foreign attacks they aggravate our situation by interior troubles. What a pity for their sinful behaviour!'

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It is difficult to say how far our diplomatists accredited at his Court were aware of their being a playball in his hands, or if they ever penetrated his steadily plotting and intriguing mind. The main feature of his intercourse with the foreign representatives was politeness and courtesy. In addressing them through his interpreter, Munir Pasha or Ibrahim Bey, he always complacently smiled, and even occasional stings he used to hide under the cover of a sweet-sounding sentence. But this did not prevent his having a general aversion and hatred for all of them, for our diplomatists have been at all times the most troublesome element in Turkish Court life, and best liked have been the ambassadors who never come to the palace. To the rare exceptions belonged Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in the time of Abdul Medjid, Ignatieff in the time of Abdul Aziz, and Sir William White during the reign of Abdul Hamid. With regard to the latter diplomatist the Sultan said to me, '*Bu baba adam dir*—he is a fatherly, *i.e.* kind, gentleman, who knows how to manage our susceptibilities, who has got a sparing eye for our shortcomings, whom I esteem, and whom I would also like if the policy of England would not contrast so much with the charms of his personality.' Quite the reverse were his remarks about the predecessors of Sir William White. With Sir Philip (later Lord) Currie he found fault with his independent and too free behaviour, whereas Sir N. O'Conor very much pleased him by his mild and quiet mode of speaking, and by sedate, thoroughly gentlemanly manners. Sir Philip Currie had the misfortune to exhibit before the Sultan his independent and open English character, and by using free language he attracted the displeasure of the absolute ruler. The Sultan consequently played against the British Ambassador all kinds of tricks in order to annoy him. Such was his command not to heat the room when Sir Philip was received one day in the midst of winter; and whilst the Sultan was wrapped in an overcoat lined with precious fur the Ambassador had to stand for a length of time in his thin official dress and consequently caught a cold, by which he was kept indoors for a fortnight. Amongst the rest of the diplomatists I heard him often praising the German Ambassador, von Radowitz; the American Minister, Mr. Oscar Strauss, whom he called a quiet, obliging, and intelligent diplomatist; the French M. Constans, whose acuteness of mind was frequently inopportune; and the Austro-Hungarian Count Calice, whom he called a *gentliman* (a Turk is unable to pronounce three consecutive consonants). His sympathies and antipathies greatly depended on the ruling policy of the day, and nothing did excite better my astonishment than the way in which this, so to say, illiterate Turk, unacquainted with any European language, managed to get duly informed about the political events in the world; how he shaped his judgment and how he was able to grasp the points in the changing situation. In this respect Sultan Abdul Hamid showed undoubtedly a most remarkable acuteness of

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mind, and what aided him mostly was the strong retentive power of his memory, so often characteristic of Orientals in general. This memory extended over small, unimportant as well as serious matters. Twenty-five years after his journey to Europe in company with his uncle Abdul Aziz, he remembered the streets—nay, single houses—in the towns he passed through; he repeated to me, after five years, word for word, a Hungarian sentence I had quoted before him, and, having appeared before him as usual in a Hungarian braided dress, he asked me how it was that my coat was trimmed formerly with nine braids and this time he saw only seven.

In Europe the extraordinary mental qualities of Sultan Abdul Hamid were not at all unknown. Prince Bismarck paid him a compliment by calling him the most astute diplomat in Europe. I often said to myself, 'What a great pity that this man could not make better use of his splendid faculties, and that his education was so utterly neglected!' Unfortunately there was no use trying to persuade or to teach him. The mainspring of all his actions was the fear of losing his throne and life, and all his efforts tended to ward off even the most distant danger he had suspected. It was this perpetual terror which made him a ruthless tyrant, sometimes even against his own will, and in this feeling of constant anxiety he had to have recourse to the vast number of spies and *agents provocateurs* in his service. Arriving sometimes early in the morning at the palace, I met in one of the rooms of the Secretariate-General many suspicious-looking *kiatibs* (scribes) going through various scraps of paper written with pencil, which contained the secret reports and annotations they had made the day before, causing frequently by these denunciations misfortune to innocent men or women. These scraps of paper, called *djurnal*, were handed over to one of the secretaries, and, after having been sifted by the latter, presented to the Sultan, who read them with keen interest and took special notice of them.

He was besides informed and kept *au courant* by official and semi-official persons about all occurrences and events of political, social, commercial, and religious bearing; he wanted to know, to see, to hear, and to arrange everything. And in fact he had sometimes before him lying on his table the most different matters waiting for the Imperial decision. The request of a private man in some distant place in Asia Minor for permission to open a coffee-house; the report of a minister about a railway concession; the account of an affray at Basra between Turks and Arabs; the proposal of the Sheikh-ul-Islam concerning the abuses noticeable in the public appearance of women; a short summary of the daily papers; the statement of an ambassador about his conversation with the Minister of the country he was accredited to, &c., &c.; all were found lying pell-mell on his table awaiting his decision. In the beginning of his reign he really read everything, and used to work from early in the morning till late in the

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night. But as his age advanced and his vitality diminished he was unable to satisfy his craving; matters were delayed, neglected, and ultimately confusion and disorder had set in. Reluctant to notice the real cause of this retrogression, he began to lose temper and reproach his secretary, and even the most polite and sparing remark about the physical impossibility of realising his intentions was obstinately rejected.

By trusting to nobody he had passed over many gifted honest men and felt, so to say, compelled to shut an eye before the grossest peculation of his favourites, and he once said to me, 'I am well aware of the big fortunes my servants have amassed, but alas! the old time of confiscations has gone and I am powerless to prevent their greed.' In illustration of his indulgence may be quoted the following witty remark of his. One day it was reported to him that a conjurer had performed the rather extraordinary feat of swallowing knives, forks, and spoons, upon which the Sultan remarked, 'I find nothing miraculous in that; my minister of naval affairs swallows big ironclad frigates without doing harm to himself.'

In his desire to co-ordinate the interests of the State with those of his own family, or rather of his own person, he did not even take the trouble to disguise his feelings. One day he addressed a well-known diplomatist, who spoke to him of the interests of the Turkish State, in the following way: 'I find it rather curious and strange that you (Europeans) always speak of the interests of the country and never of my own, nor of those of my family.' In fact, Sultan Abdul Hamid became one of the most rigid autocrats on the throne of the Ottoman dynasty. There was no shadow of opposition left, for the revolutionary party of Young Turkey of that time had no influence on the bulk of the nation, and after having obliterated every trace of the Constitution he began to work havoc against any liberal movement. Even the word *Hurriet*, *i.e.* Liberty, was forbidden to be printed in the dictionaries. The Press was most cruelly gagged by a society called *Endjumen-Danish*, *i.e.* Company of Scientists, and books having the slightest pretension to politics, history, and philosophy were put on the list of dangerous publications.

Scientific acquirements should not extend, according to his views, beyond the limits of primordial knowledge, and when I was invited by him to give a programme of the studies in the University he intended to found, on the occasion of the anniversary of the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and laid particular stress upon the study of history, philosophy, and political economy, he sprang up and said, 'No, sir, such knowledge will be dangerous for my people; they cannot be included in the programme.' Of course, as a University without history and philosophy would be nonsense, the plan of a high school fell to the ground and I declined any further co-operation. Once or twice I took courage to open a discussion on the subject of

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liberal and absolutist government with the object in view of hearing the motives of his own rigorous measures against all liberal tendencies. As an incarnate autocrat he looked somewhat aghast at me, wondering at my audacity, but he soon regained his composure, quoting in excuse of his rule the following pretexts. First of all he alluded to the discontent and enmity of his Christian subjects, who, incited by Europe, would use liberal concessions as a dangerous weapon against his own rule; 'and you cannot ask me,' he said, 'to arm my own implacable adversaries myself.' As to his Mussulman subjects, he said he would very much like to accord them full liberties, of course not in imitation of far advanced Europe, but they were still too young and unripe for such institutions as constitutional and parliamentary life; 'and, you know,' he added, 'it is very dangerous to give a sharp knife into the hands of a young and inexperienced child.' As a third plea he brought forward the great difference between East and West, and the historical development which alienates both fractions of mankind. He used to say, 'The Asiatic thinks, speaks, and acts quite differently from the European. My subjects have very modest wants, and it would be sinful to arouse in them desires which are useless and which they cannot satisfy. You see our labourers are happy with a bit of bread and cheese; what is the use of whetting their appetite for noxious and costly meals?' Besides this he liked to use the word 'Besheriet,' *i.e.* human frailty, saying that men in general are much subjected to weaknesses, excusable from a human point of view, but it is the duty of rulers of men to consider and to mitigate these foibles.

I am sure he was himself fully convinced of the shallowness of these pretexts, but he had to find an excuse for the despotism and autocracy in which he was brought up in the palace, and which most Oriental, and even Occidental, princes think inseparable from the crown.

In studying the despotic character of Sultan Abdul Hamid I always wondered how this man could endure the strong hand of Europe weighing so heavily upon him, and with what repugnance must he have borne the powerful restriction upon all his deeds and purposes. And yet he gave no sign of despondency; he evidently feigned indifference, for he liked to show high spirits and hopefulness about the future destinies of Turkey. He said to me once, 'I am fully satisfied with the march of events. The increasing sense of political and economical rivalry in Europe makes me safe against a sudden attack, and my utmost desire to get rid of the capitulations will be also realised.' Thus spoke the ruler of a country in the most desperate situation; the head of a State in the throes of bankruptcy, revolution, and dissolution.

Being undoubtedly one of the most clever diplomatists and shrewd men who ever sat on a throne, he really played most adroitly his

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game against the open and secret plots of our cabinets, and, representing in his own person all the different ministries, the department in which he showed the greatest skill was decidedly that of foreign affairs. It is true that in latter times he made also big mistakes, but this was the ominous influence of one or other of his obscure advisers. As far as I can judge from the last decade of the past century, the main feature of his foreign policy was a strict adherence to the alliance with Germany, a country he did not suspect of land-grabbing, and of which he said, 'My ancestors, more than a hundred years ago, have shown me they had great confidence in Prussia.' He alluded to the embassy sent by Sultan Mustafa in 1771 to the Court of Frederic the Great, and the laudatory report given of the Prussians by his envoy; and he liked to mention the confidence given by his grandfather Sultan Mahmud to the afterwards famous General Moltke. He did not ignore the great profit the Germans drew from this alliance, but he used to say, 'The material benefits they reap are a just return for the services they render to the material future of Turkey and for the moral example they furnish to my people. It is useless cavilling against my friendship with the German Emperor. The Germans do me as much good as they are permitted to do, whereas the rest of Europe do me as much harm as they can.' This confidence in the Kaiser was in fact unlimited, everything coming from Germany had won his favour, and his most beloved son, Burhan-ed-din, had very early to begin his German lessons.

The Sultan's relations to Russia were more of a personal character, inasmuch as the Czar Alexander the Third had given full promises to the Sultan not to interfere in the affairs of Turkey as long as the Porte adhered to the stipulations of the last treaty, particularly regarding the regular payment of the war indemnity. The Czar also gave full assurance that, whatever might befall the Sultan, he would find in the Emperor of Russia a personal friend and protector; and I daresay this gave rise to the current rumour about the conclusion of a secret alliance between Russia and Turkey. Abdul Hamid felt exceedingly happy about this security of his person, and in his delight he was anxious to impress his *entourage* with admiration for Russia. It was in this frame of mind that he recommended me a friendly disposition towards Russia, saying 'Russia, the old enemy of Turkey, has acted hitherto by the unalterable decree of the Almighty, and being moved by the same heavenly power to become in future our friend, there is no reason to repulse the tendered hand of amity, and if you are my friend, you must also become the friend of Russia,' &c. When replying that such a change of principle would be highly injurious to my character, he turned to me, quite astonished, saying, 'And you believe character to be a regulative with public men?' It must be said in the praise of many Turks,

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even in his own surrounding, that this friendship for Russia was not shared in the palace, although the Sultan personally kept faithfully to it.

Sultan Abdul Hamid never made a secret of his pro-Russian feelings, originating from his outspoken love of despotic rule, so flourishing in Russia. During the late Russo-Japanese war, whilst sitting with him and with Ibrahim Bey, I began to speak of the chances Turkey would have just now to attack her old enemy and to take revenge for so many aggressions. I dwelt at some length on the details of the plan, he listened attentively, and when I finished speaking he turned to me, saying, 'At what scientific work are you engaged now?' showing somewhat impolitely that he was averse to the discussion of politics with me.

In his views regarding England he was less reserved, for he was not only an outspoken enemy, but a fanatical hater of Great Britain, in whom he saw the *fons et origo* of all the evil which befell him, and it was impossible to alter his views and to mitigate his rancour. The main reason lay (as I mentioned in *The Story of My Struggles*) in the fact of his having been brought up in the notion that England was the best friend of Turkey, whereas the events following his succession to the throne had shaken his confidence, and his stubborn belief in the intentional mischief planned against him by the Cabinet of St. James's grew always stronger. When it was said to him that the hands of the British Government are bound by the Parliament, he grew angry, saying, 'And you think me really so naïve as to believe in the power of Parliament and constitution? These institutions may serve to deceive the public in Europe. Parliaments may speak, but the King can act as he likes.' Owing to this misconception he had several times the idea of sending me with a private mission to Queen Victoria, and it was with great difficulty that he could be talked out of it. His enlightened Turkish subjects, and even the masses, were and are, on the contrary, full of sympathies for England, but nobody had the courage to assert such an opinion. One day, when discussing Anglo-Turkish relations, he grew rather excited and said to me, 'And you really have doubt as to England's enmity against me? Look at their machinations with the Armenians, and is it out of friendship that they support the rebel Arab in Yemen? In taking away from me Egypt they have injured my title as Khalifa, for you know the right of the Khalifate rests upon the possession of the holy cities and Egypt. I can assure you I know who are my friends and enemies, and the pay-day of England will certainly come.'

To the political relations with France, Italy and Austria he devoted but a secondary attention, thinking that the interests of these Powers are either too remote from Turkey or too irrelevant for independent action. Pursuing a policy from hand to mouth, his main care was

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bestowed on questions of immediate importance, but the much more astonishing was the zeal he showed sometimes in the defence even of rights as to which he was sure to be defeated, and where his only object in view was to show teeth and to prove to the world that Turkey is not dead. With this seemingly useless opposition he aimed at the raising of his prestige in the Mohammedan world, to which he looked as a great factor in the future destiny of Turkey, although, as I gathered from occasional conversations with him, he had very dim notions about the Moslem world at large.

Very defective likewise was his knowledge of his own race and his country, which he never visited personally, and it was quite a revelation to him when I said that the Turkish race had got the largest geographical extension and that the Turkish language shows comparatively the slightest dialectical deviations. Despite this ignorance he sometimes showed Turkish national pride, but only as far as regards his own family; for when I asked permission to deliver a lecture in the Galata College on the ethnology of the Turkish race, he bluntly refused, saying, 'We must not touch the question of nationality; all Mohammedans are brethren, and any national partition wall will cause serious dissensions.'

In connection with his foreign policy it is worth mentioning his position and behaviour towards Christian princes and distinguished foreigners visiting his Court. Apparently a strict Mohammedan, he took great trouble to treat European princes on a par and to exhibit at the same time the quality of a grand seigneur. Anxious about the details of etiquette, every word and motion of his was studied, and the amount of care he paid to news and gossip concerning the Courts and high life of Europe is hardly credible. Nor was he indifferent to what the public opinion in Europe thought about his own person. For this purpose he spent large sums to fit up his palace with all the luxury of the princely mansions of the West. His table service was very rich in gold vessels and plates, his library contained the most valuable Oriental manuscripts, his stables were full of the finest horses, and in order to procure an amusement for his European guests he had his own opera, consisting of Italian and Armenian singers, which was attended by his own person and a few ladies seated in the closely latticed box. Once I too was invited to such a performance. The theatre was quite empty, excepting two boxes; in one was the Sultan with Baron Marschal, the German Ambassador; in the other were Prince Burhaneddin with Baron Wangenheim and myself.

Being desirous of creating a good opinion in Europe, he spent large sums of money to influence the press in his favour, and I remember his efforts to silence some obscure Neapolitan paper which had spread a scandalous report about his person. It was of no avail to call to his memory the Turkish proverb, 'The dog barks but the caravan

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continues its way.' The much greater was his sensitiveness when a respectable European paper attacked him, and in such cases he not only appealed to the respective governments but also to the sovereign of the country, asking the punishment of the offender. There is no exaggeration in stating that the money he spent in this direction, together with the salary of his numerous spies, amounted annually to several millions sterling. How this and many other foibles can be accounted for in the face of his undoubtedly mental superiority is really difficult to explain. Inexplicable is the whole personality of this extraordinary man. In viewing the various features of his character, as sketched in the preceding pages, and in examining his good and bad qualities, we must come to the conclusion that he was at all events a remarkable man ; a prince who could have left a great name behind him, if he had had a proper education, if he had found an influential minister to mitigate his passions, and if the throne he inherited had not been beset with so many insuperable difficulties, dangers, and trials.

What I deem the greatest misfortune for the late Sultan was his having been behind his own subjects in education, in knowledge, and particularly in his notions about the tendencies and views of modern life. Whereas the more or less educated Osmanli was decidedly progressive and a staunch adherent to liberalism, the Sultan not only clung spasmodically to the antiquated form of administration, but his main effort was directed towards the strengthening and increasing of absolute government, and in this regard he found himself always at variance with the large majority of the better-class Turks. In the beginning of my personal connection with him I have, as I have said above, cautiously touched this question, alluding to the ease and comfort enjoyed by constitutional rulers in remitting the great and heavy work of government to responsible Ministers, *i.e.* by ruling instead of governing. He was at once ready with an answer, saying, 'Nobody would be happier than myself if I could alleviate the burden resting on my shoulders and if my officials were ripe for self-government. But can I trust to them ? Are they patriotic and honest to be relied upon ? I am sorry to say "No!" They must be educated for the enjoyment of liberty and free institutions, and before planting the noble tree of liberalism I have to clear away the rubbish and weed which cover the ground, and I must consider before all the unpreparedness of the man in the East to adopt the manners, habits, and views of the man in the West.' When in conversation of this kind I used to bring into relief the eminently democratic spirit of Islam, he endeavoured to point to the happy state of morals of that time and to the deplorable change which has taken place since the first epoch, called the 'Time of Happiness' (*Vakti Seadet*). In a word he spared no trouble to justify his despotic rule, and was not the least confused when finding himself called a 'tyrant.'

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And let me say at once he fully deserved that title, and as a tyrant he was most intensely hated by the leading society of the Turkish nation, not even excepting those who crouched and bowed before him, and whom circumstances had forced to be executors of his despotic will. It is not only the so-called Young Turkish party that used the most insulting titles and epithets when mentioning his name, but I heard even his Ministers and Ambassadors cursing and execrating him and calling him the black misfortune of the Ottoman nation. This aversion and abhorrence were particularly noticeable at the time when his grave sickness became known to the public at large. Excepting the Yildiz clique, the Turks grew impatient of his approaching end, and everybody was anxious for his disappearance from the world; they most ardently wished a change and a speedy redemption from the terrible misfortune caused by the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

This change has set in sooner than the Turks and the world in general believed, and has evidently surprised nobody more than the Sultan himself. It was during the concluding portion of his life that Sultan Abdul Hamid gave us the most splendid proof of his sagacity, endurance, and capability to accommodate himself to the most unexpected events, and to look into the face of the most cruel turn of fate. I allude to the Turkish revolution in July 1908, and to the behaviour the Sultan manifested towards that emergency. There were certainly sundry signs of the approaching storm noticeable in May and June of the said year. One of my friends wrote to me: 'The dejection of the Sultan owing to his illness (cystic catarrh) is daily increasing, and the effect is painfully felt in his *entourage*. He is much more irascible than before. . . . I have got very sad forebodings of the near future before us.' *Mens sana in corpore sano*, says the Latin proverb; no wonder, therefore, that the gradually weakened body of the despotic ruler had unavoidably lost its pristine mental force, the unflagging energy and perseverance so much admired by all who knew him. The discontent in all classes of society was audible like the distant rolling of an approaching tempest. Up to the present the Sultan had had fair ground to rely upon the unswerving fidelity of his soldiers; but when, owing to great financial straits, these faithful servants were neither paid nor fed and clad, and were besides forcibly kept under arms beyond their terms under the murderous sun of Arabia, the love and veneration for the holy person of the Padishah had gradually disappeared. The first leader who availed himself of the discontent was nearly sure of success, and when the young officers Enver and Niazi, tired of continual privation and threatened by the humiliating influence of the palace spies, appealed to their regiments, they found at once a willing ear, and unfurled the standard of revolution.

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The news of the military revolt in Macedonia had hardly reached Yildiz, when the Sultan, perceiving the high importance of what had happened, gathered round him the chief supporters of his rule to deliberate about the necessary measures. Of course the first thing to be done was to order military assistance against the rebel forces in Macedonia. Regiments stationed in Asia Minor were brought to Salonica, but having been worked eighteen months before by Nazim Bey, who, disguised as a preacher, had won them over to the revolution, they refused obedience, and, joining their mutinous brethren, swelled the ranks of the rebellion. At this juncture, when all wiseacres of the absolutist rule had lost their heads, the Sultan alone kept firm. He showed a resolute mien, and, to the great surprise of the members of the Council, he said: 'I see there is only one course left, and this is the restitution of the Constitution. I think the nation is now riper than at the time of my accession to the throne. At all events, this is the only way out of the puzzle; we must try it.' Having made up his mind to become a constitutional monarch, Sultan Abdul Hamid had no scruple as to undergoing at once the extraordinary change from the extremity of absolute rule to that of a democratic, nay, ultra-Liberal, prince, trying to surpass in words and acts the most advanced of his rebel subjects. He fixed to his breast the cockade of revolution, and, without being asked, he declared his desire to become president of the Committee of Union and Progress—the very committee which planned and executed the whole rising against his wild despotism, and which many years ago called him a murderer and a most horrible miscreant.

When I remember the Sultan using, in my conversations with him, the strongest language against Liberal institutions, and that in his ear the words 'Constitution,' 'Parliament,' and the like, sounded as the most shocking death-knell, while he prohibited the printing of the word *Hurriet*—i.e. Liberty; and when I picture to myself the Sultan as the chief guardian of the Constitution, delivering a speech in Parliament and inviting to his table his former deadly enemies, I cannot help declaring that he is the most clever prince that ever sat on a throne, and his adaptability to the most cruel exigencies is certainly most astonishing. And this extraordinary mental self-coercion took place at a time when suffering from various bodily diseases, and his mental power was by no means adequate to the task before him. There is no doubt his sudden conversion was met by his former enemies with a similar quite unexpected *volte-face*, for the *ci-devant* rebels did not shrink, when his guests at dinner, from kissing his hands and the hem of his dress; nay, some of them shed tears of emotion when in presence of the exalted person of the Padishah. Such is the East with all its extravagances and all its queer manifestations of human soul!

Those who knew the character and the leanings of Abdul Hamid

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could not conceal their doubt in his sincerity, and the opinion was prevalent that his entire behaviour, all his assurances of fidelity to the Constitution, and all signs of his conversion were based upon falsehood and the outcome of his mastery in the art of dissimulation. This scepticism was quite justified, as the event of the 13th of April has fully proved that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Sultan Abdul Hamid was the last man to renounce his dear habit of intriguing and plotting; he thought, with the rich means at his disposal, and assisted by the host of malcontents, he would succeed in getting rid of the fetters imposed upon him by the Constitution, and that he would regain his former position of an unrestricted tyrant and autocrat. This shows that he still clung to his former notions and views about the character of his people, in whose political awakening he did not believe at all. He evidently thought that the Young Turks were accessible to bribes and amenable to all the perversities of his Imperial will, like the Old Turks, and that, having broken the charm of the new era by his mock constitutional bearing, the collapse of the movement would soon follow. He remained in utter ignorance of the real state of things, and he really had no knowledge of the great change which has taken place in the mind of his nation. As far as I can state on personal experience, his *entourage* intentionally concealed from him the various symptoms of political change which preceded the rising in Macedonia; he did not know the distress, the privation, and the discontent in the ranks of his army; and when he appealed to their attachment and loyalty in the time of need, he saw his utter disappointment and forlorn condition.

His last effort, bordering on despair, is an unmistakable sign of his decaying mental capacity. Once again he has set in motion his favourite game of intrigues and secret machination by seducing his own soldiers to disobedience and murder of their own officers—a most cruel and horrible act, brought about by money and the fanaticism of ignorant mollas and dervishes. Their war-cry, 'The religion is in danger,' or 'The Sheriat is neglected,' was quite enough to drive the plain Anatolian mad; the name of Young Turk was declared to be equivalent with Unbeliever; and who knows what the end of the riot of the 13th of April would have been if the Young Turks had not seized so quickly the importance of the situation, and if the army of Salonica had not remained faithful to the cause of liberty? Their hurrying to Constantinople formed the decisive turn in the whole movement, for the nearer Shevket Pasha, the commander of the Salonica troops, approached to the walls of Constantinople, the weaker grew the spirit of resistance in the barracks, whose garrisons had been all determined to fight for Abdul Hamid. The bugle of their brother-soldiers sobered one portion of the so-called defenders of the absolute ruler, whilst the bayonets of the advancing columns lifted the veil from the eyes of the other portion, and after a comparatively short

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struggle the fight ended in the complete victory of the liberating army of Salonica.

Had this catastrophe occurred some ten or fifteen years before, I am sure Sultan Abdul Hamid, then in full possession of his bodily strength, would have put himself at the head of the Yildiz garrison and would have made a last effort to save his throne. But with the advance of age, and suffering as he did from various infirmities, he was bodily weak and spiritually broken, and he could not resist the intruding army. As behoves a thorough Oriental, he made *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, acquiesced in the ordinance of *kismet* (fate), and declared himself ready to abdicate in favour of his brother Reshad Efendi, and to submit unconditionally to the will of his victors.

Thus ended the career of one of the greatest tyrants and most gifted rulers that ever sat on the throne of Turkey. The man in whose presence even the strongest men trembled, for he was the unrestrained arbiter of the life and wealth of thirty millions of his subjects; the man who never suffered the slightest opposition from any mortal, whether native or foreigner, had to submit to the order of a simple officer and to leave at midnight his palace, his family, his treasures, and all the luxury of his princely mansion, to be transported to Salonica in the summer-house of one of his Jewish subjects; and this under the influence of terror and anxiety of being killed on the way. Verily such a sudden fall and such an extraordinary turn of fate, rare in the history of mankind, must have been overwhelming even to the blind fatalism of an Oriental, and when leaving the gate of Yildiz Abdul Hamid may have remembered the Persian poet's verse:

> The spider hangs the curtain over princely palaces;
> The owl stands sentry on the cupola of Efrasiab.

A. Vambéry.

The University, Budapest.

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BRITISH ART AT VENICE

Visitors to Venice even in the torrid months of summer are many—Southerners naturally rather than Northerners—Egyptians, Greeks, Turks, dwellers in Southern Italy and on the coasts of the Adriatic, and those from mid-Europe to whom the luxury of ideal sea bathing is unattainable in their own country. All these as soon as possible after their arrival wend their way to the shores of the Lido, now no longer

> a bare strand
> Of hillocks heaped from ever shifting sand
> Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,

as when Byron took his daily gallop along it, but strewn with fresh accessories yearly in the shape of huge, many hundred-roomed caravanserais, termed 'Tours de Babel' by the Armenian monks dwelling on the island hard by, whose prescriptive rights of light and air from over the blue sea they block out.

Among this heterogeneous throng of visitors, as they either laze down Lidowards in a gondola on the outgoing tide, or form one of a crowd on the fussy little steamers which take them thither for twenty centessimi a head, there will hardly be one but will cast his eyes with pleasure beyond the grim guardship, always stationed in mid-stream, over to the agreeable bank of green foliage which, forming the Giardini Pubblici, stretches seaward from the Riva degli Schiavoni, and is the more attractive owing to the paucity of foliage to be found in the waterways of the city, and in most of the lands from which the visitors have come.

But standing out from amongst and above this boskage another object, namely, a large Union Jack, is sure to attract attention. Flags are not usual forms of decoration ashore in Venice, save of course that trinity, grandiose in size, which, at much yearly expense to the Municipality, fill the air on fête days in the Place of St. Mark's with the brightest of colouring, and by their magnitude dwarf and hide the incomparable façade of its Basilica. The British flag therefore, which dominates the greenery on the way to the Lido, may well elicit questionings, the reply to which will be that its novel appearance in the public gardens is due to the fact that it surmounts the British Pavilion at the Venice International Exhibition of Fine Arts, a pavilion which

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good fortune has placed on the summit of the highest, perhaps one might with truth say the only, piece of elevated ground in Venice.

These Giardini Pubblici were made just a century ago, and are due to the insatiable energies of Napoleon, who demolished any number of monasteries to make what was, until lately, a park of little use to the Venetians, although it is the only public place where the limbs of energetic citizens can be stretched, or a hundred yards of soil can be found unencumbered by a crowd of foot passengers. It would appear to be an ideal receptacle for the usual denizens of such places in foreign cities, namely, nursemaids and children, but unfortunately it is almost impossible of access by land, save through many intricacies of pathways too unsavoury for well nurtured children destitute of perambulators (for such means of conveyance exist not in Venice), and unpalatable to the gutter children, whose quarters surround the gardens, they preferring to play on the small pieces of foreshore afforded by the boat builders' yards that interpose themselves so picturesquely (as artists know) between the gardens and the Riva degli Schiavoni.

George Sand in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, speaking of these gardens, informed the world that the Venetian ladies feared both heat and cold, for they were so frail and delicate that a ray from the sun hazarded their complexion, and a breath of wind their life—hence they never ventured to gardens where they might have benefited their health, and consequently the place was deserted save 'pour quelques vieillards grognons, quelques fumeurs stupides et quelques bilieux mélancoliques.'

The Municipality of Venice (owing perhaps to the enjoyment of the gardens being made so little of) has of late years assigned the greater part of them to other uses, although by so doing they have raised the ire of a certain section of their constituents, who see in this utilisation an encroachment on rights of free access of which they never availed themselves.

Italy just now is filled with an activity strangely in contrast to its former lethargy—activity in the fields of thought, religion, politics, industry and art—an activity in some of these domains which, perhaps, tends towards destruction as much as construction. It permeates the whole peninsula, but is most in evidence in its northern provinces of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia. No one can traverse the southern watershed of the Alps without seeing from west to east the energy that is being displayed, and the prosperity evidenced in the expansion not only of the cities of Turin and Milan but those of lesser size, and the recognition and utilisation of the benefits which Nature has bestowed upon the whole valley of the Po.[1]

Venice thirty years ago seemed to those who then visited it a city

[1] Venice obtains her electric supply from water-power in the Euganean Hills, many miles away.

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of the dead. Yriarte in his *Venise*, published in 1880, spoke of its inhabitants as 'un monde qui semble d'avoir perdu son âme et sa vie,' and added that it was permeated with a 'tristesse douce et constante, qui gagne peu à peu le cœur le plus viril et s'impose à l'esprit le moins sentimental.'

But the Venetians, now that they form part of Italy, have not only shared with their countrymen in the Renaissance but appear determined once more to dominate the Northern Adriatic. Unfortunately they have more than one serious difficulty to contend with. Whilst other cities can extend their borders north, south, east, and west, cover them with houses of the well to do, and factories with dwellings for those who toil therein, and can carry these workers far afield by means of tramways and other forms of cheap locomotion, Venice has no such possibilities. Every yard of her soil that emerges above her waterways is already covered, and remunerative industries on any large scale that require large ground space appear impossible. The stillness that is one of the charms and attractions of the city remains unbroken by the riveting of girders, or even the clink of the trowel, and save for a large new railway terminus and the doubling of the viaduct which carries the line over the lagoons—in themselves testimonies to the increasing prosperity of the place—the builder's occupation seems non-existent.

Again, the increasing size of ships and the decreasing depth of the approaches to the city render the future of the shipping industry, for which they have been so renowned in the past, a very uncertain one.

To the outsider, therefore, the perspicuity of the Venetians, in seeing a way out of the impasse that Nature had placed in the way of outlets such as these to their energies, through the medium of a huge Biennial International Art Exhibition, appears little less than a heaven-born inspiration.

In formulating such a world-wide scheme, however, Venice had abundant reason to expect success, whether she regarded it from a political, geographical, or artistic standpoint. No other nation in Europe has so few political antipathies as Italy. An International Exhibition in France, for instance, could not command the cordial co-operation of Germany or *vice versa*. England is too far afield, and besides, as a nation, is only now beginning to show that she is not altogether a negligible quantity in all matters pertaining to Art. Besides the capitals of these countries have already old established exhibitions, whose domains and *personnel* it would be impossible either to annex or ingratiate. Venice has the advantage in this respect of being able to start with no vested, hide-bound interests to contend with.

From a geographical point of view also she has everything in her favour, for she stands almost at the central point of Europe, having connexion by land or sea with every quarter of the globe, to such an

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unequalled extent that works of art even from America or Japan can, if desired, be unloaded at the gates of her Exhibition grounds.

And as to her artistic advantages, it is almost a waste of ink and paper to set them down.

It has been said of Japan—

> Art is Art all over this quaint country,
> Art is almost air, for everybody breathes it.

To Venice such words not only apply to-day but have done ever since she rose from the sea. Where in Paris, Berlin, London, or any of the world's capitals, nay, even in that of Italy itself, shall we find such magnificent specimens of the Art of all the ages, not displayed in a single example, nor in a single branch, but covering the whole range of architecture and painting, as expressed in Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance, and Rococo times, and all of which *chefs-d'œuvre* are placed in settings such as it is the aspiration of every lover of art the world over to see before he dies? A city unique in its inspiration, its beauty, its seductiveness. A city endowed by the hand of Nature quite as much as of man, owing its existence to an enchanted wand, concerning whom every poet who has sung has dwelt as much upon the setting,

> Roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,

as upon the

> Temples and palaces,
> Fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.

Lastly, a city the home of such giants of painting as Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret and Veronese, not to mention Tiepolo, Canale, or Guardi.

Thus it came to pass that when in 1893 it was a question amongst all the cities of Italy how to commemorate fittingly the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of their sovereigns, those in power at Venice were sage enough to inaugurate a policy which should not only carry on the old æsthetic traditions of their city but should attract to its portals a host of participants who would bring honour as well as prosperity in their train. And so every other year since then a considerable part of the city's efforts has been spent in organising an International Fine Arts Exhibition, until it has not only assured itself of the cordial co-operation of the nations of the world but provided a biennial congress of Art which it is impossible for any country to ignore if it wishes to take a share in the world's progress in Art, to show what its countrymen are doing, and to obtain an accurate estimate of its position in comparison with other nations.

Every artist on the Continent now knows that Venice dominates the situation, and English artists are slowly beginning to realise that fact. The recognition too by the profession of the benefits that have accrued to them through the Venice Exhibition has been spontaneous, whole-hearted, and unanimous, as was evidenced in the enthusiasm that prevailed at the breakfast given to Professor Fradeletto at the opening

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of the present Exhibition, enthusiasm unknown in art circles in England. On that occasion some 200 artists from every nation, save our own, assembled to tender their indebtedness and thanks to the Professor, and the plaudits which greeted every mention of his name, and punctuated every sentence of his eloquently expressed thanks, must have been very grateful to the Member of Parliament for Venice and the Honorary Secretary of the Exhibition, for it is mainly due to his unwearied efforts that the present achievement has been arrived at.

What this achievement is may thus be summarised. Venice has herself expended over a million and a half lire on the erection and decoration of her main buildings. She has been the medium whereby artists have effected sales during the last seven exhibitions to the extent of three million lire. For British artists, hitherto a very small section of the whole, she has obtained recognition in the shape of many decorations granted to them; her King and Queen have purchased no fewer than fifteen British pictures; Venice, for its modern Art Gallery, has acquired twenty-seven, and many others have passed into municipal and private collections in Italy.

But having laboured so hard to secure this fruition she now naturally feels herself in a position to dictate her terms to those who wish to participate in her success. Hitherto she has admitted to a place on the walls of her Exhibition buildings the work of all nations, but now she finds even the thirty-seven galleries insufficient for the needs of the kingdom of Italy and certain privileged artists who on each occasion she invites to fill galleries with their productions. Many countries foreseeing this have been quick to recognise the importance of acquiring permanent habitations of their own, and the Governments of Belgium, Hungary, and Bavaria, countries where Art is just now in a very vital condition, have secured and built for themselves suites of galleries which their artists have been glad to decorate most sumptuously. The Government of France and probably Germany will at the next Exhibition be also the possessors of their own buildings.

Such being the condition of affairs, the authorities at the close of the last Exhibition felt themselves, in fairness to other nations, unable to extend any longer to Great Britain hospitality on any such extended scale as her Art demanded, and an intimation was conveyed to those who then represented her that steps must be taken to provide a locale of their own. At the same time a building, in what is undoubtedly the best situation in the gardens, was offered to them for the sum of 2900*l*.

The task of providing this sum, and the further amount necessary to furnish and decorate the interior and instal a fitting collection of pictures, should not have been a difficult one, but it proved to be so, and it was only at the last moment, through the liberality of Sir David Salomons, who came forward and offered to find a sum sufficient to secure the building in perpetuity for the adequate

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representation of British Art, that Great Britain was not deprived of further participation in this all-important show.

Sir David Salomons gave as his reasons for making the gift that—

English artists should not be placed in a worse position than foreign artists at such an important International Exhibition.

They might extend their means of becoming known and earning their livelihood.

Their Art might be improved by competition of a healthy character.

Other contributors provided a further sum of 500*l.*, which enabled the Committee to decorate and furnish the interior of the building in a measure, not of course comparable with that of buildings which rely on Government aid, but sufficient to present a quiet and dignified setting to the 150 pictures by which our artists are now represented, and also to pay the expenses of supervision and upkeep during the present Exhibition.

The complete success of any undertaking of this kind cannot be assured without much being done for the artist. He is too often indisposed (perhaps by the nature of his profession) to combine, in any matter requiring much expenditure of time or trouble. The Venetian authorities, aware of this artistic trait, doubtless owe much of their success to its recognition. For in contrast to the treatment of the artist elsewhere (in Great Britain, for instance, where he has to deliver his picture unpacked at the Exhibition doors, or in France, where at the Salon a stranger has to pay ten francs before he can get his picture as far as submission to the jury) they have arranged that, in the case of a picture for Venice, it is fetched, packed, sent thither, and returned to the studio without one pennyworth's expense to the artist, even though he may reside at the furthermost point of the British Isles. Of this considerable expense the Venetian Municipality bears 75 per cent., the remainder being defrayed by the British Committee. In fact, the only tax imposed on the artist is one of 5 per cent. if he sells his picture. More than this: In case the artist should wish to visit the Exhibition he is furnished with a voucher, which enables him to obtain a rebate of from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. on Italian railways, not only on his journey to and from Venice, but wherever he may wish to travel in Italy during the continuance of the Exhibition.[2]

To secure these benefits for the artist and organise the English section has entailed an amount of work and expense for the British Committee that can hardly be expected to be renewed with each recurring Exhibition. Fortunately, since the task was entered upon, the English Government has determined to interest itself in the exhibition abroad of Great Britain's arts and industries, and has founded a Department under the Board of Trade for that purpose.

[2] An appeal by the Venetians to our railway companies to grant a similar advantage met with a polite refusal.

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Italy, curiously enough, will be the first country over two of whose Exhibitions this ægis has been cast. It would seem proper, therefore, that to Rome and Turin should be added Venice, where British Art could be very materially assisted in the future at a very small expenditure to the nation, now that the preliminary outlay has been met out of private purses. Great Britain would then fall into line with other countries, whose sections are all under governmental control.

As no account of any fulness has appeared in any of the English news-sheets as to the Exhibition itself, it may be of interest in conclusion to say a few words, not of criticism, but merely of description, to show its cosmopolitan character, its completeness as representing European Art of to-day, and its value as an educational factor for artists all the world over.

The main Palace consists of thirty-seven galleries of varying dimensions, the visitor entering through two large halls, the first the Salon of the Cupola, domed and with decorations just completed of the most sumptuous kind from the brush of Galileo Chiri, an Italian artist of much repute. The whole of this gallery is furnished with hangings of magnificent Genoese velvet, made in Venice. Passing on we come to a fine, well-proportioned hall, which forms a cool and quiet lounge. It is decorated with frescoes, the gift of the King of Italy, by Aristide Sartorio, an artist whose work is well known in England, and who is now engaged on a colossal frieze for the Chamber of Deputies in Rome. What are known as the 'International Galleries' open out on either side of this, and contain works by artists of various countries, who are practically *hors concours*. Italian pictures are for the most part separated in rooms according to the schools they represent, and we find chambers assigned to the artists of Rome, Piedmont, Naples, and Venice. But the most interesting feature is the 'one man' shows, where selected artists have each a room placed at their disposition for the exhibition of some fifty canvases. The artists selected this year for this distinction are the well-known Frenchman, Paul Albert Besnard; Anders Zorn and Peter Kroyer, Scandinavians; and Franz Stuck, now the most sought after painter in Germany, who combines the idealism of Boechlin and Klinger with the realism of Max Liebermann, and whose thirty-one pictures are appraised by their owners (for they are for the most part loans) at some 60,000*l*. Besides these we have galleries assigned to native artists from all parts of Italy, some living, some deceased; amongst these may be named Camillo Innocenti (who recently exhibited in London), Jerace the sculptor, Tallone, Tito and Ciardi (foremost among Venetian artists), Bergler (a Sicilian), as well as Passini, Fattori, and Cairati, who have all passed away. The distinction of a 'one man' show is now a much sought for honour by Italian artists. The only nationality that still has a place to itself in the main Palace is America, a gallery being placed at the disposal of a collection

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organised by the National Academy of Design, New York, and a smaller room to American artists resident in Paris.

Flanking the Palace on either side are the handsome pavilions of Hungary and Belgium, and further afield those of Great Britain and Bavaria. Our pavilion stands on an eminence approached by a broad avenue of planes. The galleries are five in number, three of which are occupied by oil-paintings, one by water-colours, and one by black and white.

The collection selected by a committee in England consisting of Sir George Frampton, R.A., Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and Grosvenor Thomas may be termed unacademic in character, with a Scottish flavouring, but is remarkable for the high level of attainment, for the absence of eccentricities which so frequently mar the exhibits of other nations, and for the reserve of power it suggests. Every picture is spaced and hung on the line. 'Un grand succès' was the verdict unhesitatingly given by the authorities at the opening, and this has been endorsed by the Commission appointed to acquire pictures for the National Gallery of Italy selecting as its first choice an English picture. It was the only picture by a foreign artist that was purchased, and it was chosen even before any by native artists. The canvas in question was *Polymnia*, by John Lavery, which many will remember having seen at the Franco-British show. Besides this, almost all the exhibits of porcelain were acquired for the National Museum of Industrial Art.

A word more. One Englishman's name is still on everyone's lips who visits Venice. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, and Dickens, not to mention other immortals, have been moved to pour out impassioned language concerning the beauties of the Queen of the Adriatic, but their most ardent speech leaves one unmoved when compared with the burning words of Ruskin, who lavished all the best of his marvellous diction in his determination to make the world appreciate those glories of Art that the city he loved so well contained. His teachings may in these revolutionary days be questioned and his preaching combated, but he still magnetises the most lukewarm tourist and compels him to study what he would otherwise pass by. Englishmen wonder that Venice, for whose pre-eminence he laboured so long, has raised no monument in testimony of the debt she owes him. Maybe she considers that an imperishable one exists in the words that he has written concerning every palace, church, picture, and stone of any worth in her city. But Venetian memorials apart, should not Englishmen place somewhere their tribute to the debt they, too, owe to their great countryman, who has enabled them to enter into the heart and soul of Venice, and where better could they erect it than on the one spot in Venice over which Great Britain's flag may be flown, namely, the British Pavilion in the Giardini Pubblici?

MARCUS B. HUISH.

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THE EXTINCTION OF THE UPPER CLASSES

THE title placed at the head of this paper has nothing to do with the Budget of the year 1909. Compared with the pecuniary embarrassment which would be caused by taxation much heavier than any yet proposed in England, the subject now to be treated is overwhelming in sinister import. If present conditions are allowed to continue, it can be shown with mathematical certainty that the families of the present upper classes, with their share of the good qualities of our race, will simply cease to exist.

In order that a nation should maintain its numbers unaltered, an average of about four children must be born to each marriage which produces children at all. If we subtract those who will not reach maturity, those who will not marry, and those who, although married, will have no children, on the average, out of a number of such families, two children, equal to the number of the parents, will be left to continue the race. Such is the result of the Registrar-General's returns.

Now, in the investigations outlined below, it is shown that, in the landed and higher professional classes, the average number of children born nowadays in a fertile marriage is little, if at all, over three, while it is known that similar results hold good for the upper ranks of the skilled artisans. Not only then are these sections of the community not increasing their numbers, but they are diminishing—diminishing absolutely, and even more rapidly in proportion to the nation as a whole.

Good qualities tend to be inherited. They are, it is true, complex in character. It needs the conjunction of many different factors to produce a man of ability, a woman of beauty and charm. Hence we cannot, at present at all events, trace the descent of ability, moral character or beauty in the same precise way we can follow from generation to generation certain bodily diseases or mental defects. These bad qualities depend on a definite pathological condition, and some of them seem to be inherited in accordance with definite Mendelian laws. No such simplicity marks the descent of desirable qualities. Nevertheless, it is certain that the presence of such qualities in the parents will result in a larger number of the children possessing them, or something like them, than in families less richly

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endowed by Nature. Good and noble qualities are the greatest possession of our race. To a preponderating extent they are born, not made, and can only be developed where they are already latent. To secure the improvement, or even to prevent the deterioration, of our race it is necessary to replenish our national exchequer of life more freely from our better than from our worse stocks.

Now the present upper classes are the result of a thousand years of selection—selection for character and ability by which men rise to eminence, selection for the womanly virtues and graces for which they choose their wives. Disturbing causes doubtless have come in. Men have risen by accident or ingenuity rather than by character or ability, and women have been married for their worldly possessions alone.

But broadly speaking, natural selection has worked well; families that have risen by virtue of their qualities, often manifested through several generations, have remained in the front rank of good citizenship, by reason of the same qualities handed down by inheritance, and showing themselves in one or other of the ever-spreading lines of descent. By reason of their large numbers, such families have permeated all classes, and the nation has been recruited from stocks which have proved themselves worthy to be winners in life's race.

Thirty years have sufficed to alter all this. In detail, the change is obvious to everyone—families of two or three replace the eight or ten of the last generation. The 'only child' and the couplet are now familiar to all of us. But the total effect and the loss to the nation pass almost unnoticed. People band themselves together into societies for protecting low-grade aborigines from extinction, for preserving the homely crocodile and the playful tiger, for making life possible to the remains of the buffalo herds of America and the wild asses of Africa, and nevertheless these same tender-hearted individuals watch with acquiescence, and often assist as far as possible, in the process of suppressing one of the finest manifestations of the human race, the well born, well bred, tried and trusted men and women of their own flesh and blood.

If the same decrease in reproduction had reached all classes of the community, its effects would have arrested more general attention. It would have changed to such a degree the Registrar-General's returns that the birth-rate of the country as a whole would have sunk below the death-rate, and a rapidly-shrinking population would have become the most obvious problem of the age. Yet the actual position is more serious than one which would at once have become a manifest danger. While the birth-rate of the best elements of all classes—of the skilled artizan no less than the landed family of ancient lineage, and the professional man of eminent ability—is falling fast, that of the casual labourer of thriftless stock, and of the feeble-minded class, still at large in our midst, remains at its old high level.

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Increased hygienic knowledge and growing medical skill enable the parents to rear an even larger fraction of their defective offspring to perpetuate the evils of which they bear the seeds. The average character of the race is but the average character of the individuals which compose it. If the proportion of the better stocks diminish and that of the worse stocks increase, the race itself must suffer an ever-growing deterioration.

The decay of nations is no new theme—Greece, Rome, Spain have passed away as world-wide Empires—slavery, malaria, lust of gold, foreign conquest, bloated armaments, decay of religion, have all in turn been summoned to account for their decadence. But in Greece and Rome, at any rate, the acknowledged dearth of children in the patrician families, and of other families as successively they came to the top, must gradually have drained the race of its best innate qualities. Perhaps it is unnecessary to seek for the political and economic causes which have been called in to explain the decline and fall of empires. The more insidious and far more deadly cause of wrongly-directed selective birth-rate may, after several generations, have produced its natural effect. In this year for the first time in England the Treasury have hesitated to let the burden of an exceptionally severe direct taxation weigh as heavily on the fathers of families as on the unmarried. Doubtless we as a nation shall feel it necessary before long to make some more effective expression of our esteem and gratitude to the fathers and mothers of healthy children of sound and worthy stock. We have taken the first step—a right one, let us say at once. But let us turn back a page or two in our national history; would our grandfathers, nay, even our fathers for the most part, have understood the reasons of such a course of action. 'Lo, children are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord,' says the Psalmist, 'happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' *Nous avons changé tout cela*, we may say cheerfully as individuals, but, as a nation, we can hardly look on the matter so lightheartedly. 'They shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate,' goes on the shrewd old observer of human affairs, moralising over the 'arrows in the hand of the strong man.' Just at present, few civilised Western nations are satisfied with their birth-rate, and are not eager to discuss the matter even with their friends. It is well perhaps to take stock of the actual position in the British Isles.

Now we will examine the birth-rate of the upper classes in three sections of the community, with the help of such books of reference and such personal knowledge as are available. For the upper class in one important section of the people, that of the thrifty artizans, figures provided by the Friendly Society returns have already been published by Mr. Sidney Webb, and show a falling off, in one such society, in the number of children born to ten thousand members from 2472 in 1880 to 1165 in 1904. This branch of inquiry, therefore,

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having been adequately dealt with, remains outside our present scope.

We will consider the three classes represented by the stable landed and aristocratic families of the last 150 years in *Burke's Peerage*, the professional, official and cultured classes who find their way into that useful book of reference, *Who's Who*, and the purely intellectual section of the community, who are sorted out of all ranks of life, at considerable trouble and expense, and are to be found occupying the fairly-well-paid and permanent posts, as heads of houses, professors, tutors, bursars, lecturers, and the like, at one of the two great English Universities.

A hundred fertile marriages for each decade from 1830 to 1890 have been taken consecutively from the pages of *Burke's Peerage*, from those families who have held their title to nobility for at least two preceding generations. In this way, a fairly uniform section of the population was obtained, representing roughly the titled part of the landed aristocracy, and excluding the commercial middle-class element in the present peerage. Moreover, we thus get the full effect of hereditary stability, and do away with any disturbing influence that might be supposed to arise from a sudden advent to prosperity. The results may probably be taken as representative also of the families of the landed aristocracy to whom a title has not fallen. For the first ten years, marriages taking place between 1831 and 1840 gave an average of 7·1 births to each fertile couple; from 1841 to 1860, the average for each decade remained constant at about 6·1; from 1871 to 1880, there were 4·36 to each marriage; from 1881 to 1890, 3·13 births are recorded; and it seems probable that the next decade would show another decrease, but it is impossible at present to obtain figures of much value, as one cannot be sure that the births have really ceased, even though an interval of ten or more years may have elapsed since the last one was recorded. Thus our stable upper classes during the past fifty years have reduced their birth-rate by more than one-half, and have passed well below the point at which the number of births compensates for the number of deaths. Their extinction on these lines is clearly only a matter of a few generations.

Turning to the pages of *Who's Who*, to study the more prominent members of the official and professional classes, the lack of detail necessitates a slightly different treatment. The marriages of inhabitants of the British Isles, where the number of offspring were recorded, were classified in two groups—those occurring before 1870 and those after that date, with the omission, in each case, of individuals of the class considered in the preceding investigation. A second subdivision was also made, for it became apparent after a short study that clerical families could more profitably be considered apart, as manifesting other tendencies. Of marriages in lay families taking place before 1870 and recorded consecutively, there is an average of

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5·2 children to each couple; the exact figures are 743 children to 143 couples. After 1870, the average is 3·08, or 1264 children to 410 pairs of parents. These figures are appreciably lower than those obtained from a study of the *Peerage* at corresponding dates, but it must be remembered that Burke records all or nearly all births which take place, while the entries in *Who's Who* probably refer only to such children as are alive at the time the entry is made. The clerical families, being but a sub-section of the whole, are less numerous, but, taking approximately those occurring in twice the number of pages, we find that before 1870 there were 463 births to 93 marriages, giving an average of 4·99 for each marriage, and after 1870, 437 children to 104 marriages—an average of 4·2. From the dates of marriage and preferment supplied it is clear that the children were born chiefly before their fathers attained distinction. Hence it is fair to assume that these numbers are more or less representative of the clergy as a whole, and that they, as a body, have been less affected by the prevailing tendency to small families. This conclusion seems to indicate that pecuniary conditions alone are not sufficient to explain the phenomena, since no one can accuse the clerical profession of being sensibly overpaid.

Turning now to the consideration of the official population of the University of Cambridge, the members occupying the more permanent and better-paid posts have been divided into four groups—those who, being unmarried, have presumably no offspring; those who, being married for five years and upwards, have no children; those whose youngest child is over ten years of age and are therefore unlikely to have more children; and those who, having children under ten years of age, may possibly further increase their holding on the future. It must be observed that, in the first three groups, the distinctive effect of the enforced celibacy of the Fellows of Colleges up to 1882 is still probably visible.

In 1909 there were 67 men apparently in a position to maintain family who remained celibate; there were 40 childless couples, representing 80 individuals; while 70 married couples were responsible for 199 children—a total of 287 adults to 199 children. The decrease is no longer comparative, nor can a prospective diminished infant mortality be called upon to set things right. Actually and absolutely the next generation of these 'intellectuals' will be about 30 per cent. less than the previous one, and, in accordance with the usual statistical result, only about half of these children can be expected to become parents in their turn. Nor do the recent marriages afford much comfort, since 67 marriages have so far resulted in only 164 children, and, though the tale is probably not yet completed, neither is it yet possible to estimate the number of confirmed celibates or of infertile marriages. There is no reason to suppose that the University of Oxford would show a better record of national responsibility than does Cambridge.

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The condition of celibacy, till recently attached to all College Fellowships in both Universities, must have resulted in a disastrous elimination of ability from the innate qualities of the nation. It is impossible to estimate the harm thus done to our race. It is, perhaps, only exceeded by the injury to Europe generally produced by the introduction of the principle of celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy and religious orders, and its enforcement throughout the ages when the only refuge of the quiet student, or the man and woman of gentle virtue, was the cloister. Had the object of those who promulgated this decree been to banish from the earth all the milder qualities, all the higher forms of religious instinct, no more efficient method could have been devised.

It should be noted, however, that, in respect to the main question now under discussion, the Roman Catholics alone among our families of good stock, taught by the principles of their religion, have kept a right sense of social responsibility. Among them alone the birth-rate is maintained, and the figures are very significant, showing clearly that there is no real decrease in fertility in the classes involved in our survey. If present tendencies continue, the future of England, perhaps of the world, lies with those born in Roman Catholic homes.

During the course of the inquiries and examinations entailed in extracting the foregoing figures, it was natural to observe what became of the large families born in the first half of the nineteenth century and the last half of the eighteenth century. Of our books of reference a complete *Peerage* alone provides sufficient data for a detailed analysis. We are therefore reduced to considering that section of the upper classes which coincides with the first group already examined; accordingly the same limitations as to 'creation' were observed. Furthermore, the number and careers of sons alone were tabulated, and, in order to investigate the effect of large families, such families only were taken as had given birth to 3 sons or more. For the first period, between 1750 and 1800, 97 consecutive marriages in which the succession to the title was involved were considered. This represented a study of about a quarter of that part of the volume devoted to family histories, and resulted in the truly surprising total of 468 sons, or nearly 5 sons to a marriage. Of these sons, 34 died before reaching maturity, and in 131 cases the details given are not sufficient to permit classification, though it is quite clear from several indications that want of detail does not indicate lack of occupation. It is especially in the case of the eldest sons that particulars of the careers are lacking, owing to a faulty arrangement of the material involved. Of the 303 sons remaining, 119 went into the Army, of whom 21 died in the Service and 34 became Generals; 57 went into the Navy, 12 lost their lives, and 20 became Admirals, 66 took orders, 14 becoming bishops or deans, 35 served the country in permanent

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posts or entered the Diplomatic and Colonial services, 14 went to the bar, of whom 2 became judges, 2 took up medicine for a profession, and some few are mentioned simply as members of Parliament.

The second period of marriages, between 1800 and 1850, gives very similar figures, though the slowness of promotion compared with that in the period of the Napoleonic wars leads to a smaller number of Generals and Admirals. From 111 marriages we have 511 sons, 48 died immature and 95 are unclassified; 169 went into the Army, 17 lost their lives, 9 attained the rank of General, 42 entered the Navy, of whom 5 died on service and 9 became Admirals. The Church accounts for 56, while 3 attained the dignity of bishop or dean; 38 entered the Government services, 16 went into the law, 1 into medicine, 2 into banking and commerce, and 26 became members of Parliament.

The most noticeable difference in the two groups is in the number of those unclassified, and in the higher proportion in the earlier period of those who, having entered the Army or Navy, attained distinction or fell in the service of the country. The second difference shows the effect of the Napoleonic wars. It seems likely that the first difference is due, partially at any rate, to the insufficiency of family records in the earlier time, and that many of those who in that period are unclassified served in the Army or Navy, at any rate for a short while; those sons being especially remembered whom family pride rejoiced in as having distinguished themselves above the average of their fellows, or family piety commemorated as amongst those who had fallen by the way on the path to glory.

In considering these figures as a whole, the first deduction we draw is that in past generations those who found themselves placed by birth in a position above their fellow-men did not enter into the competition for increased wealth, but paid their debt to the country in actual personal service. The professions they chose are notoriously underpaid. They did not follow the advice of the Eastern sage to 'take the cash and let the credit go,' but steadily kept to the narrow limits of national duty, and accepted at once the opportunities and limitations of their station in life. Nowadays, we hear much talk about the lack, both in quality and quantity, of suitable men to replenish the ranks of the Army and the Church, and many plausible reasons and excuses are found. Surely the chief cause is not far to seek. One of our writers, on a certain mock-tragic occasion, tells us 'No birds were flying overhead, There were no birds to fly.' We may extract the essence of his wisdom and say that no younger sons are going into the Church and the Army for the simple reason that there are no younger sons to go.

This systematic depletion of the best blood of the country is a new phenomenon in the history of England. Nothing like it has been seen in all the thousand years since she became a nation. Pestilence

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and famine have taken their toll in former ages, but while they have slain their thousands preponderatingly among the lower, weaker stocks, the falling birth-rate is preventing tens of thousands coming into existence among the best and most worthy elements of the people. We have reversed the action of selection and are breeding to the lower types among us.

In former ages, the large families of the upper classes, besides carrying on the work of the country in unpaid offices and underpaid professions, resulted in some branches of those families falling, by reason of the pressure of numbers, in the social scale. Good county names became common among our farmers and country labourers, the whole population was permeated with good blood, the blood of those who had won an honourable position. Dormant for a while, the abilities have reappeared, and, in times of expansion, Imperial or economic, have been ready to rise again to the front in their new incarnations. The bad stocks got eliminated, and the population was recruited principally from above.

Now the reverse process is taking place. The sons of the upper families are too few in number even to fill the positions open to them. We have to catch ability by a constantly widening net, and raise it from all classes to supply the demand for competent men. We are recruiting the nation from below.

During the past century men thought, or at all events said, that such a rise, such a career open to the talents, was an unmixed advantage. The belief was one which many would gladly hold, one natural to generous minds. But an analysis of our recent experience, carried through without the prejudice in favour of an easy social ladder, throws grave doubt on the wisdom of our method of obtaining it.

A man who rises too young and too fast is apt to marry late or not at all. He has often considerable difficulty at first in finding a wife who will assure his position in the class to which he has attained. A study of such data as are available indicates that, if he does marry above his original station, he carries to an extreme the present habit of the classes into which he has come, and has very few children. Hence it follows that an efficient system of catching ability from all classes, and making it too easy for its possessor to rise, means an efficient method of sterilising ability, and of slowly or quickly breeding it out of the nation. Better that an able carpenter should slowly develop into a small builder, leaving six tall sons to play their part manfully, and, perchance, rise one step more, than that he should be converted by a County Council scholarship into a primary schoolmaster, or second grade Civil Service clerk, and that there the usefulness to the race of the innate abilities of which he is the temporary trustee should cease for ever. His services are bought at far too high a price. Verily they were good sociologists as well as good divines who taught every man to determine in his youth 'to learn and labour

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truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'

In this paper we do not intend to deal exhaustively with the probable causes of the declining birth-rate of the successful classes. Let it be said at once that there is no evidence to show that the natural fertility or reproductive power of those classes is diminishing in any way. It seems likely that, until recent years, they produced more children than the lower grade stocks. But now it is certain that, for some reason or reasons, they have come to the conclusion that they do not wish for large families, and are voluntarily restricting the number of their children. Into these reasons we do not intend at present to inquire at any length. But, in view of what has just been said of the disastrous effect of raising too quickly above their station able individuals of all classes, another aspect of the means taken to effect that rise may be considered; for, in the ranks of the society which we are studying, it is one of the movements that have coincided in a remarkable way with the decline and fall of the national birth-rate among the abler sections of the community. Now a coincidence is not an identification, far from it. But it is of great interest to trace as completely as possible any changes of thought and habit occurring or induced in any section of the population simultaneously. The method now chiefly in favour for providing a social ladder is the exaltation of the system of competitive examination. Here, let it be said, that in their recent policy the Admiralty and some of the Colonial governing bodies have thrown doubt on the success of the system of examinations, by reverting, at least partially, to a method of appointment by recommendation. Competitive examinations have two obvious effects. They favour those who are best able to afford and do not realise the harm of a long and intensive form of early specialised instruction, and they put a heavy premium on those children whose mental powers either develop precociously or are forced into a premature awakening. Neither of these results can be welcomed by those who understand the problems involved in the education and well-ordered development of mind and body, and it is probable that the policy of competitive examination has resulted in closing partially the doors of various honourable professions to those who, in due course of time, would have been best fitted to excel in them. During the last two centuries the landed and official classes could be certain of obtaining for many of their younger sons posts in which, at all events, a living wage was secure. Now the posts are filled by competitive examination from a much larger field. Hence, one of the difficulties in past years of finding suitable occupations for large families of normal sons; hence, possibly, a motive for the present almost entire absence of the said large families of normal sons. But the process has now gone so far that, even with the enlargement of the area of selection, suitable men cannot be found to fill the posts

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available. Men of character, ability, and good manners now find posts waiting for them almost before their necessary period of training is completed.

Another phenomenon coinciding with the decline in the birth-rate is the feminist movement of the last thirty years. It seems clear in considering the physiology and psychology of the race, present and future, that the stock of human life, our one real national asset, must, like every other sound permanent economic system, be divided into capital and income, and that, while men represent the income, to be used and spent by each succeeding generation as need arises, the women to a large extent must be considered as capital, to be spent sparingly in the present, to be husbanded carefully for the future, thus to give credit and stability to the whole fabric of national life. Now the last thirty years have seen an unparalleled development in the industrial occupations of women, in the desire of a certain section of women for an increased share in the official and outward side of national life, and in the demands made on the abler and more efficient women to participate in social, political, philanthropic, and educational work and in the local government of the country. These demands are hard to resist, since they are often greatly to the immediate benefit of the community. But it cannot be doubted that the duties and privileges of motherhood and family life are incompatible with the calls of certain careers, and with the temptation to seek an apparently larger sphere of immediate action and influence in the rough and tumble of industrial, social and political life. Surely it is more than a coincidence that the period of growth of the so-called feminist movement is also the period of decline of the fulfilment of the essentially womanly duties, with the fall in the birth-rate, and maintenance of an infant mortality too high, largely owing to the prevalence of artificial methods of feeding. It is impossible to define legitimate spheres of action; it is hard to deny to the few privileges and responsibilities which are incompatible with the welfare of the many; it may be unreasonable to expect a thoughtless generation to take heed for a morrow to which they themselves will not attain, and in which it appears extremely unlikely they will be represented even vicariously. But, if every form of higher civilisation, heedless of far gain, persists in withdrawing its women from the homes and in throwing them into the competitive struggle for existence, or the political organisation of the country, that form of civilisation carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. It will have its day and cease to be, and the decline will begin when society countenances the faster reproduction of the unfit, and when members of that society seek to exchange a sphere of action and influence for which they were obviously created, for other occupations which can be undertaken as well or better by those who have behind them the natural equipment and a

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long tradition of honourable service in those directions. Moreover, between men and women there can be no reciprocity of interchange in the fulfilment of their definitely allotted natural functions. No amount of public service, however efficiently rendered, can compensate for the loss of the sons and daughters who should be born into the world, the sons themselves to perform that public service, and the daughters to carry on and perpetuate the glorious labours of family life.

Besides the two movements we have dealt with, the past thirty years have seen a considerable change in the general habits and customs of large sections of the people.

Each age has accused itself of increasing luxury. The natural and legitimate growth in comfort as the arts improve is no new phenomenon. But the special forms that rising outlay has assumed of late years have tended to intensify the restlessness and desire for change and excitement, the gratification of which is made possible by our constantly improved means of locomotion and communication. The care of a growing family is incompatible with the perpetual motion now fashionable in some sections of the community; it is incompatible with unceasing social activity, with continual travel, with a restless life. The entrance into the upper ranks of our nation of increasing numbers of those whose newly acquired wealth is not associated with definite territorial associations, and the attendant local duties and responsibilities, has doubtless affected the habits of the whole, and led to a growing inclination towards the life of restless movement made easy by the possession of wealth unconnected with any one neighbourhood. It is perhaps significant that, as we have shown above, there is less sign of decreasing birth-rate in the families of the clergy, who, apart from any special sense of moral responsibility, are, by the nature of their office, debarred from constant journeyings, while their wives find ready to their hand a sufficient external field of activity and influence in the domestic life of their husbands' parishes.

The thoughts here put forward are only a few among those suggested by the declining birth-rate of the successful classes in all ranks of life. Many other contributory causes for the decline might be suggested. The facts remain, and write large on the wall the downfall of our race. Can the nation be warned in time? Will it heed the warning when it hears?

Unconsciously the present wrongly directed selection has been allowed to grow up; consciously the process must be reversed by individual effort as well as by social legislation.

It is not alone in the more prominent or wealthier section of the community that reform is needed. Ability is still to be found in all

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ranks except perhaps in the lowest stratum of the people. Early marriages and large families must be encouraged in all ways among our healthy, good stocks, and discouraged among those that are unsound either in mind or body. More can be done by quiet individual effort and example than is perhaps recognised. At first sight it seems that each individual can do so little, the forces telling against reform are so potent. Nothing but an improved sense of social responsibility can be effective, and social responsibility is often a weak motive when it clashes with individual selfishness, comfort and convenience.

Yet the sense of duty is not dead in our nation: do not let us despair of appealing to it to-day. A clearer appreciation is needed of the dignity and importance of bringing up well a family, in nature and nurture fit to carry on good traditions, and large enough to spend freely the lives of its members for the good of England and the human race; a keener feeling of responsibility to the future in the choice of mates, a livelier sense of the renewed emphasis which modern biological investigations of the phenomena of heredity give to the age-long warning of the Church, that marriage is not to be 'taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, in the fear of God' and knowledge of His laws.

W. C. D. AND C. D. WHETHAM.

Cambridge.

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FRÈRE JACQUES

A LATE spring arrives this year in Corsica, only just in time to welcome Easter, but as if to atone for such unprecedented delay, she comes at last decked out with prodigal magnificence.

The solitary places and the rocky wilderness put forth belated blossom of wild hellebore and asphodel. The mantle of pungent *maquis* which clothes the mountains becomes starred with the mauve and white flower of the cistus, and within a few hours the roadsides are strewn with violets and hypatica. Ajaccio, freed at length from the heavy pile of clouds which for several weeks has lain overhead like a canopy, blotting out even the lower range of mountains and only occasionally disturbed by the rough breath of the Mistral, basks once more in sunshine by unruffled blue waters. Roses are nodding over the high garden wall of the Préfecture, pale purple buds are visible among the green tendrils of the wisteria, and there is more than a hint of the orange blossom which will soon be too heavy in the atmosphere. The old women on the Place du Diamant have exchanged their baskets of hot chestnuts for sugar-covered cakes, and there is a promise of green even in the corpse-like branches of the plane trees above their heads.

The Corsicans remain a devout people, notwithstanding their present allegiance to the French Government, and they cherish a note of austerity and harshness in their religion. Certainly the sweetness and sunshine of the outside world are not allowed to penetrate into the gloom of their churches on Good Friday. Passing from the sunny, squalid street into the cold interior of the Roman-Byzantine Cathedral, it is at first impossible to distinguish anything but a dense sombre mass of humanity. *Tenebræ* are drawing to a close and the lights on the altar are being extinguished one after another. The last is out, and the gloom seems to hold a sinister suggestion while the harsh voices of the priests read the concluding sentences of the office. Then there is a pause, one candle is relit and immediately extinguished, while at the same moment the building resounds with a violent banging on the floor, which in its turn is succeeded by a complete and awe inspiring silence. The noise may presumably be intended to represent the rending of the Veil of the Temple—no other explanation offers itself—but if this is so there is no regard for the hour. Before one of the side altars is a painfully

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realistic bier with a life-size waxen figure recumbent, and round this at the close of the service the whole congregation is pressing in a compact body. Children are dragged mercilessly by their mothers and lifted up to have a better view of the very material atrocity presented for their worship. As a whole they appear unmoved, so perhaps imagination is not one of the strong points of the Corsican temperament. Only one small boy wriggles himself free from the detaining hand and darts out before us into the sunshine. He is a very little boy, but he appears rather to be bent upon his own business than to be flying from the terrors of his religion. He darts across the Place du Diamant and down the Cours Napoleon under the orange trees laden with yellow fruit. Here, however, his career is checked in lamentable fashion. Round the corner a light carriage of the country, drawn by a pair of small fast trotting horses, comes swinging at a dangerous pace. It is evidently returning from an expedition into the country, and the coachman, a handsome young man with shiny silver buttons on his velveteen suit and a red sash round his waist, is anxious to make his entry into the town effective. He flicks his whip first to one side and then to the other, and whether from malice or sheer carelessness he curls it round the bare legs of the small boy. The latter, brought up short, makes no sound, but walks on a few paces, and then flattens himself in sudden and silent agony, with his face against the wall of the Préfecture. The carriage goes callously on its way, but one or two passers-by have stopped to offer consolation. At first the boy, who is cautiously lifting and rubbing each leg in turn, refuses to make any response. He does not come of a race of hard fighters for nothing, and he is trying not to cry. The smart does not immediately grow less, probably it increases, and it is not until a sou has been slipped into his hand with the suggestion of a cake shop, that a grimy woe-begone face is turned from the wall; but he is still inarticulate. At this moment his mother, who has missed him from the Cathedral, appears upon the scene. She is a handsome but weather-beaten young woman, dressed in black with a black handkerchief tied over her head, and she is disposed to regard her offspring's misfortune with tolerant amusement rather than compassion. In a voluble and almost incomprehensible flow of French and Corsican she explains that this is her youngest and a naughty one. He does not attend to his prayers, he thinks only of 'Jacques' and Mesdames must excuse him. Mesdames assure her that there is nothing to excuse, rather he is to be commended for his fortitude; but who is Jacques? The question receives no answer, for she is already smoothing down his black pinafore with terms of endearment mingled with those of indignation against the aggressor. Feminine pity indiscreetly offered may prove unnerving to the greatest hero, and this little boy's tears now begin to flow in good earnest and he is led off loudly lamenting under the orange trees. . . . . .

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It is not much after six on the following morning, and the drowsy stillness is broken by an approaching hubbub of children's voices, accompanied as it seems by the beating of tin kettles. Neither the voices nor the kettles are musical, and the rudely awakened sleeper, who has unwillingly assisted at a frog concert lasting into the small hours, and has been further disturbed by a prolonged conversation between two donkeys, not to speak of a chorus of cocks, which in this island are apparently night birds, has a right to feel offended. The discordant sounds, however, come relentlessly nearer, and presently halt under the window. The words of the refrain, incessantly repeated, are now quite audible—

Frère Jacques, dormez-vous,
Sonnez la matina, sonnez la matina.
Dormez-vous—dormez-*vous*,
Ding, dong, dang!

It is the Saturday before Easter, a day set apart in Ajaccio as one upon which it is legitimate to make all the noise of which the human boy is capable, and it cannot be said that he neglects his opportunity. They are mocking Judas, these disturbers of our peace, and with their perpetually reiterated dormez *vous*, they seem to be mocking all the would-be sleepers in Ajaccio. The mocking of Judas, preliminary to the more familiar scourging of the traitor a few hours later, is an ancient Corsican custom, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity, but tradition does not explain why upon this occasion he is addressed as 'Jacques.' Meantime there he sits, a small rosy boy, borne aloft by his fellows in a basket work cage, covered with greenery and gaily decked at the top with pink roses, stocks, and floating coloured ribbons. He is no other than our friend of yesterday, and it becomes obvious why the prospective *rôle* of 'Jacques' should have occupied his imagination to the curtailment of his religious observances. But the troubles of yesterday are all forgotten in the pride of his present position. The cropped head of Judas is crowned with flowers and he has discarded his black smock in favour of a red pinafore, while a blue ribbon is tied about his neck. He must enjoy his brief reign while he can, for last year his mother thought he was too little for such a responsibility, and next year his companions may think he is too large. Meantime the mock pomp of the moment is a delightful reality, and the scourging of the betrayer a few hours hence will happily have no connection with his small person. So he sits solemn eyed under his green canopy, not daring to smile lest it should detract from his dignity, while the bigger boys who form his court beat the empty biscuit tins and old kettles they have assiduously collected, and a small urchin with a gourd slung round his neck is pushed in front to collect sous from all the good Christians they have succeeded in arousing. It is to be feared,

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indeed, that the refrain of the song is occasionally varied with the words 'donnez deux sous' pronounced with some emphasis, but they appear very well satisfied with the few coppers which are contributed from various windows. There is a clapping of hands in token of gratitude, a good deal of noisy discussion between the elder boys, during which 'Frère Jacques' sits as unmoved as a Buddha, and then the little procession forms again and moves slowly up the wide, dignified Cours Grandval towards Napoleon's grotto in the olive woods above.

'Ding, dong, dang.' The monotonous chant and the discordant sound of beaten tin become gradually fainter, and the drowsy silence characteristic of Ajaccio reasserts itself. The blue waters of the bay, which at no time betray the unpleasant character of the sea without, seem to be literally asleep this morning. The surrounding mountains melt into a soft blue haze through which the snowy peaks of the Corsican Alps, culminating in the magnificent heights of Monte d'Oro, peer dimly like ghosts. From this point the ugly town with its tall narrow houses situated at a junction between the inner harbour and the gulf, is not sufficiently obtrusive to spoil the view. A woman in the austere black dress of the country comes softly padding barefooted down the road from the woods. Not much of her is visible, for on her head she balances a load of brushwood rather more than twice as long as herself. . . .

'Sonnez la matina, sonnez la matina!' the boys are coming back again, their voices harsher than ever with fatigue. There are few houses up the road before the open country is reached, where picturesque flocks of goats and black sheep scramble all day among the granite boulders and the *maquis*, under the care of a venerable goat herd, coming down in the evening for the goats to be milked outside the large girls' school opposite. Here the boys do not think it worth while to pause at all. Such a proceeding would indeed be regarded as indecorous. So they pass on down the road, past the military hospital and the Bishop's Palace and across the Place du Diamant to the old town, the din getting mercifully fainter, and once more the aristocratic quarter of Ajaccio is left to slumber if it can.

It is in the squalid streets of the old town that later in the morning we catch and photograph Frère Jacques and his companions. There are several other Judases being mocked and crowned, but our original friend, as no doubt he knows, is by far the smartest and his decorations are the least faded. To get the group to stand in position, however, is no easy matter, for the whole juvenile population of Ajaccio wishes to be included in the picture. The boys whose claim to be represented is legitimate are ready enough to fall in with our views, but the girls, who admittedly have nothing whatever to do with Judas, insist upon crowding about us and are distinctly rude and naughty. Some even clamour for sous, and that in a country where begging is not only not a profession but is almost unknown. Had it not been for the

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kindly intervention of a passer-by, who appears to be the father of several of these young people, and, exercising a mild but effectual authority, reduces them to something like order, Frère Jacques would have had small chance of being handed down to posterity. Forty years ago, in his Journal of a Landscape Painter, Edward Lear, while he complains of the superabundance of children in Corsica, also refers to them more than once as being a 'race unique for good behaviour.' We only wish truth permitted us to agree with him! Undoubtedly the middle-aged men and women who were children when he visited the island, have a very unique gift of courtesy, one indeed shared by the majority of the adult population, though more marked in the country districts than in the towns, but conspicuously lacking in the modern children. It would be melancholy to think that the deterioration is due to improved education or to the increase of visitors; but as we tread delicately among the rubbish heaps of the Rue Fesch, painfully conscious that in Corsica it is the universal habit to throw everything out of the windows, it is not the children, handsome though many of them be in the Italian type, who will tempt us to linger in this unsavoury neighbourhood. We can only hope that the mantle of good manners will fall with adolescence upon these rough, noisy young things, who, fighting and scrambling, share the dominion of the gutter on equal terms with pigs and chickens, and are obviously as healthy as they are neglected.

But now it is close upon noon, and the town which is usually quiet to dulness seems to be suddenly turned into pandemonium. Groups of boys of all sizes and ages are gathered round old tubs and barrels which have been placed at the corners of the street, and these they are savagely belabouring with sticks and wooden implements of every description. Frère Jacques is deposited roughly on the ground by his bearers, who fly to scourge the wooden bones of the traitor. The dethroned hero is a sweet-eyed little boy who on a slight acquaintance impresses us as having gentler manners than his companions. He does not instantly understand or appreciate the sudden desertion of his followers. For a moment he stands a little wistful and uncertain, then suddenly the violent side of his nature asserts itself. If others can beat Judas, why, so can he, seeing he is no longer Judas! Snatching the faded flowers from his head, and armed with a piece of brushwood out of the gutter, he is off in a flash, red pinafore, blue ribbon and all, to add his mite to the intolerable clatter which is echoing between the tall houses of the narrow street.

A memory occurs to me of an Easter Saturday three years ago in Florence. Outside the church of the Sanctissima Annunziata is a gaily decorated stall covered with slim, white willow wands, round the handles of which are twisted coloured ribbons. The children are pressing up to the stall to spend their soldi, and on the steps against the great doors of the church is a group of curly headed purchasers.

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Presently these get up, and with much solemnity they tap the pavement with their fairy wands. 'They are beating Judas,' explains an old woman standing near me, with an indulgent smile, 'but they do not hurt him much, il povero.' *Autre pays, autres mœurs.* The tradition is the same, but in the execution there is a difference, and could Judas have his choice, he would probably prefer to suffer his penalty in Florence than at the hands of these young Corsican barbarians. The noise now becomes indescribable. Church bells are ringing, cannon are fired from the fort, and every man in the place who possesses a gun seems to be using it. Under the high-handed rule of Napoleon the Third no firearms were allowed in the island, a measure aimed successfully at the suppression of the Vendetta. But in these more callous days of the Republic the whole population appears to go armed, with results naturally fatal to the discouragement of violence.

We seek temporary relief from the racket in the Casa Buonaparte, which stands on a small square, the Place Létitia, and is a surprisingly spacious and dignified mansion to be hidden away in such squalid surroundings. The woman who shows us over is, like all Corsicans, extremely inquisitive, and would much rather hear what we have to say than give us any information concerning the few relics of the great Emperor which remain in the house where he and his brothers and sisters were born. The first Napoleon is not indeed a popular hero with his own countrymen. They do not consider he was a good patriot since he left the island to become a 'continental,' and in Corsica patriotism is the most highly cherished virtue. On the Place du Diamant, mounted on his charger, surrounded by his four brothers, he gazes for ever across the sea towards that continent to conquer which he forsook his native island. But this fine equestrian statue finds its chief use when the boys chase one another round its base in the evenings, while the military band discourses music and the better class women of the town, the female Buonapartes of the present day, take the air under the plane trees and exchange views on the prevailing fashions.

Madame answers our questions a little vaguely. Yes, she believes that was Madame Mère's spinet—she has heard so, but, *will* the ladies tell her whether they have a fine noise like this on Easter Saturday in England? When answered in the negative she expresses extreme surprise and commiseration. What, then! Have we no religion, no churches? We try ineffectually to explain that we have both, but, these privileges notwithstanding, we do not celebrate the greatest event in the history of Christianity by making an uproar. She shakes her head commiseratingly while we admire the few fine pieces of contemporary furniture which the house still contains, and when we leave she congratulates us upon having escaped to spend Easter elsewhere than in our own heathen country.

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As we make our way under the luxuriant palms of the Avenue du Premier Consul to the market there is a lull in the noise. 'Judas' lies in broken fragments on the cobbles, though some of the boys are still busy belabouring him. Frère Jacques, in his gala dress, is chasing a pig which in its turn is in hot pursuit of a hen, for the hen running with wings outstretched and the flustered manner which invites disaster has a particularly savoury morsel in her beak, just redeemed from the gutter. The boy wins the race, but it is better not to see what becomes of the prize! The market is held on the quay, where there are usually more signs of animation than elsewhere in Ajaccio. To-day, however, is 'festa,' and it is remarkably quiet, not to say melancholy. There are no bare-legged men and boys dragging in their nets, no crowd gathered round the wicker baskets to watch a consignment of lobster or *langouste* being packed in fresh green leaves for exportation. Even the blind man who makes the baskets is taking a holiday somewhere, and the steamer which has arrived in the morning from Marseilles is lying to all appearance deserted along the quay. The men who hire out the boats are asleep in them, though it is seldom at any time that it occurs to them to invite a stranger to go for a sail. Meantime there is the market, always picturesque in a southern country. Here baskets of fresh vegetables and piles of strange-looking fruit are heaped up in a covered building, while outside is a row of stalls for poultry and butchers' meat guarded by a number of old women in the almost invariable black jacket and skirt of the country, with a black handkerchief tied over their heads. This black handkerchief is a relic of the Genoese occupation of the island, and is only occasionally varied by the adoption of a large flat straw hat such as is worn by the peasant women of the Alpes Maritimes, and no doubt comes over in the steamer from Nice. It appears that mourning is never observed for less than five years in Corsica, so that even the young women are seldom in colours, and as the men wear black or dark brown corduroys, and the children black pinafores, the general effect of a crowd is decidedly sombre. Many of these women are handsome, especially the older ones, but they are not probably as old as they look, since they are worn with the hard manual labour which falls almost exclusively to the share of their sex in Corsica, and with much exposure to sun and wind. They have a peculiar air of dignified gravity, and a very stately carriage, due to the fact that from their earliest girlhood they are trained to carry heavy weights upon their heads. The men, in Ajaccio at all events, seem to find sufficient occupation in sitting outside the café, drinking some innocuous green beverage, and talking politics. Under the stalls are wire cages filled with live poultry, and above these are laid the tiny carcases of black sucking lambs and kids, and of small ducks and chickens, near relations probably of those which are scratching

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in the dust below. Further along is another group of aged wrinkled crones, each squatting on the pavement behind a basket which contains some very strange-looking loaves of bread. These are flat and round and have a varying number of eggs baked into them in their shells, and on the eggs are laid crosses of crust or pastry. They are called *cacavelli* and are highly spiced cakes, equivalent to our hot cross buns, except that they are essentially an Easter delicacy and do not appear until Good Friday is over. Every child in Ajaccio expects to have his *cacavello*, which should be eaten on the rocks on Easter Monday, and the richer the child, the greater number of eggs his loaf will contain, but the poorest expects to have at least two to his portion. An indiscreet inquiry on my part leads to a friendly invitation from one of the old crones to taste her cake, and a fragment is produced from the depths of a capacious and most unclean pocket. Having been told that a gift must never be rejected in Corsica—they are fond of giving presents—and being aware that the chief pleasure of the giver is to witness the enjoyment of the recipient, I nibble a corner of unspeakable nastiness from which happily the egg is absent, buy a cake to be bestowed upon the first child available, and incontinently fly.

The long road which leads by the sea shore to the Punta Parata and the Îles Sanguinaires, those red rocky islets which guard the entrance to the harbour, is for some little distance a street of tombs. These curious mortuary chapels, where the well-to-do bury their dead, stand back, each in its own little walled enclosure filled with flowers. Some of these chapels are comparatively new and domed, others old and square in shape, but they are all singularly characteristic of Corsica. Two of them have been built by notabilities of a past century higher up on the hill. One of these has fallen into melancholy decay, but the other, standing on a little plateau in a field of pale purple asphodel with a grove of ilex behind it, and beyond a background of blue bay and distant snowy peaks, is suggestive both in architecture and situation of a Greek temple, and is perhaps the most beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio. On the shore there is also the public cemetery, where those may lie who cannot afford to be exclusive. And here also is the Cappella de' Greci, the chapel devoted to the use of the Greek colony in the eighteenth century, when they were forced to abandon Paomia, their earlier settlement, and take temporary refuge in Ajaccio during the Corsican revolution against the Genoese Government.

But the tombs and the chapels are soon left behind and the road is bordered by a very rich vegetation. On the one side are hedges of prickly pear, covered to an extravagant extent with the forbidding-looking fruit which nobody seems to gather, asphodel, arbutus, myrtle, and all those aromatic shrubs which go to make up the *maquis*, the scent of which is carried some distance out to sea. On the other

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side are granite boulders, seaweed-covered rocks and sand. It is here that on Easter Monday it is the custom for parties from Ajaccio to come and picnic. There are plenty of them to-day, but they seem to take their pleasures soberly, these people. Family groups are scattered about on the rocks, eating those unattractive cakes which we have seen in the market. *Broccio*, the country dish of cheese made from goat's milk, is another favourite delicacy on this occasion, and the feast is washed down with plenty of white wine. A few of the fathers are fishing and others are making their own particular mess of *bouillabaisse*, which they would no doubt very courteously offer to share with the stranger who was unwary enough to enter into conversation, but we have learnt our lesson. As the afternoon wears on there is a little mild dancing, for many of the parties have brought a guitar or a mandoline. The children wander about on the shore, picking up sea-urchins which abound on this coast, pieces of cup sponge and curious round balls of varying sizes, formed, it is said, by the action of the sea on a species of seaweed peculiar to the Mediterranean. The fine silvery sand is full of delicate little shells, and here and there washed up amongst the seaweed are fragments of coral in the making. Like their elders, the children appear to be taking their Bank holiday pleasures quietly; they are no doubt less at their ease than on their native rubbish heaps, or else the older and rougher contingent have elected to remain at home.

Further on is a gay little tea house, screened from the road by a magnificent hedge of pink geranium, whilst bushes of marguerites and clumps of white iris have broken loose from the confines of the garden and have strayed out upon the shore. Here we encounter Frère Jacques, for by no other name do I know him. He has been on a private plundering expedition, and his hands are full of yellow mimosa tassels which an old and twisted tree in the garden hangs temptingly over the hedge. Jacques' mother is scolding him vociferously, for whilst a man may murder his neighbour in cold blood for some real or fancied insult in his own or a previous generation, thieving is regarded as an unpardonable offence in Corsica. She is easily diverted, however, to more cheerful topics. Yes, he had been very contented on Saturday, the little one. But he would like to play at Judas every day. He had spent the sou *ces dames* had given him on a ribbon for his neck—the vanity! Frère Jacques meantime smiles at us with kindly recognition, but is not to be drawn into conversation. He is occupied in seeing how near he can stand to the little waves without allowing them to break over any point higher than the tops of his new boots. His mother pursues the conversation with the gentle and persistent flow of questions with which a Corsican of her class may usually be trusted to entertain a stranger. Our nationality, our social status, our reasons for coming to Corsica, form as usual the opening clauses of a quite polite but relentless catechism.

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We are *Continentales*? Ah! we are English. The English are good people, but always adventurous. We are travelling alone? We have no *messieurs* with us? *Bien! Ces dames* are very wise. *Les ménages ne sont pas toujours heureux*, and gentlemen do not content themselves so easily *en voyage*. We are agreeing with the wisdom of the last observation, when madame's stream of interrogation is abruptly checked. Jacques has apparently got tired of unconsciously playing the rôle of Canute, and now uttering loud war cries of fury, he dashes past us waving a torch of blazing paper above his head. He is in pursuit of another little boy of his own size who is dragging a toddling girl by the hand. It is the prevailing fashion in Corsica at present for children to play with fire whenever paper and a match can be brought together, and that there are not perpetual tragedies must be due to a special intervention of Providence. Before we have time to interpose, the other boy turns and flings himself upon Jacques, who drops the burning paper in alarming proximity to the little girl's skirts, and the two roll over in the sand together kicking and scratching and biting like a couple of young tigers. To our amazement Jacques' mother remains quite unmoved except by admiration of her offspring's latest performance. 'Ah, he is brave, *le petit*,' she says, turning to us for a sympathy which is not forthcoming. 'Yesterday they insulted him, those *malheureux*; they told him that he was a traitor, that he would be beaten, that he would burn in fire. To-day it is they who may burn.' Indeed, had it not been for the prompt intervention of a fisherman who has stamped on the paper and shaken the boys apart, it is not improbable that her suggestion might have been fulfilled. 'Bah! That is only a game,' she adds, observing our lack of appreciation; 'the ladies must not be frightened,' and she captures and shakes the culprit for our benefit, who with his blazing eyes and ruffled hair and scarlet cheeks is hardly recognisable as the gentle be-ribboned, flower-crowned little Judas of Saturday. The baby girl seems in no way alarmed, and toddles cheerfully in between the combatants to add her voice to the duet of abusive epithets which still continues. After all she is a Corsican baby, and some day she will no doubt be equally upset if her little son steals a handful of blossom from his neighbour's garden, and equally callous if in an access of passion he tries to set fire to his neighbour's children!

In his small person Frère Jacques may be regarded as an epitome of the national characteristics. From the cradle to the grave, the Corsican temperament seems to be one of gentle dignified gravity, disturbed on occasions by outbreaks of unbridled violence. Of gaiety, of mere lightness of heart, there are few symptoms. To-night as they go home some of these sober, well-conducted merrymakers are singing a melancholy dirge in a minor key. The majority, however, are silent. Some are driving, packed into public conveyances, or their own carts. Others are walking; the children, their arms full of

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treasures from the shore; the fathers, carrying their fishing rods and tackle; and the mothers, of course, laden with the heaviest burden of cooking utensils and baskets. Behind them the sun is setting in a lurid glow over the Îles Sanguinaires, and turning the placid waters of the bay to a glory of gold and blue and purple. But their faces are set towards the mountains which stand round about Ajaccio, scenes of violent deeds and of brave ones, the battlefields and the defences of Corsica. Dark, forbidding, and magnificent these mountains look in the evening light; but they have been powerless through the ages to preserve for the islander that which he values above everything—his independence.

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

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THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK PSALTER

In his retirement at Hawarden Mr. Gladstone published a little volume on the Psalter, in the preface of which he speaks of the Prayer Book version as one of 'incomparable beauty.' This verdict with reference to Coverdale's translation will be generally accepted. Indeed it is difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the Prayer Book version of the Psalter. Coverdale was a master of English prose, and must have possessed, as it has been pointed out, 'a natural aptitude for finding felicitous turns of expression, and for casting them into harmonious and finely rolling periods.' His version exhibits 'an exquisite rhythm, a graceful freedom of rendering, and an endeavour to represent the spirit as well as the letter of the original.' If less accurate than the Authorised Version of 1611, it was felt to be 'smoother and more easy to sing,' and was therefore most fortunately retained in the Prayer Book of 1662, when the other portions of Scripture were ordered to be taken from the revision of James the First. A comparison of the Prayer Book version of the Psalter with that of the Authorised Version of the Bible will at once reveal the striking supremacy of the former with regard to the vigour and melody of the language. A large number of forcible and picturesque expressions, familiar to the ears of English Churchmen, come to us through Coverdale's translation. Among the multitude that might be selected, the following may be quoted by way of illustration: 'O Lord our Governor,' viii. 1; 'fat bulls of Basan,' xxii. 12; 'like as it were a moth fretting a garment,' xxxix. 12; 'with lies thou cuttest like a sharp razor,' lii. 3; 'a drink of deadly wine,' lx. 3; 'like a giant refreshed with wine,' lxxviii. 66; 'the vale of misery,' lxxxiv. 6; 'the iron entered into his soul,' cv. 18, quoted by Bishop Perowne as a notable instance of the superiority of the Prayer Book version; 'like as the arrows in the hand of the giant,' cxxvii. 5; 'He giveth medicine to heal their sickness,' cxlvii. 3; or these two from the 119th Psalm, which abounds in striking sentences: 'their heart is as fat as brawn,' ver. 70; and 'when Thou hast set my heart at liberty,' ver. 32. The Prayer Book Psalter, in Professor Earle's striking and appropriate phrase, constitutes 'a landmark in English literature,'

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But while readily acknowledging the 'incomparable beauty' of the Prayer Book Psalter, it will at the same time be admitted that the version is disfigured by many inaccuracies, which it would be possible, without injuring the translation as a whole, to remove. It is therefore with satisfaction that we notice the resolution of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation on the Royal Letter of Business, 'that while the Prayer Book version of the Psalms cannot wisely be revised as a whole, it is advisable that some few passages should be retranslated.' As far back as 1879 the late Bishop Westcott, at that time Canon of Peterborough, expressed the hope that at no distant period the unquestionable errors of rendering and form might be dealt with by competent authority. And Dr. Driver in the preface to his *Parallel Psalter*, published in 1898, says, 'I should feel rewarded if my volume were in any degree to pave the way for what must surely be seen by many to be a desideratum, viz. a revision of the Prayer Book version, which, while not altering its general character, or disturbing its melodious rhythm, might remove misleading archaisms and correct the more serious mistranslations by which it is disfigured.'

With regard to the archaisms of the Prayer Book version, they fall into two distinct classes. Some expressions, though no longer in common use, are still quite easy to understand, and, moreover, are of such a nature as to lend force and dignity to the language. Others are open to misconception, owing, in the majority of instances, to their meaning having materially changed since the far-off days of the sixteenth century. Of these misleading archaisms the most serious is the use of the word 'hell,' which has now lost its original significance of the unseen world and is used almost exclusively of the place of torment. In the Revised Version of the Bible the word is translated 'Sheol,' a rendering adopted by Dr. Kirkpatrick in his edition of the Cambridge Bible, and by Dr. Driver in his masterly version of the Psalter. 'Hell' in the Psalms is simply the Old English equivalent for 'Sheol,' which is always used in the Old Testament as a general name for the abode of departed spirits. This, however, is hardly the conception in the minds of modern worshippers when they sing, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God,' ix. 17; or, 'Let death come hastily upon them, and let them go down quick into hell,' lv. 16; or in this sentence, 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me,' cxvi. 3.

After the use of the word 'hell' the three archaisms most liable to be misunderstood are probably, as Dr. Driver points out, *health*, *wholesome*, and *worship*. The word 'health' is in most cases a translation of the Hebrew word commonly rendered 'salvation'; but how many English readers can be expected to know that in the following passages, among others, 'health' is the Old English equivalent for 'salvation': 'Thou art so far from my *health*, and from the words of my complaint,' xx. 1; 'in God is my *health*,' lxii. 7; 'the

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voice of joy and *health* is in the dwellings of the righteous,' cxviii. 15; '*health* is far from the ungodly,' cxix. 155? In the same way the word 'wholesome' was frequently used in regard of spiritual experiences where we should now say 'saving,' as in the sentence 'even with the *wholesome* strength of His right hand,' xx. 6; or 'He is the *wholesome* defence of his anointed,' xxviii. 9. The word 'worship' too was often used in the sense of 'glory' or 'honour,' as in the sentences 'to crown him with glory and *worship*,' viii. 5; 'even the *worship* of Jacob, whom He loved,' xlvii. 4; 'His *worship* and strength is in the clouds,' lxviii. 34. Among other archaisms which obscure the sense of the original for the ordinary reader the following may be quoted: 'Thou shalt destroy them that speak *leasing*,' v. 6; 'such as are of a right *conversation*,' xxxvii. 14; 'making *mowes* at me, and ceased not,' xxxv. 15; 'but letteth the *runagates* continue in scarceness,' lxviii. 6; or this sentence from the psalm of our Burial Service, 'Comfort us again *now after the* time that Thou hast plagued us.'

Many instances of mistranslations might be quoted, but in the great majority of cases the sense of the original is not seriously distorted. Still, without spoiling the rhythm and melody of Coverdale's version a large number of passages might be greatly improved. To take but one or two examples, it is a pity that in the 23rd Psalm the beautiful expression 'He refresheth my soul' should be translated 'He shall convert my soul.' In iv. 8 the point of the Psalmist's statement is entirely missed in the Prayer Book version, 'Thou hast put gladness in my heart *since the time* that their corn and wine and oil increased': what he said was, 'Thou hast put gladness in my heart *more than that of* the time when their corn and wine and oil increased.' In xxiv. 6 the reading 'that seek thy face, *O Jacob*,' should almost certainly be, with the Septuagint, Syriac, and Vulgate versions, 'O God of Jacob.' In the splendid description of a thunderstorm in Ps. xxix. the expression 'discovereth the thick bushes' should be, with the Revised Version, 'strippeth the forests bare.' A curious rendering, derived from the Jewish Targum, is found in Ps. xxxvii. 20, 'the enemies of the Lord shall consume as the *fat of lambs*.' The psalmist's simile for the evanescence of the wicked was the singularly graphic and picturesque one, 'the splendour of the meadows,' the flowers of which, in Palestine as in Alpine valleys, so quickly fade and disappear. The beautiful sentence in one of the pilgrim psalms, rendered even more familiar by Mrs. Browning's exquisite poem, 'so He giveth His beloved sleep,' cxxvii. 3, should be rather rendered, 'so He giveth,' or perhaps '*surely* He giveth to His beloved in sleep.' The thought is an anticipation of our Lord's teaching in the Sermon on the Mount and in the parable of the 'seed growing secretly,' that the Heavenly Father's blessing rests on His beloved while they sleep, without effort on their part or anxious care. It would also be well to remove certain legendary expressions

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from the text of the Prayer Book version. Thus, for the word 'unicorn' we should rather read 'wild-ox'; and for the word 'dragons' we should substitute 'jackals' in Ps. xliv. 20, and 'sea-monsters' in Ps. cxlviii. 7.

But however much, from considerations of accuracy and scholarship, the revision of the text of the Prayer Book psalms is to be desired, a far more important matter is the removal of certain psalms from their present position in the ordinary course of public worship. The Psalter is absolutely unique in the devotional literature of the world. It is, as Dean Stanley said, 'a Bible within a Bible, a little Bible in itself.' There is no other book of devotion with which it can be even distantly compared. Neither the *Confessions* of St. Augustine nor the *Imitatio Christi*, nor the *Saint's Rest* of Richard Baxter, nor the *Christian Year* of John Keble can be placed in the same class with it. It is, as Mr. Gladstone well said, 'the highest known treasure-house of individual and personal devotion.'

But the Psalter, while it has become, in a sense that is true of no other religious composition, 'the devotional handbook of the world,' is in its origin a national collection of lyric poetry, composed under various circumstances and covering a period of many centuries. It contains, as Mr. Prothero finely says, 'the whole music of the heart of man, swept by the hand of his Maker. In it are gathered the lyrical burst of his tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrow, the triumph of his victory, the despair of his defeat, the firmness of his confidence, the rapture of his assured hope.' 'The Jewish Psalms, in which is expressed the very spirit of the national life,' wrote a distinguished Nonconformist teacher, 'have furnished the bridal hymn, the battle songs, the pilgrim marches, the penitential prayers, and the public praises of every nation in Christendom since Christendom was born.' It would not therefore be strange if, in so many-sided a collection of Hebrew poetry, written under such diverse circumstances, and dating from such different periods, some of the pieces were found to be unsuitable for public use in a Christian assembly. And this is exactly what turns out to be the case. Indeed it is so abundantly clear, that the Church of England seems to be the only Church in Christendom which regularly goes through the whole of the Psalms in its ordinary services, as distinguished from the services of religious communities. In the preface to his interesting volume, recently published, on *Select Readings from the Psalms for Family and Private Use*, Professor J. B. Mayor writes:

> The American branch of the Church of England gives permission to its ministers to substitute any one of twenty authorised selections instead of the ordinary psalms of the day. Among the Wesleyans I learn that the minister is not bound to the use of any particular psalms. Even the authorised Prayer Book for the United Hebrew Congregation of the British Empire omits nearly half of the Psalms, among them Pss. xxxv., lxix., cix., and cxxxvii.; and Mr. C. G.

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Montefiore, in his very interesting volume for the use of Jewish parents, entitled *The Bible for Home Readers*, omits about thirty psalms, besides curtailing others.

It is, however, with reference to the imprecatory psalms that a change is most urgently needed. That they should have been retained for so long a time as an integral part of Christian worship is one of the strangest anomalies of religious history. Dr. Sanday, as Professor Mayor reminds us, has publicly stated that he finds the repetition of certain psalms a greater burden than the repetition of the Athanasian Creed. It is happily proposed by the majority of the Committee on the Royal Letter of Business that the use of the latter document be no longer compulsory in public worship, but with regard to the imprecatory psalms no such relief is suggested. It was, however, admitted in the *Report of the Lambeth Committee for the Adaptation and Enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer*, published last year, that 'the psalms which are called comminatory are a serious cause of difficulty to many devout and thoughtful persons.' And, partly with reference to the same question, a resolution was proposed by the Dean of Winchester in the Lower House of Convocation last May, and finally accepted—'That a Committee be appointed to consider what changes, if any, are desirable in the Order how the Psalter is appointed to be read.' The psalms to which we refer may well be a cause of difficulty. 'Not even in the wars of Joshua or the song of Deborah,' as Dean Stanley pointed out, 'does the vindictive spirit of the ancient dispensation burn more fiercely than in the imprecations of the 69th, 109th, and 137th Psalms.' What must be the effect on the mind of an intelligent Indian or Japanese, pertinently asks Professor Percy Gardner in a volume of *Essays on Anglican Liberalism* (quoted by Professor Mayor), who, attending the service of an English church, hears the congregation solemnly singing: 'Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let his children be vagabonds and beg their bread; let them seek it also out of desolate places. Set thou an ungodly man to be ruler over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand. Let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion upon his fatherless children'? And this passage does not by any means stand alone. Take the following from the 69th Psalm: 'Let their table be made a snare to take themselves withal: and let the things that should have been for their wealth be unto them an occasion of falling. Let their eyes be blinded, that they see not: and ever bow thou down their backs. . . . Let them fall from one wickedness to another, and not come into Thy righteousness. Let them be wiped out of the book of the living, and not be written among the righteous.' Or these sentences: 'Let death come hastily upon them; and let them go down quick into hell,' lv. 16; 'the righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly,' lviii. 9; 'let hot burning

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coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire and into the pit, that they never rise up again,' cxl. 10; or this truly awful malediction, occurring with startling incongruity at the close of a psalm of singular and touching pathos, 'O daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be that taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones.'

It is no longer possible to explain away these and similar utterances by regarding them as predictions, or as spoken in the name of the nation, or as representing the curses, not of the psalmist, but of the psalmist's enemies. One or other of these explanations may be legitimate in certain passages, but other passages of a similar nature remain, which cannot be so interpreted. The imprecations in the Book of Psalms must be frankly accepted, like the minatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, in their natural and obvious sense. They belong, as Bishop Perowne stated in his commentary on the Book of Psalms, to the Old Dispensation, not to the New; to the spirit of Elijah, not to the spirit of Christ. 'In what light then,' asks the present Dean of Ely, in summing up the question, 'are these utterances to be regarded? They must be viewed,' he says, 'as belonging to the dispensation of the Old Testament; they must be estimated from the standpoint of Law, which was based upon the rule of retaliation and not of the Gospel, which is animated by the principle of Love; they belong to the spirit of Elijah, not of Christ; they are the language of the age which was taught to love its neighbour and hate its enemy.' 'It is impossible,' he adds, 'that such language should be repeated in its old and literal sense by any follower of Him who has bidden us to love our enemies and pray for them that persecute us.' This view of the imprecatory psalms is now generally accepted by the great majority of Old Testament students. Nothing but disservice to the cause of religion can come from attempting to defend, with John Calvin in his commentary, such utterances as the last we quoted from the 137th Psalm. It only leads, as history abundantly demonstrates, to the justification of such deeds as those committed by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon after the siege of Jerusalem, or as the massacre of Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day. 'By what law can you justify this atrocity which you would commit?' asks Henry Morton, the humble minister in *Old Mortality*, of Balfour of Burley. 'If thou art ignorant of it,' replied Burley, 'thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua the son of Nun.' 'Yes,' answered the divine, 'but we live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil and to pray for those who despitefully use us, and persecute us.'

Since, then, the curses of the imprecatory psalms are not only alien to the entire spirit of the New Testament, but are distinctly forbidden by our Lord and His apostles, it may surely be hoped that the public use of them will before long be discontinued in Christian assemblies. The late Father Dolling once told the writer that he

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never allowed 'the cursing psalms' to be sung at St. Agatha's, Landport. We cannot all follow the bold and independent line taken by that intrepid Churchman. But if, as seems probable, the time is not far distant, to which in 1879 the late Bishop Westcott looked forward, when 'unquestionable errors of rendering and form' in the Prayer Book Psalter should be dealt with by competent authority, may it not be reasonably expected that at the same time the imprecatory psalms shall be removed from their present position in the public services of the English Church?

JOHN VAUGHAN.

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'TRUE TEMPERANCE' AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSE: A REPLY

THE article in the June number of this Review, by Mr. Barclay, on 'The Future of the Public-House' is of special interest to Temperance Reformers as an authoritative statement, from an eminent brewer, of the policy of the licensed trade in the near future.

During the past twelve months there has been a marked change in the public utterances of the leaders of 'the Trade.' The widespread support of the Licensing Bill of last year evidently came as a startling surprise to them, revealing the fact that temperance sentiment had made enormous advances, and that many thoughtful persons, who were perhaps not themselves total abstainers, were at last convinced that the national indulgence in alcoholic liquors had become a grave peril to the community. Ever since the significant admission by the representatives of the licensed trade on Lord Peel's Commission, that 'a gigantic evil remained to be remedied,' there has been a quickening of public interest on the subject of the national intemperance. The finding of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration in 1904, that 'the Committee are convinced that the abuse of alcoholic stimulants is a most potent and deadly agent of physical deterioration'; the National Conference on Infantile Mortality in 1906, and the terrible studies of female intemperance, and consequent child suffering, published by Mr. G. R. Sims under the titles of *The Cry of the Children* and *The Black Stain*, have all deepened the interest thus aroused.

It is not too much to say that from every department of social study there has come during the past few years evidence which has amply justified Mr. Balfour's famous utterance in the House of Commons on the 27th of February 1908, that, 'Among all social evils which meet us in every walk of life and sphere of activity, the greatest of all the evils is the evil of intemperance.' Even within the last few months we have also had the impressive judgment of the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission, that 'A great weight of evidence indicates drink as the most potent and universal factor in bringing about pauperism. Some witnesses also indicate gambling

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as a serious and growing cause; but gambling, though it wastes the resources of its victims, does not lead to such physical and moral degradation as drink.' Hence it was that, during the struggle of last year, social reformers, almost without exception, laying aside differences of creed and party, united in hearty support of the Government Licensing Bill. The strength of this public feeling led to the placing on the Statute Book of the national judgment that alcoholic liquors were injurious to the young life of the nation, and must be prohibited (Children Act, sec. 119); and also that the drinking-bar of the public-house was an unfit place for children under fourteen years of age (sec. 120). The importance of these enactments, passed with the unanimous consent of the House of Lords, can hardly be over-rated. Well might a leading Trade organ, *The Brewers' Gazette*, write (17th of December 1908): 'The debates and the voluminous discussions which the Licensing Bill has evoked in the press surely teach us that there is a widespread feeling abroad that all is not right with the licensed trade, and that feeling will have to be not only recognised but reckoned with by the Legislature.' Not only had the dissatisfaction of large classes of the community with the Trade become too vocal to pass unheeded, but there was also the more threatening danger of an increasing fall in the consumption of intoxicating liquors throughout the country. To some extent this might be attributed to bad trade; but even as long ago as the 11th of May 1905 *The Country Brewers' Gazette* wrote: 'This continuous decline in the production of beer and its constantly increasing ratio cannot, *we are afraid*, be entirely accounted for by the depression in the general trade of the country. . . . Changed modes of life are gradually transforming the habits of the people.' Perhaps even to-day, as the Trade representatives wrote in 1899, 'the zealous labour of countless workers in the Temperance cause counts for much.' But whatever be the cause, the Trade finds itself face to face with a decreasing demand—a fall of more than three and a half million standard barrels of beer, and of over eight and a quarter million proof gallons of spirits, since 1899-1900 (*Brewing Trade Review*, April 1909). It must, however, be borne in mind, as Mr. Herbert Samuel recently pointed out, that 'that decline followed a great increase, and, as a matter of fact, the consumption now per head of the population is practically the same as it was twenty years ago.' A falling consumption; an official declaration by King, Lords and Commons that alcoholic liquors are not a food, but a poison to (at any rate) the child-life of the nation; a public-house discredited by the same high authorities as a place of resort for that rising generation to whom the Trade has ever looked to keep up the consumption of liquor—these were all matters to cause grave uneasiness to the licensed Trade, which has been financed on the assumption that the National Drink Bill will increase, or at any rate will certainly not diminish; in

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other words, which depends for prosperity, and, in the case of many brewery companies, for very existence, on the intemperate drinking of the working classes.

Here I am met by Mr. Barclay's declaration that 'anything that will reduce drunkenness and improve the status of the public-house is directly to our pecuniary advantage' (p. 994).

It is, of course, obvious that brewers do not desire their licensees to imperil their licences by convictions for permitting drunkenness; but I hope I do not do Mr. Barclay an injustice when I say that by 'drunkenness' he means the police offence bearing that name, and does not use the term as synonymous with the word 'intemperance.' I agree that a 'drunken' man may possibly bring the licensee within the grasp of the law, and—a much more serious practical risk—may drive away the steady drinking customers from the house; but the excessive drinking in this country which results in 'police drunkenness' is as nothing compared with the habitual excess of men and women who never find themselves before the magistrates. Few persons outside 'the Trade' have any conception of the large quantities of liquor consumed by thousands of persons who are habitual drinkers. At present the average consumption of beer (to say nothing of spirits) per adult of eighteen years old and upwards is one gallon per week, and when we bear in mind that there is a very considerable number of avowed abstainers in this country of both sexes, and that, in addition, a very large number of women and many men are practically abstainers from beer, and a much larger number abstainers from spirits, it is clear that the consumption (and expenditure) of the persons who habitually drink alcoholic liquors is much greater than the average figure just mentioned. This is almost certainly the case in all our large cities. Liverpool, for example, according to the evidence of Dr. Hope, the Medical Officer of Health, when before the Arsenical Poisoning Commission in 1901, had a beer consumption approximating to 750,000 gallons per week, or approximately a gallon per week per man, woman and child. 'It is,' he said, 'an enormous consumption'; and in answer to Lord Kelvin's remark that 'it seems to indicate two or three or four gallons a week being consumed by heavy drinkers,' Dr. Hope replied, 'Yes; quite that, or even more.' He also stated that the 'calculation had not been questioned by those who might question it if it were inaccurate.'

Dr. Hope, in his Annual Report for 1906, also wrote: 'A vast amount of poverty and misery are caused by the great waste of money in drink. For example, in one limited area, the main characteristic of which was its extreme squalor, a sum of approximately 5000*l.* was annually expended in drink in three public-houses alone.'

In Manchester and Salford it was officially stated that the beer production, which in the month of November 1899 amounted to 4,900,000 gallons, had fallen by the month of November 1900 to

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3,955,000, or nearly 1,000,000 gallons, and there was no suggestion that the working-class community suffered in the least by this reduction of 20 per cent. The Medical Officer for Salford, reporting on 150 special cases of arsenical poisoning, said that 97 of these patients admittedly drank more than one quart a day, and 53 of them actually owned to drinking more than half a gallon a day, in one case going up to sixteen pints (i.e. two gallons) regularly drunk. Dr. Niven, Medical Officer for Manchester, gave similar evidence, saying 'I think that a great many people drink enormous quantities of beer.' Testimony to the same effect comes from Birmingham. Dr. Robertson, the Medical Officer of Health, after lengthy investigation, in 1904, into the social conditions of a typical slum area, well known locally as 'the Floodgate Street area,' as to which the present writer gave evidence before the local justices, issued a special report, from which the following extracts are taken :

> We found a large number of skilled artisans who admitted receiving good wages, and who were apparently living in conditions of poverty from drink, gambling, and other unnecessary expenditure.
>
> A large number of men and women in the area soak themselves with drink every day, thereby ruining their constitutions, bringing on poverty, and indirectly causing most unhealthy conditions. . . . The drink question has a public health aspect of the greatest importance.

An interesting light is thrown on 'the Trade' standards of 'moderate drinking' by the following extract from *The Brewing Trade Review* of the 1st of October 1894, which, in an article discussing drunkenness in breweries, recommended 'half a gallon per day as a reasonable amount, given out a pint at a time at stated hours.' The amount is rather startling as an example of moderation, being more than three times the average consumption ; but it was evidently mentioned by the editor as a strictly dietetic dose, for he goes on to say : 'If this principle were carried out we should find our brewery workmen generally smarter and more intelligent, for *constant beer-soaking, even though it may not reach the stage of drunkenness, cannot fail in time to deaden the intellect* and induce that chronic state of drowsiness characteristic of some of our workpeople.' The term 'drunkenness,' then, according to the official Trade standard, does not apply to 'beer-soaking,' even when 'it deadens the intellect and induces a chronic state of drowsiness.' It is upon that class of constant 'beer-soaking' which temperance reformers, other than brewers, term 'intemperance' that the Trade must rely for its profits ; for Mr. Barclay will, I am sure, readily admit that if the present consumption of beer and spirits was reduced by one-third—an amount admittedly in excess of the proper and reasonable requirements of those who drink—the great majority of brewing companies would find it impossible to pay any dividends on their ordinary, and probably on their preference, shares.

'The Trade' has, therefore, two dangers to face :

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First: The growing alarm of the community at the menace of intemperance to the national well-being.

Second: The necessity for maintaining the consumption of intoxicating liquors at its present high figure.

To ignore the first was to court a measure of drastic licensing reform, imposed with the consent of the nation. To ignore the second was to court financial disaster in the near future. The problem was to find a policy which would safeguard the Trade against both these perils; which would, on the one hand, disarm the adverse criticism which prevails, and would yet, on the other hand, ensure a consumption not less than at present.

The leaders of 'the Trade' have not been unequal to the situation. They have come forward with the proposal that the Trade should be allowed to try a fresh experiment. They have come to the conclusion, says Mr. Barclay, that 'a new type of house, more suited to present needs, would be of public benefit' (p. 995). This ideal house should be large; the owner should be encouraged to enlarge it; open-air space should be utilised as much as possible; games and music should be provided; singing and entertainments and debates should be encouraged; and women and children should be welcomed. It is also suggested, though not actually proposed, that the hours of opening should be left to the will of the licensee (see p. 1003). The public-house thus 'improved' would be large enough in future to hold not merely the men and women who at present frequent licensed houses for drinking purposes, but also the men and women—especially the young men and women—who at present do not use them, but may be induced to do so by the attractions provided. Of course, no one will in future get drunk; but the old steady customers will not drink less than at present, and many of the new recruits will learn to drink. To adapt a popular phrase, the Trade will broaden the basis of drinking, and though it is contended that fewer persons will drink very heavily, a much greater number of persons will drink than do so at present.

It is on this policy that I desire to offer a few criticisms, but before doing so it may be interesting to note the way in which the new policy has been developed.

The first step was taken in June last year, when a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. W. W. Rutherford, and backed (*inter alios*) by Mr. Gretton, Colonel Hall-Walker, and Mr. John Rutherford, the eminent brewers, entitled 'The Public-houses (Extension of Facilities) Bill.' The measure consisted of only one clause, preventing the licensing justices from exercising their existing control so as to interfere with alterations or extensions by the licensee (really the brewer) of his licensed premises, when such alterations or extensions were ostensibly for the provision of additional accommodation for supplying food, for sanitary purposes, or for the provision of games, newspapers, music, or gardens. This measure having been dropped

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in the House of Commons, it was introduced by Lord Lamington into the House of Lords, but after a second-reading debate it was abandoned in view of the pending discussion of the Licensing Bill.

The next step was the issue of a pamphlet by Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, author of various books in defence of 'the Trade,' entitled *The Policy of Licensing Justices*. This brochure, on the plea of 'real temperance' —Mr. Barclay's 'true temperance' (p. 995)—unsparingly attacked the policy of all known temperance organisations; it exonerated the Trade from the responsibility for the existing drunkenness, and laid the blame entirely on the justices and the drunkard; and it advocated in express terms Lord Lamington's Bill. This pamphlet has been very widely circulated among the justices. Vigorous pleas for the adoption of the new policy, under such headings as 'The Fight for Freedom,' then appeared in the Trade papers, and prominent Trade representatives expressed their concurrence.

Following modern precedents, the promoters of the new policy next proceeded to form a society, under the title of 'The True Temperance Association,' which held its inaugural meeting a few weeks ago, under the presidency of Lord Halsbury, who was supported on the platform by, amongst others, Mr. Edwyn Barclay himself. The phrase 'true temperance' is very familiar to readers of Trade literature and speeches. As far back as the year 1895 the Board of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society issued an appeal to the clergy, in which they stated, 'with *true temperance* we have no quarrel, but would willingly join in any well-devised scheme for the suppression of drunkenness and other excesses which unfortunately hang upon the outskirts of our business.' Last year the National Trade Defence Association protested against the Licensing Bill as not being calculated to 'advance in any way the cause of *true temperance*'; and a similar resolution of the Brewers' Society made use of the phrase 'the interests of *true temperance*.'

Some of the avowed 'aims' of this new Association are worthy of a little consideration. The first is to create a 'healthy and reasonable public opinion on the subject of temperance in drinking.' Lord Salisbury, a speaker at the inaugural meeting, denounced drunkenness as 'a great public evil and an evil to the prosperity of the country,' but urged that 'temperate drinking was all right'—a view in which he will find the leaders of medical science in all countries almost unanimously against him. The third aim is 'to promote fairness, justice and common-sense in dealing with the problem of intemperance.' No. 2 of the 'True Temperance Pamphlets,' a sermon by a clergyman, exhibits this conspicuous moderation in the following sentences:

> Every year something like a quarter of a million of money is spent for the purpose of circulating incorrect statements, untrue libels and the twisting of statistics. . . . I have worked among criminals in the slums of a large town.

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The favourite drink was invariably cocoa—one might argue, so much cocoa so much crime. . . . To study (*sic*) the epidemic of subsidised falsehood and unfairness, to steady public opinion and direct it on the true object of temperance, this True Temperance Association has been formed.

Standards of moderation in language differ as do standards of moderation in drinking; that in the 'True Temperance' clergyman is 'but a choleric word' which, in the teetotal advocate is 'flat blasphemy.'

The sixth aim is one which deals with a subject in which Mr. Barclay has recently declared himself to be greatly interested—the food-value of alcoholic beverages; but it is interesting to note the ingenious way in which the real question at issue is evaded. The words used are: 'To promote inquiry into the physiological effects *of the componen parts* of alcoholic beverages.' The investigation is not to touch the physiological effects *of alcoholic beverages*, as Sir Victor Horsley, Dr. Sturge, Dr. Sims Woodhead, and Professor Kraepelin and others have investigated them, but simply to certify as to the food-values of the ingredients, entirely regardless of the changes brought about by fermentation. The inquiry is, however, needless, as the pamphlet quoted above dogmatically declares that 'Beer is food. It is barley water *plus* hops or other bitter tonic, with a small percentage of alcohol. On bread, cheese and beer man will keep fit for a time. Will he long continue fit on bread, cheese and water?'

One of the promoters of the Public-houses (Extension of Facilities) Bill, Colonel Hall-Walker, M.P., has also, in his place in Parliament, declared beer to be 'liquid bread,' and the President, the Earl of Halsbury, in the House of Lords, has also stated that alcoholic liquor 'is one of the important foods of the people.' Mr. Edwin Pratt goes even further than this, asserting that 'English beers now contain, as a rule, so small a percentage of alcohol that they may already count as, practically, temperance beverages.' Inquiry really seems unnecessary when the new Association has already come to a decision after the manner of the Jedburgh justices. I may, however, call the Association's attention to the new Syllabus of the Board of Education, issued since Mr. Barclay's article appeared, where, speaking of the food-value of beer, the Board says:

It is true that there is a certain amount of nourishment in beer. There is, for example, a little sugar, and there is a small quantity of the food-substance found in meat. To obtain enough food from beer really to benefit the body, however, it would be necessary to take an extremely large quantity. For this reason the good that might be done by the nourishing part of the beer would be more than counterbalanced by the harm done by the alcohol contained in so large a quantity of beer. This is one important reason for not taking beer as a food. Another is the expense, for even if no harm were done by the amount of beer which it would be necessary to drink, the cost of such a meal would be far greater than the cost of an equal amount of nourishment taken in the form of ordinary food. For these two reasons, therefore, beer cannot be considered to be one of the 'foods' which the body requires.

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I have, however, omitted any reference to the second 'aim,' which discloses the real object of the Association. It is 'to encourage the development of the public-house in the direction of making it in the best sense a place for the present-day social needs of the people, and to help *in the removal of all legislative and administrative hindrances to such developments*'; in other words, to support a measure on the lines of the Bill of the liquor trade noticed above.

The main objects of this 'True Temperance' Association are, then, first, to encourage national family moderate drinking, and, secondly, to promote the passing of a Bill for depriving the justices of their control over licensed premises, and for giving to the Trade an absolutely free hand to alter or enlarge their licensed houses at their will.

I desire to criticise the new policy very briefly under three headings:

(1) Is this policy desirable in the interests of temperance?

(2) Is it safe to trust the Trade with the extensive powers asked for?

(3) Is the policy as sketched out a practicable one?

First, Is the policy desirable in the interests of temperance?

The nation stands to-day, as it did in 1899, face to face with the fact that, even in the official opinion of 'the Trade,' 'a gigantic evil remains to be remedied,' for Mr. W. Waters Butler, the chairman of the Brewers' Society in 1908, admitted in a public debate with the present writer a few months ago that the statement made in 1899 was still true. That gigantic evil can only be lessened by a great reduction in the consumption of liquor. Such a reduction is not likely to come about to any large extent by increased temperance among confirmed drinkers—whether 'drunkards' or not; it must be attained by preventing the rising generation from becoming habituated to the use of intoxicants. No one denies that it is undesirable for young persons to drink. Is it wise for the State to sanction by its legislative action the association with the sale of liquor of amusements which appeal so strongly to young people, and by its action practically to issue invitations to come within the sphere of influence of liquor to young persons who in many cases would never dream, under present conditions, of going upon licensed premises? Is it not time to do away with the idea that amusement is only possible when accompanied by liquor drinking? The present association of music with the public-house is not satisfactory. The public-house degrades the music more than the music refines the customer. The Majority and Minority Reports of Lord Peel's Commission both agree in saying that no public music or dancing should be allowed on licensed premises without a licence from the licensing justices; Lord Lamington's Bill would destroy that control. Nor does it seem very desirable to encourage gambling among our young people; and yet Mr. Pratt, in his *Policy of Licensing Justices*, expressly states that as long as the present gaming provisions of the Act of 1872 'are remorselessly enforced the ideal public-house, as a place of entertainment on "re-

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form" lines, can hardly be realised,' and he considers that 'games which are obviously, or, as a matter of reasonable assumption, played for the purposes of recreation only and not for gain, should be allowable, even although the players may have a small stake upon the result' (p. 76). What is 'a small stake' to a man of business might be something very different to the office boy just learning to sip his beer and desiring to 'be a man.'

Alderman E. Johnson, chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society (the *Trade Paper*, January 1909), agrees with Mr. Pratt, and he goes even further, and requires the repeal of the section of the Children's Act excluding children from drinking bars—a very significant pronouncement, and one which should make Social Reformers pause before they give in their adhesion to the new policy. It is, of course, incorrect to say that games are not allowed on licensed premises. Baccarat is not, and there are other illegal games; but most games are allowed, unless they are played for money or money's worth, so that Mr. Balfour was wrong in saying that people could not play dominoes in the public-house. Lord Lamington's Bill would sanction any kind of game.

What we desire, says the Trade, is the establishment of the Continental café system in the United Kingdom. 'It is to be remarked,' says Mr. Barclay (p. 1003), 'that in most countries the liberty permitted as to the hours of opening, and as to the type of building, and as to the entertainment offered, is very different indeed from our methods of constant restrictions and magisterial control. This is, no doubt, why the two systems have worked out so differently,' and the 'Memorandum' to 'the Trade' Bill contrasts the number of convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales with the extremely small number in France.

Mr. Barclay evidently thinks, and intends his readers to think, that the advantage is on the side of the countries which have the café system: but is this really so? For answer, I turn to the February number of the *Brewing Trade Review*, 'the official organ of the Brewers' Society,' where (p. 81) under a heading in large type, 'The United Kingdom pre-eminent among the nations for sobriety,' there is reprinted a 'thoughtful and excellent letter' from Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, ex-M.P. for the Truro Division. In this letter Sir E. Durning-Lawrence gives an interesting table (taken apparently from the official *Brewers' Almanack* for 1909) showing the average annual consumption of alcohol (reduced to proof spirit) among the nations during the years 1901–5 as follows:—

1. France	9·69	6. Portugal	4·27
2. Italy	6·53	7. Germany	4·19
3. Belgium	5·44	8. Denmark	4·18
4. Switzerland	5·42	9. Austria	3·71
5. Spain	4·62	10. United Kingdom	3·42

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'The above,' says the writer, 'are the latest figures available, and being taken from the Government return are indisputable. It is not possible, therefore, that any other figures can be quoted excepting only through ignorance or for purpose of deception.' As if the figures were not sufficient to prove his case, Sir E. Durning-Lawrence proceeds :

No one acquainted with the facts can fail to feel proud of the comparative sobriety of our country as compared with other nations, especially with France, which consumes not much less than three times as much alcohol per head, and with Germany, which consumes almost exactly one and a quarter times as much alcohol per head. I have myself seen more drunken people in a day in an Austrian town than I have seen elsewhere in my whole life, and I was told that on that particular Sunday every man got drunk, and really such appeared to be the fact. We must also remember that in Germany, drinking contests are still publicly encouraged by the highest authorities. It was at one time hoped that Bismarck would not continue to lend his countenance to such disgraceful proceedings, but these hopes were disappointed. And only a few years ago a student succeeded in drinking in a single night nine gallons of beer, and by so doing was almost universally, and certainly in the highest quarters, considered to have gained glory for himself, and conferred distinction upon his friends. Thank God, in this country we are beginning to see that it is not glorious to consume large quantities of alcoholic liquor, and we are trying to put down drunkenness in a way that sets a brilliant example to neighbouring nations—an example which no doubt in time they will have the good sense to follow, so as to diminish the drunkenness of France and the drunkenness of Germany, which is to-day so greatly in excess of the drunkenness of the United Kingdom, where we rejoice to realize that enormous progress has already been made in sobriety, however strongly we may feel that much still remains to be accomplished.

If further testimony were needed as to the failure of the continental system to promote 'true temperance' as estimated by the amount of alcohol consumed, I may quote the statement of the French Government, cited by the Earl of Carlisle in the debate on Lord Lamington's Bill in the House of Lords, last year. The French Government, in 1905, said in the official volume which corresponds to our *Judicial Statistics*, that :—

Everything points to the belief, in fact, that a mere fraction of those who ought to be prosecuted fall into the clutches of the law against drunkenness. In Brittany, especially, proceedings against drunkenness ought to be counted by thousands. In this region people are so constantly seen under the influence of drink that the authorities do not intervene except the offenders are in a condition which prevents them from moving or which causes public scandal.

It may also be noted that the most lurid picture of alcoholism ever drawn by the most extreme teetotaller is surpassed by the descriptions in Zola's *L'Assommoir*, and that in a country where, it is said, drunkenness does not exist.

So deeply impressed was the French Government with the spread of intemperance that it took the unprecedented step of issuing a Government proclamation against alcoholism, specially warning the people against 'the habitual use of alcohol even when this is not

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taken in amounts sufficient to produce drunkenness.' 'The Trade' was, however, strong enough to force the Government to withdraw the notice.

The rapid growth of the German Temperance Societies points also to the public uneasiness at the increase of drinking in Germany. An eminent doctor, not a teetotaller, said to Lord Carlisle :—

> The real fact is that our people can consume a great deal more drink, because in the past our people have been so poor and frugal that their constitutions can bear it; but owing to the great commercial prosperity that has fallen upon us lately, our people are drinking a great deal too much, and in a generation or two they will be as bad as yours.[1]

Was it not Von Moltke who said : 'Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France.'

The testimony from Belgium is to the same effect. Even if we ignore, as Mr. Barclay does, the differences of climate, of temperament, and of custom, it does not seem probable that temperance, as measured by a reduced consumption of alcohol, would be promoted by the introduction of the continental system into this country.

The second question is : 'Is it safe to trust the Trade with the extensive powers asked for ?'

In the year 1894 the *Brewers' Journal*—a leading organ of the Trade—stated that of the 120,000 licensed houses in the country probably 90 per cent. were held by brewers. In 1907 Mr. Edwin Pratt (*Licensed Trade*, p. 93) placed the figure at 92 to 94 per cent. During the past fifteen years, therefore, and probably for a much longer period, almost the whole of the agencies licensed for the retail sale of liquor in England and Wales have been controlled by the Brewers. In 1895, as I have said, the Licensed Trade, having before it the prospect of Sir William Harcourt's Local Veto Bill, told the clergy that it 'would willingly join in any well-devised scheme for the suppression of drunkenness and other excesses which unfortunately hang upon the outskirts of our business.' Fourteen years have elapsed, and what do we find ? Mr. Barclay says (p. 994) that : 'The present state of the public-house is in various ways unsatisfactory to all concerned ;' and that, 'there has been little improvement in the last fifty years' (p. 995). Confessions of failure in the past are not the surest guarantees for success in the future. The brewers have, for at any rate the last fifteen years, had it in their hands to remove many of the more powerful incentives to intemperance by the simple expression of their will to their managers, mortgagors, and tenants, but they have done no such thing. They might, *e.g.*, have practically put a stop to early morning spirit-drinking amongst working men ; and yet only last year the present writer opposed an application by a large firm of brewers in the Midlands, whose members hold high office in the Brewers'

[1] Debate in House of Lords as above.

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Society, for the removal of a spirit-licence from an existing public-house to a beer-house situated exactly in the centre of an almost exclusively manufacturing district, where several thousands of workmen were employed. The applicant stated that the licence was required for an early morning trade in spirits; and the amount of trade which was hoped for may be measured by the fact that, for this privilege alone, the brewers were willing to surrender the full licence intended to be transferred and two other (presumably) valuable on-licences, so that they evidently contemplated an enormous sale during the course of the working day. There was no suggestion of a local demand for the licence. The chairman, Mr. Alexander M. Chance, a large employer, denounced the practice of early morning drinking, and the application was opposed by firms employing 3000 men, and was refused. The application, and it is only a typical one, was a curious illustration of the desire of the leaders of the Trade to promote 'true temperance.'

The brewers again might have put a stop to much of the drinking amongst women, and could certainly have excluded young children, but though in some districts pious opinions were in the past expressed, no effective action was ever taken, and attempts are even now being made to evade the Children's Act. They might also have anticipated the recent action of the New Zealand brewers, and raised the age limit so as to keep young lads and lasses under twenty, at the most perilous period of their lives, from the exciting and control-destroying dangers of alcohol; but they have not done this, and, in not a few cases, have catered for these young people. They might have put a stop to the temptations to secret drinking afforded by the side and back door: they have not done so. Instead of encouraging reforms, the Trade has consistently and determinedly opposed them. When every party in the State had agreed to shut out the children from the drinking-bar, the Trade members opposed the clause, and, on its becoming law, the *Licensing World*, the official organ of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society, waxed very scornful at the expense of our 'sapient legislators,' and the Trade members who sympathise with the 'True Temperance' Association insist on the repeal of the section. Up to the eve of the introduction of the Licensing Bill their view was that further reforms were unnecessary. In its official defence, 'The Case for the Trade,' the writers say: 'There is nothing in the present state of the licensing laws calling for interference in the public interests. . . . The existing regulations have been found perfectly sufficient for the purpose for which they were intended. . . . *The system should be left alone, the public interests being well protected.*'

The public interests being 'well protected' in 1908, is it indelicate to inquire in whose interests the suggested changes are now to be made?

I do not propose to follow Mr. Barclay in his defence of the Tied House system beyond saying that if the working men of this country

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are agreed on any one subject it is that the Tied House system should be abolished : and the ground invariably given is the harsh treatment of the licensees by the brewers. Mr. Barclay says 'of course, brewery companies like tenants who increase the trade of their houses' (p. 999), and it is equally true that they dislike tenants and managers who do not increase, or, at any rate, maintain the trade in their houses. It is this fact which accounts for the enormous number of transfers of licences every year. In Birmingham a detailed examination made last year by the writer showed that during the years 1905–7 over 1,800 transfers took place in a mean number of 2000 licensed houses. Of the 1,800 licensees who transferred their licences in the three years, more than 1200 were in 1908 no longer employed in licensed houses in the city of Birmingham. Some may have gone to houses outside the city, but the Trade, though repeatedly challenged to say how many, declined to give any information, so that the number may be presumed to be small. So great is the leakage in the Birmingham trade that no fewer than 600 persons came into the Trade during the three years from other occupations. Why is it that in Birmingham, for example, 55 per cent. of the on-licences changed hands at least once in the three years, and 25 per cent. more than once ? The brewers impress upon us continually that the licensees are selected with the utmost care, and have, they say, to pass a moral examination which would test even a bishop, and yet the men do not stop. Are the brewers almost invariably mistaken in their estimates of the characters of their candidates ; or is the nature of 'the Trade' such that a few months' connexion with it is fatal to the moral integrity of the licensees ? As this surely cannot be the true view, we are driven to conclude that in a large number of cases the man goes out because he cannot keep up his returns without resorting to practices, which either are against his principles, or will bring him into conflict with the police. I have not yet come across a case where the brewer has accepted, as a reason for diminished returns, the statement of the licensee that he has been refusing to serve men whom he knew to be drinking to such an extent as to deprive their families of the necessaries of life. The plain fact is that the brewer bought the licensed house that he might sell his beer in it, and the sale of beer must always be his principal reason for holding the house. It is the interest of the Trade to sell the largest possible amount of liquor : it is the interest of the community that the consumption of liquor shall be greatly reduced. The powers claimed will increase the brewers' facilities for selling liquor, and decrease the community's chance of reducing the consumption. Human nature being what it is, and the necessity laid upon this already over-capitalised Trade to pay dividends being so pressing, it does not seem wise to put its members in a position where their material interests conflict so strongly with their moral obligations ; especially when the history of the Trade shows conclusively that the pressure of such

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material interests has in the past been so great as to compel the members of the Trade to forego reforms which as citizens, actuated by the highest desire for the national well-being, they must have earnestly wished to bring about.

Thirdly.—'Is the policy as sketched out by Mr. Barclay practicable?'

'If we are to have more public-houses . . . more money will have to be invested in them,' says Mr. Barclay (p. 1004).

There are at present over 90,000 on-licences in England and Wales. When the Licensing Bill proposed to close about one-third of these, it was strongly urged that the number was so large as to touch many excellent houses, so we may safely assume that at least 60,000 houses will stand to benefit by this new policy. Thousands of these are in our large cities: thousands are so situated as to be practically incapable of alteration or extension except at enormous cost. If there is any virtue in the scheme it is one which should be immediately applied in the poorer working-class districts by preference, as they have fewest places of recreation. The difficulties—to say nothing of the cost—are enormous. Lord Lamington admits this, saying 'The enlargement of premises is a difficult matter in large cities and towns,' and he also agrees that 'the expense of alterations and improvements is very great.' The capital required by the brewing companies would be enormous and most difficult to raise. Mr. Barclay appreciates this point, for he says 'more money will have to be invested in them. Consequently licences should not be taken away for merely *technical* offences:' a line of argument which will again make Social Reformers pause.

But assuming that the brewery companies can raise the sums required, how do they propose to pay a dividend on the additional capital? 'Catering in refreshments *other than intoxicants*,' says Lord Lamington, 'is not very remunerative except in the case of large central depots or of firms having many retail branches;' and the experience of the various Public-House Trust Companies shows that where refreshments compete with alcohol in licensed houses frequented by the working classes the refreshments are not the gainers.

Take, for example, the following recent reports of Public-House Trust Companies:—

			Bar	Restaurant
			£	£
Auchterderran	(1907)	half-year . .	1158	86
Bowhill	do.	do. . .	1158	85
Cowdenbeath	(1908)	year . . .	5459	176
Kelty	do.	do. . . .	4446	235

'O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.'

The necessary return will not be made on non-intoxicants. In that department the Trade has no monopoly, and must face very keen competition by large companies with a special knowledge and ex-

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perience to which the Licensed Trade naturally cannot lay claim. As the *Brewers' Gazette* recently pointed out, the Licensed Victualler has been 'unconscious of the new social conditions that were springing up all around him, and so has neglected to take advantage of the remunerative opportunities which these new conditions brought within his grasp.' The Trade has to face competitors whose businesses are not loaded with enormous burdens of capital created to purchase licensed houses at exorbitant figures. The English brewer goes into the catering trade with a load on his back, which neither his English competitors nor his continental confrère has to bear, for on the Continent there is free trade in alcoholic liquors, and consequently there are no monopoly values to be paid for as at home. If the brewer is to get a fair return on his money it is essential that he sell liquor rather than refreshments, for on the former he gets the wholesale, as well as the greater part of the retail profit, while on the latter he can only get a retail profit at a considerably increased cost of distribution owing to the necessity for employing many more servants and waiters. It is almost inevitable, under such circumstances, that the more lucrative side of the custom will be developed, and there will be an increasing probability that premises originally intended to be used for the sale of refreshments will gradually be devoted to the sale of intoxicants.

The whole subject of alterations was fully considered by the Licensing Commission, and Lord Peel's Report took a very strong view of the necessity for granting the Justices the control over the structure. Evidence was given of cases where the Justices had sanctioned plans which gave promise of large palatial-looking buildings with coffee-rooms and commercial rooms, and subsequently the licence-holder, having obtained his licence, enclosed these rooms and used all the accommodation to establish a long drinking bar. The Minority Report concluded as follows: 'It is of the utmost importance that the licensing authority should exercise the strictest control over any alterations, external or internal.' And the Majority Report also recommended that: 'As to rebuilding and alteration of premises, the custom of submitting plans should be made statutory.' This was, in fact, done by Section XI. of the Licensing Act of 1902, passed by the late Unionist Government, which gives complete control to the Justices. Now it is proposed to destroy that control, for, as the Lord Chancellor pointed out in debate 'Any publican could claim practically any extension of his premises, and when he had got it there is nothing in the Bill to prevent him using it for the sale of liquor.'

Lord Lamington in reply contended that the Justices could refuse a renewal in such a case, but on the Chancellor pointing out that the Licensing Act of 1904 had taken away that power, Lord Lamington made the significant remark: 'If a publican provides small tables and chairs, and, instead of serving tea, serves a glass of beer, I cannot

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see that any great harm is done'; nor probably would the brewer—that is the root of the whole matter.

Universal experience has justified Temperance Reformers in regarding restriction of facilities for drinking as the only effective way of reducing the consumption of liquor and the resulting intemperance.

Universal experience has also shown that inasmuch as the financial interests of the Licensed Trade are necessarily opposed to the social interests of the community, it is wise to view with the utmost suspicion a policy which has for its object a measure that, in Lord Lytton's words, 'will paralyse altogether the action of the Magistrates and relieve them entirely of their discretion in the matter of sanctioning or refusing to sanction these alterations, and deliver them over bound hand and foot to the mercy of the Trade.'

GEORGE B. WILSON.

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DECENTRALISATION OF GOVERNMENT IN INDIA

II

In a previous article on this subject[1] it was mentioned that there was one Department of our Indian administration which is the object of much criticism, but into the working of which the Commission were not empowered to inquire, as it affects the relations between the Government of India and the Secretary of State. This is the Store Department of the India Office. In 1906 a Special Committee was appointed to examine into the methods of this Department, and it has, apparently, at last obtained orders on its Report, the gist of which was published not long ago in the Indian Press.

It may at once be stated that the Department has been well administered by its able head, Mr. E. G. Burls, C.S.I. (who has just retired) and his efficient staff, and that its drawbacks are merely the inevitable results of an antiquated and dilatory system. The Department sends out to India yearly about 4,500,000*l.* worth of stores, for which indents have been received from India. The cost of the Department is about 48,000*l.* annually, and to meet this an addition is made to the price of the stores of about 1½ per cent. This is less than would be charged by a house of agency, provided that the Department obtains the trade discount on its purchases, or procures the stores by tender. It is to be hoped that the Report of the Committee gives full information on this head.

Military services, including ordnance, account for about 1,750,000*l.*, and telegraph lines 250,000*l.*, while State railways take about 2,000,000*l.* There thus remains only about 500,000*l.* of stores for all the other public services with which we are particularly concerned. The quality of the stores supplied usually leaves nothing to be desired. It will then naturally be asked, what more can anyone require? The Standing Orders of 1899 lay down that stores of European manufacture can be purchased in India only: (1) when for any reason it may be more economical to do so; (2) when stores indented for from England have not arrived, or when a sudden emergency has arisen, and in either case only if serious inconvenience to the public service would be caused by waiting for the stores from England; and (3) when the articles are perishable. But orders must

[1] May 1909.

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not be given to agents or firms in India for stores to be procured from England, and local purchases of European stores are to be restricted to articles which are actually procurable in India and can be delivered promptly. The Orders also lay down that estimates of requirements must reach the Government of India not later than the 1st of August in the year preceding that for which they are required, and which begins on the 1st of April. The estimates must reach the India Office not later than the 1st of October. An elaborate form of fourteen columns has to be filled up in duplicate and forwarded. The rules appear to have been interpreted with greater rigidity as time went on. Some years ago when it became necessary to supply the offices with typewriters, it was found that the agents of one well-known American kind offered to supply the typewriters in India at the usual price and to keep them in repair for, I think, six months. This common-sense offer and arrangement had to be refused; goods of American make became officially classed with English, and all the typewriters had to be procured by indent in August for the following April, and I think I am correct in saying that no particular kind of typewriter could be indented for; that had to be left to the discretion of the Store Department. Similarly, machinery of a particular kind by a special maker could not be indented for; the makers were to be chosen by the Department. Telegraphic indents were strongly objected to. The cause of the adverse criticisms of the Department is now apparent. The red-tapism that was responsible for making the rules could not realise that the prompt supply of an article was frequently of much greater importance than getting it at a lower price, and officers who were accustomed to a good machine by a particular maker naturally objected to being compelled to take a somewhat similar machine made by somebody else.

The one simple test of the utility of the Department would be to make the use of its services *optional*. The great Municipalities of India are not compelled to employ the Store Department, and I never heard of one that did so voluntarily. During my five years' tenure of the office of President of the Corporation of Madras we rejoiced in our freedom from the crippling incubus of the Department. If we wanted steam road-rollers, or pumps, or water-pipes, or electric apparatus we employed a trustworthy house of agency, and if time pressed the order was telegraphed home, and was completed with promptitude. We never had reason to complain either of the price or of the quality of the articles supplied. It is said that under the new rules about to be promulgated articles of European manufacture may be purchased locally up to a certain money limit when promptitude is of importance. Similar stores may also be included in the contracts for large works given to firms of Indian standing. But the grandmotherly solicitude appears in the admonition

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that 'these modifications are purely experimental and are subject to revision if they result in deterioration of quality or increase of cost to Government.'

Under the rules of the Store Department no such undertaking as the great electrical works at the Cauvery Falls in Mysore could ever be carried out. In that case, when Sir Seshadri Iyer, the statesman Dewan of Mysore, had been convinced of the feasibility of the scheme, he gave *carte blanche* to Major de Lotbinière, R.E., whose services were lent by the Government of India. That officer went to America for electrical apparatus and to Switzerland, I believe, for Pelton wheels, and arranged with his contractors in both countries to erect the entire plant and keep it in efficient working for something like six months before final payment was made. The installation now supplies the Kolar goldfields with power for the stamps and illumination for the mines, and the town of Bangalore has been fitted with an electric lighting installation. It is, of course, possible for the Secretary of State to suspend the rules of the Store Department. This was wholly or partially done during the construction of the great Periyar Dam and connected works in South India, when Colonel Pennycuick, R.E., was empowered to go to England to select the machinery he desired. But anyone who is acquainted with the dilatory routine of official correspondence in such a matter will realise that this is an heroic remedy which is out of the question, save when prolonged delay is of little consequence. Major de Lotbinière is now engaged with similar freedom on a similar undertaking for the Maharaja of Cashmere, where the falls of the river Jhelum are being harnessed for industrial purposes. The archaic character of the *compulsory* rules of the Store Department becomes at once apparent if we can imagine the Secretary of State for the Colonies to require the Dominion of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia to submit to similar conditions in the purchase of their stores!

The Government of Lord Minto when he was Governor-General of Canada could buy their stores, plant, machinery, *et hoc genus omne* wherever they liked. The Government of Lord Minto when he is Governor-General of India can do no such thing. If there can be an apotheosis of Red Tape, it is here.

We must now return to the Decentralisation Commission. An enquiry into the form of Government for the Provinces now under Lieutenant-Governors forms the introduction to Part II. of their Report. The two other Provinces, or Presidencies as they are called, Madras and Bombay, have always been administered by Governors in Council. Until the abolition of the separate armies for those two Provinces the Council consisted of the Governor, who was 'President in Council' (and hence the term 'Presidency'), the Commander-in-Chief, and two members of the Civil Service. The Commander-in-Chief usually voted with the Governor in Civil matters with which

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he was not specially conversant, and as the Governor had a casting vote in cases where the voting was equal, his decision usually prevailed. Lieut.-General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke was the last Commander-in-Chief in Madras, and Lieut.-General C. E. Nairne was the last in Bombay. The separate Presidential armies were abolished in 1895, and the Governor then became liable to be outvoted by his two Civilian colleagues.

The five Provinces of Bengal, Eastern Bengal and Assam, the United Provinces, the Punjab, and Burma, are administered by Lieutenant-Governors alone, while the Central Provinces, the North-West Frontier Province, and Baluchistan are ruled by Chief Commissioners. In the old days, ending with Warren Hastings, there was a President and Governor in Council of Fort William in Bengal. Then followed (1774) Governors-General of Fort William in Bengal, of whom Warren Hastings was the first and Lord William Bentinck the last, with a Council as before. Finally came the Governors-General of India, of whom Lord William Bentinck (1834) was the first. The title of Viceroy was added in 1858, when Lord Canning was Governor-General. The Governor-General in Council continued to administer Bengal until 1854, when Mr. Frederick J. Halliday was appointed the first Lieutenant-Governor. Agra, however, had a 'Governor,' Sir C. T. Metcalfe, in 1834, and the same officer became the first Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces (now called the United Provinces) in 1836, and three Governors-General, Lords Auckland, Ellenborough, and Canning, subsequently for brief periods of a year or so were Lieutenant-Governors themselves of these Provinces in addition to being Governors-General. It was originally intended that the system of administration by a Governor in Council should be applied in the north of India as it had been in the south and west. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1833 for the creation of a Presidency of Agra, and in 1853 for the Province of Bengal, and these Acts have not been repealed, but with the appointment of Lieutenant-Governors they have remained in abeyance.

A large number of witnesses—chiefly non-official—before the Commission were in favour of the substitution of Governors in Council for Lieutenant-Governors to secure continuity of policy and the elimination of undue personal idiosyncrasies and prejudices. Many experienced officials on the other hand preferred the maintenance of the present system, urging that the Lieutenant-Governor was a man of high ability and wide experience, who in some instances had experience of other Provinces and might have been a member of the Viceroy's Council, and that the concentration of power in his hands secured greater promptitude and efficiency than could prevail in Councils, the members of which might be divided in opinion.

At this point it is of interest to recall the most revolutionary change in the Government of India ever proposed by a prominent

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politician in England. In 1858 Mr. Bright proposed—as no one with a regard to the stability of our rule in India would do now—to abolish the Governor-General himself. He contended that 'the power of the Governor-General is too great and the office is too high to be held by the subject of any power whatsoever.' Mr. Bright would not have held this view if he could have foreseen the results of the telegraphic communication with India which he foretold. He would then have witnessed the power of the Viceroy and Governor-General gradually wane and shrink before the expanding and overmastering authority of the Secretary of State, until, as explained above, the nominal ruler of India cannot get a pump for his engineers or a typewriter for his clerks without asking the Secretary of State to buy it for him, and *a fortiori*, if differing from that authority in an important matter of policy can only resign like Lord Curzon, or, whether differing or not, must be content, like Lord Minto, to see serious changes introduced on which his Government have not deliberated and advised. Mr. Bright's objection to the office of Governor-General was also due to the impossibility, in his opinion, that any one man could 'govern twenty nations, speaking twenty different languages, and bind them together into one great and compact empire,' and for this reason he favoured such a measure of decentralisation as the formation of a number of different independent Presidencies, each in direct communication with the Secretary of State. No Secretary of State in these days, however great a glutton for work, could face such a stupendous task, and all authorities past and present save Mr. Bright himself have regarded the controlling and co-ordinating power of the Government of India as vital to our rule in India.

To return to the views of the Commission on the question of the best government for the Provinces. They are of opinion that the Lieutenant-Governors of the larger Provinces are becoming overtaxed and overweighted with the increasing burden of administration in all its branches. The population of Madras and Bombay is less than that of Bengal and the United Provinces. It cannot be supposed that the complex work of administration and government is less in the two latter than in the two former Provinces. From a three years' experience as member of Council in Madras I can testify that the work is incessant and most exacting. '*A fortiori*, therefore,' as the Commission observe, 'Lieutenant-Governors cannot attend to all the work which is supposed to fall upon them, and must delegate to their secretaries—who are often relatively junior officers—the settlement of a variety of matters which in the case of Madras and Bombay would claim the attention of the members of Government.' Among the other advantages of the Council system are to be found a suitable distribution of work, to the relief of the Governor; greater continuity of policy; collective consideration of important matters;

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greater facility in the control and management of the enlarged Legislative Councils; and the elimination of drawbacks pointed out by Sir W. Muir in 1868, such as personal idiosyncrasies involving overzeal in some particular direction, indulgence of crotchets, remissness to grapple with special difficulties, and perhaps the neglect of particular Departments.

Lord Curzon fortified his vigorous criticisms in the House of Lords on Lord Morley's proposed reforms in general, and on this in particular, by a letter to the *Times* in which he insisted upon the opinions expressed in 1868 by Lord Lawrence and other distinguished administrators adverse to the proposal to introduce Governors with Councils into the Provinces governed by Lieutenant-Governors. A writer who signed himself 'Civilian' pointed out that Lord Curzon had omitted to quote the opinions in favour of the proposal expressed on the same occasion by other distinguished administrators. Lord MacDonnell, who will be remembered for his amazing indiscretion in advocating the reversal of the reconstitution of Bengal when Lord Morley's Bill was introduced in the House of Lords, made a controversial point on behalf of Lord Curzon in stating that the high officials who in 1868 were in favour of Governors in Council were thinking of the Madras and Bombay systems and not of a larger Council with a native member as one of its components, such as is now proposed. But the views whether *pro* or *con* which were held forty years ago are insufficient to carry conviction in face of the new problems of the present day. The riddle of the Sphinx presents itself anew for solution in each succeeding generation.

Lord Curzon also referred to the despatch of 1905 in which his Government discussed at length the reconstitution of Bengal, and rejected the alternative of a Governor in Council, and he emphasises the fact that the despatch was unanimously adopted and signed by all the members of his Council. He mentions that one of the signatories, Sir E. N. Baker, at present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, now favours the change. It may be added that another of the signatories of that despatch, namely, the present writer, is also now in favour of taking legal powers to effect the change in any Province where the Government of India consider it to be desirable. The discussion in 1905 was not as to whether in principle the system of administration by a Governor in Council was better or worse than administration by a Lieutenant-Governor, but as to whether a Governor in Council for Bengal was a fitting alternative to the reconstitution of Bengal into a smaller Province and the creation of the new Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. I venture to think that Sir Edward Baker would as cordially support Lord Curzon now in the rejection of that alternative as he did in 1905, and I would assuredly do so myself. The Indian world has moved rapidly since 1905, and the legal provision for gradual change in the direction hinted at by the Government

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of India in their despatch of 1908 and embodied in the Bill presented by Lord Morley in the House of Lords, commends itself to many thoughtful minds who would have hesitated to accept it four years ago. One modified dictum of the despatch of 1905 must still be an essential condition, namely, that the rule, or at least the responsibility, must in the last resort be that of an individual. This is effected by giving the Governor power to override his Council in grave matters.

The criticism on Lord Morley's reforms that presents itself most forcibly to me is that as usual there was too much hurry. It is the fault of the age. Adapting Dante we may say :

The stormy blasts of *Time* with restless fury drive *our* spirits on.

'Why this haste?' Lord Elgin is said to have asked an eager Lieutenant-Governor. 'You forget my five years' term of office, sir,' was the reply. Lord Curzon, if I may say so, was driven by the time-limit hurriedly to undertake and complete the self-imposed task of his twelve reforms, and he left India vibrating with the energy which he had imparted. Lord Kitchener was in a hurry to sweep away the military member of the Viceroy's Council and to concentrate the united authority in himself, an authority he has undoubtedly used to full advantage in bringing the Indian army into a condition of very high efficiency. Mr. Brodrick (now Lord Midleton) was in a hurry to support Lord Kitchener, and would not communicate to the world the opinions which he had invited high authorities to give on this burning controversy. Lord Morley has been in a hurry to press forward certain administrative reforms without waiting for the express deliberations and recommendations of the Government of India, on whom will rest the burden and the responsibility of carrying out the new *régime*. I refer particularly to the power to substitute Governors in Council for Lieutenant-Governors—although I am personally in favour of it—to the abolition of the official majorities in Provincial Legislative Councils, and to the extension of the right of interpellation to supplementary questions of which notice has not been given. The present Government at home have given instances of the same precipitation in introducing the Old Age Pensions Bill without waiting for the Report of the Poor Law Commission and ascertaining the German method of making the pensions contributory, and the Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Church in Wales without waiting for the Report of the Commission on that Church.

Since the remarks above were written Sir E. N. Baker has publicly announced in the Legislative Council that the creation of an Executive Council for Bengal is in his judgment a matter of pressing and urgent necessity. His reasons were thus given :—

When the project enunciated by the Secretary of State shall have been brought into operation—and that will probably be before the next winter session—

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the Legislative Council will have been considerably more than doubled in numbers; it will have been vested with greatly enhanced powers for the discussion of the budget; for initiating debates on subjects of public interest and mportance; for proposing resolutions, and for asking supplementary questions; and it will comprise a substantial majority of non-official members. In these altered conditions it is manifest . . . that the Council sittings will be greatly prolonged. . . . It is also certain that the preparation of work for the Council will occupy double or treble the time that it does at present. Moreover, in view of the fact that there will be a majority of non-officials, who must be convinced and cannot be outvoted by force of numbers, it will be necessary in future to devote much time to preliminary negotiation and private discussions. . . . To anyone who realises the burden of work which devolves on the head of the Bengal Government under present conditions, it will be manifest that the Lieutenant-Governor cannot undertake these additional duties without assistance. . . . The natural and appropriate solution of these difficulties is the creation of an Executive Council. A member of such a Council will be the colleague and not the mouthpiece of the Lieutenant-Governor. Though he will be in primary charge of his own portfolio, he will be required to possess a knowledge of the policy of the Government which no head of a department can acquire; he will share the responsibility for all acts of State in a degree which can never devolve upon a member of the Secretariat; and when it falls to him to announce the decision of Government on any matter, he will be able to speak as one having authority, and not as the scribes. . . . All shades and sections of the [Indian] community have joined in the prayer for an Executive Council in Bengal. In respect of the non-official European public one might have been prepared for more hesitation; yet what do we find? There are five principal English papers published in Calcutta, the *Englishman*, the *Statesman*, the *Daily News*, the *Empire* and *Capital*; and out of these no less than four have voted decisively in favour of a Council: the *Englishman* alone holds out. . . .'

The controversy has now been ended by a useful compromise which—introduced in the Commons—has been accepted by the House of Lords. Bengal is to have an Executive Council at once. If the Government of India desire to create an Executive Council in any other Province they will draft a proclamation to be laid on the table of each House of Parliament for sixty days. If an Address is moved by either House against the proclamation no further action will be taken upon it. Otherwise it will become operative after sixty days.

The next subject discussed by the Commission relates to *Boards of Revenue and Commissioners*. In all the major Provinces, except Bombay, there is a Board of Revenue (or its practical equivalent, a Financial Commissioner) dealing under the Government with all matters relating to revenue administration which can be controlled by an authority at headquarters. In all the major Provinces, except Madras, there are Commissioners of Divisions, who are authorities midway between the Board of Revenue and the officer in charge of a district, who is designated 'Collector' in some Provinces and Deputy-Commissioner in others. A 'district' is an area which in some instances is little more than 1000 square miles in extent. In the Madras Presidency it varies from 3000 square miles to 8000, and there is one which is 15,000 square miles in extent, or twice as large

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as Wales. The main question under discussion was whether both the Board of Revenue and the Divisional Commissioners were necessary in a Province, and if not which of the two should be retained. It is needless to follow the somewhat intricate investigation into this technical question. The general conclusion is that with enlarged executive councils the Boards of Revenue might be absorbed, but that the Divisional Commissioners should remain. The latter should meet periodically for the discussion of important matters, and should be at liberty to make joint representations to their Government. The criticism which I would venture to offer is that there is too great a disposition on the part of the Commission to endeavour to secure uniformity in the system of administrative government, without sufficient regard to the varying conditions of the different Provinces. Even if the Executive Councils of Madras and Bombay are enlarged, and if it has been decided by the Government of India that the time has arrived for the substitution of a Governor in Council for a Lieutenant-Governor in some other Province, it would in my opinion be wise to wait until experience has been obtained of the working of the new organisation before making further drastic changes in the administrative machinery. If a system is bad, change it; if it works faultily, amend it—but don't presume on *a priori* grounds that the machinery is so defective that half of it must be scrapped.

As in other parts of their Report, so in this, the Commission strongly advocate frequent or periodical conferences between the various officers whose duties bring them into frequent official communication with one another, and all who know how necessary to successful administration is the cordial co-operation of all the personalities concerned will endorse this wise advice.

The Commission discuss the suggestion of advisory councils for commissioners and collectors, which was advocated by many non-official witnesses with the patent object of restricting these officers' authority. The suggestion is rejected on the ground that the rural or district boards afford collectors ample opportunities of ascertaining the feeling of the people on any matters of public or local interest, and that both they and the commissioners can, and if they are efficient officers must and do, place themselves in touch with non-officials in all such matters. The final and conclusive reason is also given that advisory councils would have the mischievous effect of hampering the commissioner or the collector in his work of administration. It may briefly be said that any such advisory council would be fatal to efficient rule.

Honorary Magistrates.—There are already many benches of magistrates, usually presided over by a stipendiary, in the Major Provinces. The Commission would extend as far as practicable the system of appointing non-official gentlemen of position and influence to deal with criminal cases, both as a means of relieving the ordinary stipen-

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diary courts, and in order to associate the local gentry with the administration. This recommendation will no doubt be cordially accepted.

Collectors, Deputy Commissioners, and Judges.—On the subject of the appointment of these officers, which is discussed at length in the Report, I will note, and with hearty agreement, only one point. It is that, while promotion should ordinarily be by seniority, the rejection of the unfit should be much more stringently enforced. To this I would add that when it is found that an officer is unfit for the active executive duties of collector or deputy commissioner, it must not be assumed as proven without actual experience that he is unfit to be a useful and capable judge. All officiating service should be taken as a period of probation. The important and responsible duties that rest on members of the Indian Civil Service are so great that the highest efficiency should be maintained, and if an officer is found to be unfit either for executive administration or for the judicial bench, he should either be kept in a subordinate position or be retired on a suitable proportionate pension, which must not be so meagre as to make the Government reluctant to dispense with his services.

Self-government in the Villages.—Throughout the greater part of India the population dwells in villages, varying in size from a hamlet to a town. In parts of Assam, Eastern Bengal, and the West Coast the population is scattered, living in homesteads or small groups of houses. There are two chief kinds of villages. Except in Northern India they are usually inhabited by cultivators, each of whom holds his land from, and pays the assessment thereon direct to, Government. These are known as 'ryotwari' villages. In each of these there is, or there used to be, an hereditary 'headman,' who is responsible for law and order and for the collection of the revenue arising from the land assessment. Each village used to be complete in itself, with the cultivators or farmers as the most important section, and conjointly with them the merchant and moneylender, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the goldsmith, the barber, the washerman, the watchman, and the prædial serfs attached to the land. In Northern India the prevalent type is the landlord or joint proprietary village. Here the revenue used to be assessed in a lump sum on the village as a whole, whilst actually in practice it was distributed among the superior proprietors. These latter own the village building site and allot sites to the tenantry, traders, artisans, &c. The government of the village rested with what we should call a committee, board, or jury, called a 'Panchayat' (from *panch*, meaning 'five') composed of the heads of the more important families. At the present day one or more headmen have been added to conduct business with the Government officials. Though the ancient village autonomy has to a greater or less extent disappeared in most provinces, yet the village remains the nethermost unit in our system of administration. The headman, the accountant or registrar,

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and the watchman or village constable, are paid by Government and are quite indispensable functionaries.

In some provinces the village headman decides petty civil suits and can lock up or put into the village stocks—which are now almost things of the past—low-caste or non-caste offenders for theft or drunkenness. In most of the provinces the village committees—sometimes specially constituted for a combination of two or more villages—are entrusted with funds, or levy a small house tax, to keep the village roads in order, remove rubbish and filth, cleanse and deepen the wells, and clear out the village tank or pond. The villagers have their own ideas of cleanliness and sanitation which do not necessarily accord with ours. Every cultivator desires to keep his own dunghill near his house or hut, and the privy and drainage arrangements are often *nil*. Nevertheless the great diminution in cholera epidemics is almost certainly due to the persistent though still imperfect sanitation and cleansing of towns and villages, and to systematic attention to water supply through a long series of years. Even a small village with only a single bullock-cart for the purpose will get a ton or a ton and a half of refuse removed daily throughout the year, or between 400 and 500 tons per annum, and in the larger villages and the towns the quantity removed is of course vastly greater.

The Commission, while recognising the disintegration of the village system that has unfortunately taken place in some provinces, are of opinion that 'the foundation of any stable edifice which shall associate the people with the administration must be the village.' They think, too, that the scanty success of rural self-government hitherto is mainly due to the fact that we have not built up from the bottom. They desire the development of the village committee system, and, under the guidance of sympathetic officers, would entrust the committees with certain limited powers. Civil and criminal jurisdiction in petty cases might be exercised by them. This would to some extent relieve the regular courts of trifling disputes and save the people from long journeys and legal expenses, for the rules would be extremely simple, and the parties would have to appear in person and not by a lawyer. Simple sanitation in the removal of filth and rubbish, the cleansing of tanks and wells, the repair of the village roads are duties that may be continued or assigned as the case may be. The construction and maintenance of the village school-house, and some limited control over the school in the matter of hours of attendance, holidays, prizes, exemption from fees on account of poverty might be added. The committees might also look after small fuel and fodder reserves, the village pound and the village market. The committees should be judged by general results, and not discouraged by harsh treatment for occasional failures not arising from serious misconduct. They would require both careful watching and steady encouragement. Their funds should be derived from an assignment of a portion of the local

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land cess levied in the village, from special grants for special purposes, from the receipts of cattle pounds and markets, and from small fees in the civil suits. It is obvious that powers like these may with safety be delegated, at any rate experimentally, to certain villages, and would be entirely unsuited to others, and also that the conditions vary not only from province to province, but from district to district in the same province, and from village to village through the same district.

Rural Boards.—These have existed in most provinces since Lord Mayo's time (1871), and they were developed and popularised with a view to training in self-government by the Government of Lord Ripon in 1881. It may be said that in every 'district' there is a head or district rural board, and dependent upon it two or more sub-district rural boards comprising one or more of the administrative divisions of the district. All the rural boards contain a number of non-official members, and the chairman is usually an official; in the case of the district rural board he is almost invariably an official. The sub-district boards have not been altogether a success in every province. The Commission attribute this in the main to the circumscription of their powers and finances. In Madras and Assam, where they have been less hampered, they have done fairly well, and the Commission urge that, just as local self-government must commence in the village with the establishment of the village committee with definite authority and power, so the next step upward must be the establishment of rural boards for areas less than that of the district. The district rural board must, of course, be maintained, and must be possessed of a revenue which will enable it to aid the sub-boards as necessity may require. Sir S. Edgerley would make the district rural board a federal council of delegates for common objects financed by the sub-district boards.

The cardinal principle for this form of administration, the Commission consider, should be that the rural board should control the service for which it pays. The main duties of such boards are the maintenance and improvement of roads and other communications, primary education, hospitals, dispensaries, vaccination, sanitation, veterinary work, construction and maintenance of markets and rest-houses, and the charge of pounds and ferries. They are also liable to expend money on famine relief and on combating plague, cholera, and other epidemics. In Madras and the two Bengals every district rural board has its own engineer to control its public works. In other provinces the engineers belong to the Government staff and their services are paid for by the boards. It seems very desirable that where the work is sufficient to occupy a full-time officer and where duly qualified men can be obtained, each district rural board should have its own engineer. The drawback to the employment of the Government engineers is that they have to serve two nominal masters, the Government and the rural boards, and that they are tempted to regard the Government as the real one.

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The Commission differ on the question whether sub-district boards should possess the duty of school inspection and the promotion and disciplinary control of teachers. Sir F. Lely and Sir S. Edgerley are opposed to the grant of such powers, while the rest of the Commission consider that departmental efficiency must give way to the education of the people in self-government. It is pretty certain that, whatever education in self-government may result from such a system, the education of the boys and girls for whose benefit the schools and the teachers exist, will lamentably suffer. The Commission, however, are willing to concede that there should be additional inspection by Government officers, on the plea that Government should be informed of the character and working of the schools, and be able to interfere if necessary. The two opponents here seem to have the best of the argument, especially when they point out the extravagance of a double system of inspection.

The Commission depart from logical consistency in the matter of the chief hospital of a district, which, they say, should be taken over by Government, because such a hospital serves municipal areas as well as rural, that it treats a number of Government servants, and should serve as a model for the rest of the district. But in that case what becomes of the argument that departmental efficiency must give way to the education of the people in self-government? The logical inference is that the Commission consider it less pernicious to injure or poison the minds of children with bad teaching than the bodies of adults with bad boluses or potions or clumsy operations. But surely, as these latter evil consequences produce immediate personal consequences of a most convincing character, the gain in educational self-government would be far greater in case of a bad hospital than a bad school! On the whole the decision of the Commission appears to be thoroughly sound in the case of the hospital while the logic is bad. In the case of the schools the decision is bad while the logic is good! This is a good illustration of what is said to be the saving grace of the Britisher and the cause of his success—that when it comes to business he drops his logic and betakes himself to common sense! Let us hope that common sense will save the schools.

Light Railways and Tramways.—In Madras a district rural board may levy a limited special cess for this purpose, provided that the tax has been voted for by not less than three-fourths of the members present at a special meeting called for the purpose, and that the resolution has been similarly confirmed after six months and has also been approved by Government. The Tanjore board has in this way created a valuable railway property, and the Kistna board has recently had completed a railway thirty miles in length that promises to be equally successful.

Finance.—The chief source of the revenue of rural boards is a cess, which is usually one anna (*i.e.* $\frac{1}{16}$ of a rupee) on the annual rent value

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of land. The Government give a grant in aid of 25 per cent. Prior to 1906 the rural boards in the United Provinces were so intricately interdependent in financial matters, and also so dependent upon the allocations made by Government, that they were practically without initiative or independence. This system has now happily passed away.

The Commission recommend a radical change to remove the strict control which has hitherto been exercised by Government over rural boards. The effect will be to give the boards power to pass their own budgets subject only to the maintenance of a prescribed minimum balance. This is a change *per saltum* from close dependence to complete independence, and would certainly be unsafe unless the chairman be an official with power to see that no specified duties are neglected. It is pretty certain that many boards with full power and with a non-official majority of Indians would desire to devote the entire revenue to water supply, lighting, and the maintenance of roads and schools in which the members were personally interested, to the neglect of the general public interests.

On the whole the Commission seem to advocate in regard to rural boards a relaxation of control that may lead to educational self-government of a retrograde character, and likely to be adverse to the true interests of the population. It is, however, proposed as a check to give the collector or deputy commissioner, in case of emergency, and the Local Government always, power to direct a board to perform any specific act or duty imposed on it by law, and in default to take action at the board's expense.

Municipalities.—The following table is of much interest as showing at a glance the development of municipal government in the different provinces of India :—

Province	No. of Municipalities	Average Population per Municipality	Number of Municipalities with Population			
			Below 5,000	Between 5,000 and 10,000	Between 10,000 and 100,000	Over 100,000
Madras	60	31,947	1	2	55	2
Bombay	136	14,489	14	52	67	3
Sind	25	15,582	10	8	6	1
Bengal	128	18,487	10	41	75	2
Eastern Bengal	35	15,151	4	7	24	nil
Assam	15	6,421	5	7	3	nil
United Provinces	89	35,003	nil	11	72	6
Punjab	138	15,143	35	59	41	3
Burma	43	16,021	3	22	17	1
Central Provinces	45	14,886	7	19	18	1
Berar	13	16,370	1	2	10	nil
North-West Frontier Province	10	16,469	1	6	3	nil

With regard to municipalities the Commission reaffirm their principle that if a municipality has to pay for a service it should control it.

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They would limit the obligations of these towns in education to primary schools, leaving secondary education in the hands of Government. They would give a free hand in regard to the budgets, subject to a minimum standing balance, and municipalities should not be subject to any orders requiring the allotment of a percentage of their revenues to any particular service. The Commission realise that the full powers recommended

'will no doubt occasionally lead to mistakes and mismanagement, but [they] consider that municipalities can attain adequate financial responsibility only by the exercise of such powers and by having to bear the consequences of their errors. They cannot make real progress if constantly kept in financial leading-strings, nor can self-government become a reality if local bodies are habitually protected against themselves.'

This is plausible and encouraging from one point of view, but what of the populations of towns which may suffer from disease, over-taxation, neglected roads, insufficient water supply, &c., at the hands of native members who may fail in administrative capacity or in honesty when the enlarged powers are thrust upon them? As David said when his people were punished with pestilence because he had made a census, 'As for these poor sheep, what have they done?' It seems to me that the risk of the course proposed by the Commission is too great, and that enlarged powers should be conferred gradually on municipalities and not *per saltum*. The checks proposed by the Commission are inadequate; they are (1) that a municipality which gets financially embarrassed will not be able to get sanction from Government for a loan,—in which case it must obviously remain in the slough into which ignorance or wickedness has plunged it; (2) that if it neglects its duties it can be made to undertake them,—and the stable door may be shut after the horse is stolen; (3) that a municipality which is hopelessly inefficient can be suspended or abolished,—a depressing conclusion to anticipate as the gift of self-government.

In concluding this review of the Report of the Decentralisation Commission, I should like to express my admiration at the searching, elaborate and painstaking character of their prolonged labours, and, while confident that much benefit will accrue therefrom to the Indian administration, to express a hope that the proposals which affect each individual province will be carefully examined by the Local Government concerned, that safe reforms may be promptly carried out, and that in regard to any that may perhaps savour of rashness, it may be possible, in spite of the hurry of the present age, to bear in mind the adage *Festina lente*.

A. T. ARUNDEL.

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THE BUDGET AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget of 1909 will for ever be regarded as one of the epoch-making events in the political history of this country. Whether it succeeds in finding its way on to the Statute-book—and it is much too early to say whether all the perils abounding in that path will be overcome—or whether it fails, no more ambitious attempt has ever been made to effect a Social Revolution by the agency of our fiscal system. Hitherto it has been the practice to separate social from financial reforms in our legislative measures. If, for example, it is deemed necessary and desirable to prevent land from being kept out of the market, the traditional and orthodox method would have been to give powers for compulsory purchase where land is proved to be required *bonâ fide* for development purposes. This is the principle which has been acted upon in the Small Holdings Act and the various Housing Acts, and statesmanship would doubtless have discovered means for extending the application of this principle to other cases. The orthodox method has many obvious advantages which justify the claim that it should not be abandoned for the alternative method which the Government propose to adopt. Parliamentary history can provide many instances of legislative measures which have failed to realise the objects of their promoters; and many also where the consequences have been the very opposite of those sought. What legislation has done or failed to do, it is generally possible for further legislation to remedy. But when social and financial reforms are coupled together in the same measure it must be at least more difficult, and it may even be almost impossible, to turn back on the social reform portion, because of the disturbance and disorganisation which may be produced in the finances of the country. Even where this result to the finances is not produced, the possibility must always act as a restraining influence, hampering and obstructing the development of social reforms in accordance with growing needs and increasing experience.

The land taxes in the present Budget are not the only examples it contains of the intimate association of financial and social schemes. The proposals for land taxation are defended on the ground that there is a need for greater access to the land by the people; it is believed

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that the taxes on increments and undevelopments will tend to force reluctant owners to part with their land. The heavy increased taxation on liquor licenses is defended by leading spokesmen on behalf of the Government, and in fact by several members of the Cabinet, because it will effect what the rejected Licensing Bill of last year would have done. The Licensing Bill was unquestionably a measure of social reform, and its reappearance in the Finance Bill of 1909 is ominous. The large additions to the death duties in the case of the big estates will have the certain effect of breaking up many of these estates, and are justified because of this possible result. In all these cases it may properly be said that while they may be good or bad objects in themselves, no man can be certain that the anticipated results will be realised. In the case of every one of these proposals it is at least arguable that the consequences which are sought will not be realised, and to that extent the results contemplated are speculative and problematic.

This year's Budget is epoch-making from another point of view. It has been the recognised practice, hitherto, of the British Budget system to provide money only for those specific purposes which Parliament has already sanctioned. This follows as a natural corollary from the principle that no more money should be raised by taxation, no heavier burdens laid on the people, than is needed to meet the services voted for the year. The knowledge that any scheme costing money must be followed by a vote of new taxation has a salutary restraint upon the ardour of our legislators. Taxation is a necessary evil in civilised society, to be resorted to, however, only for those purposes to which the country—through the legislature—is formally committed. The case of Mr. Gladstone in 1853, when he fixed the income tax and tea duties for several years is, of course, no precedent. He was then dealing with purely financial questions. He desired to reorganise and remodel the fiscal system in order that, as he hoped, the income tax might be completely abolished, and the tea tax reduced from 2*s.* 2¼*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. He claimed that the gradual process which his Budget proposed would be compensated by the increasing yield each year of his new legacy and succession duties. The method itself could not be objected to by the most rigid stickler to constitutional precedents. It is, however, entirely without precedent to submit proposals to Parliament in order to provide in future years the means for carrying out legislative reforms which have not yet seen the light, and some of which have not reached any stage beyond the preamble in the mind of some member of the Government. Suppose the present Budget were passed and these other schemes did not pass, or were modified or amended so as to involve a much smaller expenditure of public money than is now contemplated, the Government would have been responsible for promoting unnecessary taxation, a serious offence on the part of any Government. It is unconstitutional

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and dangerous to create a fund, out of which a Government department will be able to draw the money required to pay for some expensive scheme which Parliament may be induced to sanction on the plea that it will not involve increased taxation. On the whole, the country will prefer to revert to the original system and draw its cheques in payment of those liabilities to which it is already committed with the amounts precisely specified on them.

So far as the current financial year is concerned the financial situation confronting the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for which the present Budget makes claim to provide, may be briefly stated. According to the Budget statement the services already voted amounted to 136,152,000*l.* If 28,000,000*l.* were to be voted for service of debt in 1909–10, this being the sum provided in last year's Budget, the expenditure of the year would rise to 164,152,000*l.* The Treasury estimates show that the revenue of the year on the pre-Budget basis of taxation was expected to realise only 148,390,000*l.*, leaving the stupendous deficit of 15,762,000*l.* to be met, the largest deficit in peace time in the history of this country. In consequence of the largeness of this deficit the Budget proposed to reduce the debt charge by 3,000,000*l.* and hence to reduce the deficit to 12,762,000*l.* Since the yield of the existing taxes was estimated to be 122,900,000*l.* the deficit to be met out of new taxation amounts to 10·4 per cent. of the tax revenue. One simple solution of the Chancellor's difficulties would have been the all-round increase of the existing taxes by about 11 per cent. The relative burdens would have remained unaltered, and everybody would have been impressed with the equity of the Chancellor's proposals. The tobacco duty might have been increased by 4*d.*, the spirit duty by 1*s.* 3*d.*, the income tax by 1*d.*, or perhaps 2*d.*, and so on. The money would have been provided, the Budget would have been described as 'humdrum,' which means that it is sound, and the Government would have been spared a considerable amount of Parliamentary time, which they could have utilised for the promotion of their legislative measures.

The new taxation actually proposed does not claim to satisfy any such criterion, and admittedly departs from it in considerably varying degrees in many cases. It is difficult to discover, however, upon what principle or principles the Government have decided to impose their new taxation. Some supercilious persons are inclined to suggest the Budget is 'unprincipled,' but while this is probably untrue, one may read through the speeches of members of the Government, and fail to discover any trace of a principle enunciated. There is frequent use of the formula that the broadest backs should be made to bear the greatest burdens. But what if the back is broken by the burden—the formula would be regarded as justifying the result. The truth is, this is not a principle of taxation, but a mere *ipse dixit* for confusing and misleading the electorate as to the real objects of

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the proposals. The formula would be as well satisfied by the old principle of uniform rates of taxation as by the extremest proposals of the Socialist party for steep graduation of the rates of taxation to the point of confiscation, when incomes or wealth above a certain amount were reached. What is the principle which determines that the income tax on a person with 10,000*l.* a year should be 758*l.*, on a person earning 1000*l.* a year should be only 37*l.* 10*s.*, and on one earning 100*l.* a year should be nil? If an income of 1000*l.* should be liable to one-twentieth of the income tax of a person with 10,000*l.* a year, it might be expected that the person with 100*l.* a year should pay one-twentieth the income tax of the one with 1000*l.* a year, namely 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* This is the income tax paid, however, by the person earning 210*l.* a year. Again, why should an income of 200*l.* pay 1*l.* 10*s.* in income tax, while one of 1000*l.*, or five times as great, should pay 37*l.* 10*s.*, or twenty-five times as much? Further, why should an 'unearned' income of 200*l.* be liable to 55 per cent. more income tax than an 'earned' income of the same amount, while the differentiation is less than 17 per cent. on incomes of 2000*l.* and nothing at all on incomes over 3000*l.*? One might run through the whole gamut of taxes and show the existence of fundamental anomalies of this description, bearing evidence to the fact not that there is no underlying principle in our tax-system, but that that principle is so effectively hidden that it may be unknown even to the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.

So far as our indirect taxes are concerned the only discoverable principle of taxation is ability to smoke, ability to drink—spirits, beer, wine, tea, coffee, and cocoa. The man who cannot or will not smoke or drink is exempt from contributing to the revenues of the State.

A good deal has been written and said about the excessive underestimating in the present Budget. Everyone must naturally be exceedingly reluctant to credit such a charge so far as it would reflect on the deservedly high character and integrity of the Permanent Officials at the Treasury. In estimating the yield of a new tax, or even the effect of a change in an old tax, there is always a considerable element of guess-work, especially when the statistics for founding the calculations upon are absent or defective. It is necessary only to recall how wide of the truth were the Treasury estimates of the cost and number of old-age pensions, to demonstrate the fallibility of their calculations. The original estimate of the cost of old-age pensions, allowing for amendments to the original scheme introduced in Committee and for cost of administration, was 7,000,000*l.* for the first full year; the actual cost is now estimated at 8,750,000*l.*

The estimates most open to doubt are those relating to (1) the yield of revenue on the pre-Budget basis of taxation, and (2) the yield of the increased (*a*) death duties, (*b*) income tax and supertax, (*c*) licence

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duties, and (*d*) spirit tax. The probable yield of the new land taxes can be no more than a guess which it is impossible to check. The proposals themselves require a good deal of trimming before the most sanguine supporter of the Government hopes to see them become law. Already the amount available for the Exchequer has been seriously curtailed by the announcement of Mr. Lloyd-George in the House of Commons that the yield of the land taxes would be shared with the rating authorities throughout the country.

In estimating the yield in 1909–10 of the pre-Budget taxes, Mr. Lloyd-George assumed the product of the death duties as 18,600,000*l.*, which is 230,000*l.* more than the actual yield, but 900,000*l.* less than the estimated yield in 1908–9. The determination in advance of the yield of the death duties is of course impossible; the variations from year to year are considerable. Mr. Lloyd-George himself explained that 'the only reliable way (of estimating the death duties) is to take it for three years, striking an average, and taking that as the estimate.' But it is difficult to discover how the actual estimate squares with this formula. The yield of the death duties in the last three years has been 18,959,000*l.* in 1906–7, 19,108,000*l.* in 1907–8 and 18,370,000*l.* in 1908–9, making a total of 56,437,000*l.* During two years the enhanced rates of estate duties imposed by Mr. Asquith's Budget in 1907 have been in operation, the estimated yield of which was 600,000*l.* in the first year and 1,200,000*l.* in the following year. Deducting this 1,800,000*l.* the total yield of the death duties in the last three years on the old rates may be put at 54,500,000*l.*, or 18,200,000*l.* per annum. Adding 1,200,000*l.* as the amount in a full year of the estimated yield of the increased death duties according to the 1907 Budget, the figure at which Mr. Lloyd-George ought to have put the probable yield in 1909–10, allowing for no further increase in the rates, should have been 19,400,000*l.*, or 800,000*l.* in excess of the Budget estimate. Even this is 100,000*l.* less than the Budget estimate of last year.

The yield of the excise duties is another item upon which an extraordinarily, and, according to the writer, excessively, large reduction has been estimated. The actual receipts of the duties under this head in 1908–9 were 33,650,000*l.*, and including 360,000*l.* for patent medicines and playing cards, which are hereafter to be counted with the excise duties, 34,010,000*l.* The amount allowed in the Budget estimates is, however, 32,050,000*l.*, being an estimated shrinkage of very nearly 2,000,000*l.* on the year, an amount which is altogether unprecedented and deserving more explanation than it has so far been accorded. Having regard to the ordinary course of the excise revenue in recent years, a sum of 1,000,000*l.* would have provided amply for that decline which is euphemiously attributed to the improving habits of the people. On these two items alone—death duties and excise—there is very sound reason for believing the

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Chancellor of the Exchequer has underestimated his revenue by at least 1,800,000*l.* This is a matter which, if well founded, is of the utmost importance, for it means that the deficit has been over-estimated, either accidentally or deliberately, by this amount, and the new tax-burdens on the people are correspondingly increased. In a year when so large an addition is being made to the country's taxation every care should have been taken to impose not one penny of burden more than is absolutely necessary. The country should be made to feel some confidence in the estimates also, and full explanation is due of these extraordinary calculations on which the Budget is founded.

Before proceeding to a similar examination of the estimated revenue resulting from the changes proposed by the Budget, it will be convenient to examine first the enormous increases represented by them. Leaving out of account the new land taxes for which the ultimate yield is put at anything from 10,000,000*l.* to 20,000,000*l.*, but for which no materials are at present available to make any estimate having the slightest statistical value, the largest changes are proposed in connexion with the death duties. According to the statement issued by the Treasury, the new rates as well as the changes in the law will produce a sum of 2,850,000*l.* in the present year, 6,520,000*l.* next year, and 7,300,000*l.* ultimately. The estate duties alone are estimated to produce a further 2,550,000*l.* in the present year and 4,400,000*l.* in future years. It is possible to give some sort of check to this last figure, for the return of the Inland Revenue Commissioners shows each year the net value of the estates of persons dying each year, classified according to the rates of estate duty to which they were liable. Applying Mr. Lloyd-George's new rates to the estates of persons dying in 1907–8, this being the last year for which these figures are available, the result is to show that the ultimate yield of the new taxes cannot be less than 5,000,000*l.*, or 600,000*l.* more than the official estimate. This means that another 350,000*l.* should be added to the yield of the present year on account of the estate duties alone.

The most astonishing miscalculations appear to have been made with regard to the yield of the new spirit duties. The rate has been increased by more than 33 per cent., yet the revenue which last year amounted to 21,386,000*l.* is expected to show an increase of only 1,600,000*l.*, or 7·5 per cent. It is true that some allowance should be made for exceptional clearances of spirits at the old rate of duty during April in anticipation of the Budget. But even when the most liberal allowance is made on this account there still remains a surplus very considerably in excess of that assumed by Mr. Lloyd-George. Some figures published a few days ago, in reply to a question by Mr. Pike Pease, show the actual amount of the April clearances. Of imported spirits there were cleared 847,000 gallons, equal to

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about six weeks' supply, and of domestic spirits about 4,379,000 gallons, or seven weeks' supply. Assuming a seven weeks' supply of both imported and domestic spirits cleared in April, it may be shown that an increased revenue of 7½ per cent. means a diminished consumption during the present year of no less than 17 per cent. Seeing that the average diminution in consumption in the past five years has been about 1·8 per cent. only, this large reduction appears greatly exaggerated and obviously calls for some explanation. To a pressman Mr. Lloyd-George confided that he had allowed for an estimated reduction in consumption to the extent of 11 per cent. But a two months' supply of duty-paid spirits on Budget day, and an 11 per cent. decline in the year's consumption, should still show an increase of at least 2,600,000*l.*, or 1,000,000*l.* more than the estimate. But these figures are clearly ludicrously exaggerated, and it is more reasonable to assume that there will be a decline of not more than 5 per cent. in the year's consumption, and that only seven weeks' supply escaped under the old rates of duty. The effect of these assumptions is that the revenue of the increased spirit duty should have been put at 3,900,000*l.*, or 2,300,000*l.* more than the estimate.

This position having been reached regarding the various alleged under-estimates, there appear very solid reasons for the statement that, deliberately or accidentally, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is imposing in the present financial year taxation to the extent of at least 4,450,000*l.* in excess of the amount required for the year. The separate items are as follows :

	£
OLD DUTIES :	
Death Duties	800,000
Excise	1,000,000
NEW DUTIES :	
Estate Duties	350,000
Spirits	2,300,000
	£4,450,000

If the estimates of revenue appear, at any rate on the surface, fantastic and grotesque, the objections to the new duties are even greater when considered from the point of view of the magnitude of the changes which they impose on the back of the taxpayers who are selected for treatment by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. However proper the particular duties or particular rates might be in themselves, it cannot be right that such drastic changes should be brought about in a single Budget. Never in the financial history of this country has a Chancellor of the Exchequer come down to the House of Commons and imposed new duties or increased duties of this extraordinary character. They inevitably cause a maximum of disturbance to the various interests affected with a consequent maximum of irritation

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and opposition. When in addition it is discovered that the full extent of the changes are concealed by under-estimates the objections of reasonable men must be accentuated.

To illustrate the drastic character of the changes introduced attention may be first drawn to the death duties. For purposes of comparison four estates are taken whose net value for purposes of death duties are 6000*l.*, 60,000*l.*, 300,000*l.*, and 1,000,000*l.* respectively. The duties shown opposite these estates represent the minimum of legacy and estate duties to which they would be liable under the Harcourt, Asquith, and Lloyd-George Budgets. If the estates passed to other than lineals, the duties and the increases would be considerably larger than here shown. Taking this simplest case, however, the following results appear:

Net Value of Estate	Estate and Legacy Duties levied under Scale of			Increase under present Government
	Harcourt	Asquith	Lloyd-George	
£	£	£	£	per cent.
6,000	240	240	240	0
60,000	3,600	3,600	4,800	33⅓
300,000	24,000	27,000	36,000	50
1,000,000	90,000	110,000	160,000	78

Here we obtain some glimpse of the enormity of the Budget changes in one particular impost alone. Two years ago Mr. Asquith introduced changes in the Harcourt scale on all estates of which the net value exceeded 150,000*l.* Those changes were estimated to be worth an additional revenue of 1,200,000*l.* a year. The changes proposed by Mr. Lloyd-George are more thorough; the estate duties are increased on all estates of more than 5000*l.*, and the legacy and succession duties are enormously and generally stiffened. Only the small estate, and that only in the case of a lineal succession, escapes the avenging hand. Upon an estate of 60,000*l.* the increase proposed by the present Budget amounts to 33⅓ per cent. In the case of an estate valued at 300,000*l.*, Mr. Asquith's scale represented an increase of 12½ per cent., and the new scale a further increase of 33⅓ per cent., making a total increase of 50 per cent. since the present Government was returned. Finally, in the case of the millionaire estate Mr. Asquith's whip was measured by a 22 per cent. scale, but Mr. Lloyd-George's scorpions a further 45 per cent.; the whips and scorpions together amounting to a 78 per cent. scourge.

But it is said there can be no pity for the wealthy man. If he will be so foolish as to amass wealth, though it may be perfectly properly and in accordance not only with the law of the land, but according also to the principles of property which govern every civilised nation, and prefers rather to leave this wealth to his children than to spend it in his lifetime, there can be no pity for those who succeed to this

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man's property. The desire to leave as much of their wealth as possible to their surviving dependents is, however, an unconquerable passion in the minds of the majority of wealthy men. They provide, therefore, for the call of the Treasury at their death by insuring the death duties in advance, as in fact they were advised to do by Sir William Harcourt. To this type of man, and there are many such, the frequent large changes in recent years are playing havoc with his property. By way of illustration take the case of the millionaire who wishes to leave his estate intact to his children. Following Sir William Harcourt's suggestion he insured the death duties to which he was liable under the Act of 1894. Assuming he was then aged fifty, he would probably find that the premiums on his 90,000*l.* policy would amount to 4090*l.* In 1907 Mr. Asquith increased the liability to death duties by 20,000*l.*, and being now sixty-three the further premium he has to pay for insurance will probably amount to 1635*l.* Now, when he is sixty-five, Mr. Lloyd-George proposes a further increase of 60,000*l.* in his death duties, and if he desires to insure this sum he finds himself charged with a further premium of 5450*l.* In this particular case, therefore, the man who would insure the whole of the death duties to which he is liable would find the cost of the premiums at the present time no less a sum than 11,175*l.* Suppose his estate is one yielding a 4 per cent. income; in that case the premiums will absorb 27·9 per cent., or 5*s.* 7*d.* in the pound, of his annual income. Take a more extreme case and suppose his estate yields him only 3 per cent.; in this case the premium charges amount to 37·7 per cent., or 7*s.* 5*d.* in the pound, on his annual income. If it be said he need not insure, he need not cut down his expenses, his labour bill, his charity subscriptions, and so on, it can only be replied that the Finance Bill should not be the means of forcing a fond parent to sink his natural desire to provide for his children, and provide instead for the stranger in the gate.

The man who wishes to leave his estates intact and pays his premiums is the man who is subject to a further annual charge in the shape of income tax, largely increased under the present Budget. The combined effect of the two imposts is shown in the following table which has been calculated on the following simple assumptions. The death duties being insured against the premiums paid are in effect equivalent to income tax; the death duties themselves are sometimes regarded as 'deferred' income tax. An alternative way of regarding the death duties is to discover the annuity which might have been bought with them had the State not stepped in; in this case the death duties might be regarded as 'anticipated' income tax. It is assumed finally that the estates yield 4 per cent., the owner is forty years of age at the time of insurance, and he claims the full legal abatement in respect of income tax on his premiums. The result is as follows in the cases of the four estates referred to above:

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Net Value of Estate	Equivalent Income Tax of Death Duties and Income Tax combined	
	Deferred	Anticipated
£	d.	d.
6,000	10·09	17·47
60,000	26·64	37·92
300,000	36·96	53·61
1,000,000	44·65	66·25

After what has been said above it need scarcely be added that if the estates yield less than 4 per cent., if the owner's age exceeds forty, or if he is not accepted as a 'first-class life,' these burdens will be still further enhanced. The most ardent Socialist must in his heart be gratified at the length which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has this year gone in the direction of peacefully appropriating to the State the wealth of the wealthy.

Two principles are discernible in the scheme of taxation proposed by the Government. The first is the principle of graduation, or the adoption of rates of taxes increasing with the wealth of the individual; and the second, that certain classes of property may be selected for special taxation. The principle of graduation has undergone many changes since it first appeared in the fiscal system of this country. The earliest conception was based on the desire to impose no burdens on persons whose earnings do not extend above the limit of subsistence. This was the basis of Pitt's income tax exemption limit. A later conception rested on the recognition of varying standards of comfort in different social classes in the community. This led to the system of abatements and deductions, which appears in the income tax system as we now have it. Both these views involve that graduation should stop at moderate income levels. Graduation carried to the uppermost limits of income is an entirely new conception, and has never been defended as yet against the reasonable contention that it carries with it the possibility of confiscation of very high incomes.

The other principle, that of 'selective' taxation, is objected to on the ground that it fails to recognise that it is persons and not things who pay taxes. So long as any particular description of property is not ill-gotten, it cannot be right that the person who owns it should be specially hunted down for exceptional taxation. Here again there is no limit, in applying this principle, to the ultimate confiscation of this class of property. The present Budget, so far as it lays down any principles at all, would justify confiscation of the wealth of the very wealthy, and also of certain kinds of property. In this the Government are interpreting the views of the rankest Socialists, and are striking down at the roots of civilised society all over the world. It is too hazardous and revolutionary a principle to be tamely submitted to by the nation.

S. ROSENBAUM.

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IMPERIALIST AUSTRIA: AN IMPRESSION FROM VIENNA

THE renaissance of Imperialist Austria is the one unmistakable result which emerges from the smoke of the confused diplomatic conflict that has just brought Europe to the very verge of war. All the rest is still nebulous. Yet looming through the mist may be discerned certain indications of the new spirit now inspiring this formidable force, hitherto latent, but at present manifesting intense activity and daily increasing self-confidence, after a long period of systematic self-depreciation. At the present juncture there is no more important problem of European politics than a correct forecast of the course of the new policy adopted by Austria-Hungary, who has so long been regarded as a bulwark of peace and a brake upon the Pan-Germanic ambitions of the Hohenzollerns. Upon a just appreciation of the change that has occurred must depend all effective action in international affairs. For this reason everything calculated to throw light on its real significance cannot but be welcome. I trust that the information which I have just gathered in Berlin as well as here in Vienna will prove a useful contribution to the task of enlightening public opinion.

One result of my inquiries in both capitals has been to confirm the conviction of the extreme gravity and far-reaching implications of the recent crisis, which some of the best-informed observers are convinced has not been closed, but merely suspended. Indeed, one distinguished authority with whom I discussed the subject, and who enjoys a high reputation in diplomatic circles for the soundness of his judgment, went so far as to contend that some of the means employed to overcome the crisis have, on the contrary, so aggravated the original conflict that it will in all human probability present itself anew in an acuter form three to four years hence. However that may be—and this extreme pessimistic view is not shared in all quarters—those best entitled to form an opinion are agreed that Europe had been within a stone's throw of an armed conflict that would probably have led to a far more important revision of the map than was effected at the Berlin Congress.

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Not only had Germany in the month of March mobilised part of her forces in Prussian Silesia as a means of enforcing her ultimatum to Russia, but during the latter part of the crisis she actually offered Austria-Hungary to move two Saxon divisions into Galicia in order to allow the Dual Monarchy to withdraw her Lemberg and Przemysl garrisons for action against Servia. What the ulterior motives of the German Government were in making that proposal is a matter of much speculation in diplomatic circles. It was represented to Austria as an ingenious expedient whereby Germany could aid her ally without bringing France into the field through the creation of the *casus fœderis*, while at the same time the pressure exercised upon Russia by the joint demonstration would, it was argued, keep her quiet until the Dual Monarchy had settled accounts with her little Slav neighbour. Whatever the motive of this ingenious scheme, it appealed more strongly to the ardour of the Heir-Apparent than to the ripe experience of his uncle, the Emperor-King, who at once pointed out that it is far easier to let foreign auxiliaries enter your territory than it is to get rid of them when their services are no longer needed. Fortunately then, as on other occasions before and since, the last word rested with the aged sovereign, and the risk of a dangerous experiment—and precedent—was averted.

Indeed, in endeavouring to form an accurate view of the probable future development of Austrian Imperialism, it is essential to bear in mind the constant exercise thus far of the moderating influence of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Although the Emperor-King has throughout the crisis given a fairly free rein to his Foreign Minister and listened to the views of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, he has in the last resort kept the decision of all important issues in his own hands. Europe and the friends of peace may rest assured that he will only surrender the helm with life itself. Indeed, there is reason to believe that, although some sections of the Austrian public are impatient to see the Archduke succeed, that impatience is not shared by himself, and still less by his consort. The course of Austrian Imperialism under the Emperor's successor may well take a direction more in harmony with the character of that comparatively young and strong-willed Prince, and, indeed, with the noticeable revival of bellicose tendencies among the peoples of the Monarchy. Of course, experience shows that direct responsibility has a sobering effect upon the most ardent inheritors of power. It would, however, be unwise to reckon upon the immediate adoption by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of the spirit of compromise and moderation developed in his august uncle by long years of difficulty and numerous reverses.

It would be a complete misconception of the significance and importance of the awakening of the Monarchy to regard it purely as a result of the accession to office of Baron von Aehrenthal and the admission of the Heir-Apparent to a consulting voice in the conduct

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of affairs. It is clear that these two men, of clear though not commanding intelligence, but of exceptionally strong will, have exercised a powerful influence upon the present policy of Austria-Hungary, and still more upon the new spirit of its peoples which renders that policy possible. Their unprecedented success is, however, mainly due to the fact that they appeared on the scene at the psychological moment when circumstances favoured a long-smouldering revolt of the popular imagination against the effaced *rôle* played by their great Empire, and the moderation and reserve of their aged sovereign, which was incomprehensible to the masses. I well remember, when making a tour through the provincial capitals of the Monarchy over ten years ago, how frequent were the unfavourable comparisons between that moderation, which was represented as hopelessly sterile and depressing, and the successful 'hustling' of the Emperor William, whom I once heard described by an eminent representative of the United States as 'the most capable commercial traveller on your side of the Atlantic.' Much of the momentary success gained at that time by the Pan-Germanic agitation throughout the Monarchy, with the theatrical disaffection of its now discredited apostles, was unquestionably due to this half-conscious feeling that a great Power like Austria-Hungary was not getting fair play in foreign affairs owing to a slackness in the head of the State, which formed such a striking contrast to the energy and boldness of the Imperial commercial traveller of the rival German dynasty. On that occasion a provincial German-Austrian professor put the whole theory before me in a nutshell by attributing all the evils from which the Monarchy was suffering to the fact that it was ruled by a decaying dynasty. Utterly unfounded as it was, that theory was typical of the time. The political and moral dyspepsia from which the Austro-Hungarian peoples, and more particularly the German and Magyar elements, were suffering at that moment gave the world a false impression of the real state of the Monarchy. The negotiations for renewal of the Ausgleich, or compromise between Austria and Hungary, hampered the conduct of international affairs, while the Reichsrath in Vienna had been converted into a bear-garden, to the mingled amusement and disgust of Europe, by the internecine strife of the nationalities and the almost hopeless struggle of the Government to carry on the affairs of State in the midst of the tumult—a temporary disturbance, that assumed exaggerated importance at the time, but which is now seen to have been little more than the growing-pains of a young constitutional system endeavouring to become a reality.

So serious did the situation appear, however, that such an acute observer as the late M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, assured me in December 1901 that he still feared the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph would be the signal for the disruption of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Indeed, a little of this feeling still persists in France, where the apparently slow pulse of life even in the Imperial

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capital, formerly so gay, has impressed imaginative French visitors as a symbol of the growing decrepitude of the Empire in sympathy with its aged sovereign. Of course there was never any real ground for those doleful forebodings, to which genuine politicians of all the Austro-Hungarian camps have given no credence. They nevertheless cast a cloud upon the prestige of the Monarchy which was felt to be oppressive and irritating by everything that was young and vigorous in the country.

All these dyspeptic broodings have now been swept away. There is still plenty of dissatisfaction, and the ancient quarrels show no signs of diminished vitality, but the spirit in which they are approached has undergone a complete change. That altered tone of the population is what has struck me most in Vienna, which is daily growing more beautiful—also a sign of vigorous health—on my return hither after an absence of over seven years. Hopefulness and a manly self-confidence are now the keynote of conversation on general subjects, which I was formerly accustomed to find pitched in a minor key to the monotonous tune of national self-depreciation.

The Austrians were always proud of the great traditions of their army, enjoyed military display, and heartily admired the smart regiments recruited from all quarters of their parti-coloured Fatherland. The experience of the past half-century had, however, weakened their confidence in the generalship of the military leaders. But the smoothness and rapidity of the recent mobilisation, together with the spirit manifested by the troops, has produced an immense impression upon the whole population. It confirms the verdict of technical experts, who speak highly of the thorough reorganisation to which the army has been subjected by the new Chief of the General Staff, supported by the personal interest of the Heir-Apparent. The peoples of the Monarchy are now convinced by the demonstration of their military readiness just given to the world that their army is in the front rank of European forces, and second only to that of Germany in the completeness of its organisation and equipment. This conviction counts for much in the new spirit that inspires them, a spirit manifested in the bold and confident bearing of the troops starting for the front, and of the crowds that had come to bid them good-bye. I am assured that it was also evident in the attitude of the relatives and friends of the departing conscripts, all being filled with the same enthusiasm for the common cause, and the same confidence that it would be well defended.

I may add that in naval circles the small Austrian fleet has long been regarded as one of the best drilled and appointed in Europe. I have heard its gunnery practice, for instance, described as ingenious and effective, and the seamanship of its officers and men highly praised. The fact that this small force, recruited from a seafaring population, has the prestige of victory in the last war in which it was engaged has considerable influence on the *moral* of its officers and crews. The

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comparatively small grants made for its maintenance have forced its chiefs to direct their efforts mainly towards the better training of their men, a task in which they are reputed to have achieved marked success. I have not found among competent foreign observers here any disposition to regard the new naval programme as excessive, or as less justified than, say, the addition to the Russian Fleet of the four *Dreadnoughts* just laid down in the Baltic. That the Italians should take a different view is natural enough, but well-informed friends of England do not consider it either advisable or dignified for the British press to seize this particular opportunity of crying before it is hurt. It is estimated that it will take some four years in all before the Austro-Hungarian *Dreadnoughts* can be launched—the grants for them have not yet been voted—and that, owing to the high tariff which protects the Austrian iron trade, they will cost considerably more than similar vessels, not only in England, but in Germany.

Some Austrian Explanations

Before proceeding further with these side-lights on the Austrian situation—I refrain from all attempt at a full and connected narrative, for which the time has not yet come—it may be well to give some explanations of special points received from particularly well-informed, but not too communicative, Austrian friends in reply to my inquiries. Although they leave something to be desired in the matter of completeness, they are decidedly of interest so far as they go. I can vouch for the accuracy of my report of these statements, and for the authoritative character of the source whence I have obtained them.

One of the first questions which I addressed to these Austrian friends was concerning the projected railway through the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, the apparent abandonment of which, after a long diplomatic and press campaign, had occasioned almost as much surprise in Europe as had its original announcement. The explanation given to me, which I have every reason to regard as correct, is that the project has in reality not been abandoned, and that the conditions of its realisation will in all probability be discussed with the Turkish Government in the autumn. My informants declared that the moment chosen for demanding the concession for this line from the Porte was fixed by the completion of the new East Bosnian Railway to the Turkish and Servian frontiers. The next step to be taken was to effect its connexion with the Turkish line, without which connexion the Bosnian Railway would end in a blind alley. Consequently negotiations were first entered into with the Turkish Government to secure permission—which was eventually granted—for the preliminary technical studies for the construction of a line from the eastern frontier of Bosnia to Mitrovitza, the present terminus of the Turkish line to Salonica. The work of tracing the line is now finished, and according

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to my informants the other questions that remain to be settled will in all probability be disposed of at Constantinople in the autumn. Thus the reports to the effect that the scheme had been abandoned are erroneous. They were possibly based upon the voluntary renunciation by Austria-Hungary of the right granted to her by the Treaty of Berlin to maintain garrisons in the Sanjak, and the subsequent withdrawal of her troops from that region. 'But,' added my informants, 'the only fair conclusion from that withdrawal is that it was a further proof of the pacific intentions of the Monarchy, and showed that from the very first its sole aim in promoting this project was the advancement of civilisation.'

In the same quarter the breakdown of the Austro-Russian understanding concerning the Balkans, which had existed since 1897 and had withstood the strain of repeated incidents and the temptation to separate action to which Austria-Hungary was subjected during the Russo-Japanese war, is attributed to

the attempt made by Russia and England to secure a more speedy realisation of the reform programme in Macedonia, and more particularly to the circumstance that the demands made in the matter of judicial reform were in the opinion of the Vienna Cabinet more far-reaching than Turkey could fairly be expected to accept.

As to the attempt made to conclude, independently of England, an understanding concerning Macedonia between Austria-Hungary, Germany, Russia, and France, it is denied that the Ballplatz had ever intended to bring about a split between the Powers. Its sole aim throughout the action for Macedonian reform was to keep it within certain limits, and to withhold its own co-operation from proposals which would have had the effect of raising the whole Turkish problem, or imperilling international peace.

There is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that the Vienna Cabinet should in the course of these negotiations have endeavoured to enter into relations with its own ally the German Empire and with France, the ally of Russia, in addition to Russia herself with whom it was acting in concert in the scheme of reform.

In answer to my questions as to the Austrian view of the local and international reasons for the annexation, my informants maintained that the idea of crowning the work of administrative reform in Bosnia and the Herzegovina by the grant of Parliamentary representation had always prevailed, as had also that of settling at a given moment the dubious constitutional relation between the two provinces and the Monarchy. While, however, those ends had previously been promoted in a very gradual way, the events which occurred last year in Turkey forced the Austro-Hungarian Government to proceed to realise them without further hesitation. The urgent necessity which arose for regulating the constitutional relation between those provinces and the Monarchy was partly due to the extension of the Pan-Servian agitation, which had succeeded in

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winning over even a section of the Mohammedan population through the argument that Austria-Hungary had only undertaken the provisional administration of Bosnia and the Herzegovina. It had been agreed between Baron von Aehrenthal and M. Isvolsky, on the basis of former Austro-Russian arrangements dating back some three decades, that Russia would raise no objection to the annexation. There was no occasion to discuss the matter with Servia. M. Isvolsky was furthermore aware that Austria-Hungary was not in a position to offer Servia any compensation for the annexation of the occupied provinces.

Austria-Hungary was aware that neither Russia nor any other Power was disposed to incur the risk of a European war for the sake of Servia and her romantic policy, and that even in case the conflict were to become acute the further negotiations would continue to be conducted through diplomatic channels. Mere demonstrations of a military character by another Power, and particularly the mobilisation of large masses of Russian troops on our frontiers, would not have prevented us from settling our differences with Servia by force of arms. In accordance with the conditions of the existing alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany a Russian attack upon the Dual Monarchy would have constituted a *casus fœderis*.

In response to my inquiries concerning the international outlook as affected by the larger naval programme announced by Austria, the attitude of Italy towards that programme and generally towards the enhanced prestige of the Dual Monarchy in the Balkans, &c., I received the following suggestive and interesting but far from exhaustive statement:

The necessity of building larger ships experienced by Austria-Hungary arose from the same technical considerations which led other maritime Powers, and England first of all, to construct a larger type of vessel. At present our largest battleships have a tonnage of 14,500. We are now constructing some of 16,500 tons. Austria-Hungary will always remain one of the smaller maritime Powers; but she would cease altogether to be reckoned among those Powers if she remained too far behind the others. It is admitted even by the English *Naval Annual* that our Fleet in its present condition is not quite equal to its task. Furthermore, naval experts declare, on the one hand, that ships of the *Dreadnought* type have an immense superiority over the class next to them in size, while, on the other hand, the cost of *Dreadnoughts* is not very much greater than that of the others. Consequently the *Dreadnought* type of vessel is preferable for a country like Austria-Hungary, which has only a modest naval budget at her disposal, as it enables her to attain the maritime strength needed for her limited object at a comparatively moderate figure. The enhanced prestige of Austria-Hungary is not calculated to arouse any anxiety whatever in Italy, as the Balkan policy of our ally can only gain thereby. This view is confirmed by an Italian pamphlet, 'Fra Mussulmani e Slavi,' recently published at Milan by the firm of Treves. The object of the intended further development of our Navy is purely defensive and not directed against any special enemy. England in particular, and her position in the Mediterranean, are not taken into account. Austria needed no instigation on the part of Germany to develop her fleet. In consequence of the perfect confidence which prevails between the two Powers in the adequacy of their respective armed forces, it is not customary for them to express any special desires concerning armaments.

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I do not propose to indulge in much comment on the foregoing Austrian statement, but cannot refrain from emphasising the declaration that no mere demonstrations of a military character by Russia would have restrained the Dual Monarchy from settling her differences with Servia by force of arms. In Slav—but not Servian or Serbophil—circles here, the conviction prevails that Baron von Aehrenthal is deeply mortified at having been frustrated in his desire to see the conflict with Servia solved by force, through the unsought and unwelcome intervention of Germany—a view which I find is also held by some exceptionally competent foreign observers, who, however, attribute an important share in the maintenance of peace to Sir Edward Grey's successful efforts towards the close of the crisis to deprive the Monarchy of all excuse for hostilities. The following statement of this Austrian Slav view which has reached me from a trustworthy source is unmistakable :

> The whole European Press has formed a ridiculously false conception of the true meaning of Baron von Aehrenthal's policy. The fact is that he desired war and the occupation of Servia, being well aware that Russia was not in a position to undertake hostilities. Even a temporary occupation of Servia would have enormously enhanced the authority of Austria in the Balkans and completely restored her former influence there. But it was precisely that fact which made war unwelcome in Berlin. The Hohenzollerns did not want a strong and independent Hapsburg Monarchy for many reasons, and first of all because Austria-Hungary is nearer to the scene of action than Germany and might easily snatch from the latter her predominance in the Near East. Consequently the Germans strained every nerve to prevent war, not hesitating even to show their teeth to Russia in order to deprive Austria of the laurels hanging temptingly within her reach. They actually averted war, but as everything was done in Berlin under the cloak of the most intimate and devoted friendship the Court of Vienna had to make the best of a bad bargain, and, what is more, to thank the authors of their disappointment, although the expenditure on military preparations had amounted to little less than a short war with rich booty would have cost.

As to the Sanjak railway scheme I think it right to say that doubts are entertained by some of Baron von Aehrenthal's own countrymen as to whether he had quite calculated the cost when he proposed that scheme, or was fully informed as to the material conditions of it. Was he aware that the existing narrow-gauge line through Bosnia to the frontier could only be widened to the normal size at enormous if not, indeed, prohibitive cost, owing to the fact that the tunnels cut through solid rock, and expensive bridges are all constructed exclusively on the narrow-gauge, without any provision for their conversion to the normal breadth ? Does its one obvious attraction, its independence of Servia, suffice to counterbalance this drawback and the permanently heavy working expenses of running a line through a waterless country ? In a lecture delivered in Vienna over a year ago Herr Richard Riedl, Secretary of the Lower Austrian Chamber of Commerce, reduced Baron von Aehrenthal's optimistic forecasts as to the future of the line to very modest proportions.

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An Italian View

I propose to leave to highly competent Italian informants, with whom I discussed the whole question of the new policy of the Dual Monarchy, the task of correcting from an Italian standpoint the statement of my Austrian interlocutors. According to the former, nowhere has the task of readjustment to that new policy been felt more burdensome than in Italy. Bound in a loveless union to that successful Balkan rival, Italy's position in the Triple Alliance would be rendered extremely embarrassing, if not untenable, if the new fleet which Imperialist Austria has decided to build were to be considered as a Mediterranean auxiliary of the German Navy. It must be remembered that Italy entered the Triple Alliance on the express understanding that her adhesion to it must not unfavourably affect her traditional friendship with England. For many years after its conclusion Anglo-German relations were of such a nature as to render that interpretation of the Alliance perfectly natural, all the more so as during the same period England was on anything but friendly terms with France.

At a later stage, however, that satisfactory condition of affairs underwent a marked change, owing in the first place to the growing tension between England and Germany, and secondly to the understanding between Italy and France which deprived the Triple Alliance of its sting against the Republic. The situation, which has been at times sufficiently embarrassing for Italy throughout the period of Anglo-German naval competition, would become well-nigh intolerable if that rivalry were to extend to the projected Austro-Hungarian fleet of *Dreadnoughts*.

That development would complicate and intensify existing misunderstandings between the two Adriatic Powers. As a matter of fact, the increase of Italy's naval armaments is nothing more than a precaution forced upon her by Austria, and the rapid growth of the two fleets in the Adriatic is a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Triple Alliance.

The folly of the persistent mistrust of Italy by Austria is, it is contended, only equalled by that of destroying the growing confidence of the younger generation in Italy in the pacific character of Austrian policy. While the older men who remember Austrian rule in Italy still detest the name of Austria and fear her designs, the younger men, whose personal acquaintance with public events falls within the past forty years, were practically convinced that the Hapsburg Empire had renounced its ancient dream of preponderance and its Metternich methods. Owing, however, to the recent development of affairs in the Dual Monarchy, that conviction is now being subjected to rapid revision in Italy.

Altogether Austria had made the position of Italy as an ally very

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difficult. Not content with the fact that she holds all the mountain passes leading into Italy, she has latterly reinforced the garrisons of her forts overlooking the open frontier of her Italian neighbour, and now proposes to plunge into debt for the creation of a powerful navy, after throwing away millions in the Bosnian adventure for a result which might easily have been attained through a friendly and pacific understanding with the Young Turks. Austria, in the opinion of my Italian friends, needs her projected *Dreadnoughts* just as little as she does her reinforcements on the Italian frontier.

The Moral for England

Seen in the light of the foregoing facts, do the events of the recent crisis signify the advent of a period of still closer union between Germany and the Dual Monarchy, as the Emperor William and the Press Bureau of the Wilhelmstrasse are trying to convince Europe, or is it to be regarded rather as a great effort at self-assertion and emancipation, not only in the sphere of international affairs generally, but within the Triple Alliance itself? A correct answer to this question is of special importance to Englishmen. It would be a regrettable error on their part to continue to treat the predominantly Slav Danubian Monarchy as a Satrapy of the German Empire, if, as a matter of fact, that State is systematically endeavouring to emancipate itself from German tutelage. Now, it is certain that while reasonably grateful for German support at a moment when she found herself isolated in presence of a hostile world, Austria-Hungary is fully conscious of the services which she herself rendered to her exacting ally at Algeciras, and considers that the Austro-German accounts are squared so far as those mutual services are concerned. The German element in Austria may be disposed to sentimentalise on the score of the comradeship in arms of the two Empires, but there is no reason to believe that either the Imperial and Royal Court or the Ballplatz are prepared to allow their calculations to be affected by considerations of that kind. Indeed, from the very beginning of the difficulties created by the forward policy of Austria in the occupied provinces, the attitude of the Wilhelmstrasse and of an influential section of the German Press was felt here to have at times left much to be desired in the matter of vigour and whole-heartedness. Austria was made to feel that she had created difficulties for Germany at Constantinople by the unwarranted liberty of an independent initiative which she had assumed—the reproachful official attitude of the Wilhelmstrasse, and the censures of leading newspapers, going so far as to excite the apprehensions of the Catholic Centre party that Germany was running the risk of permanently alienating her 'only trustworthy ally.'

The subsequent support of Germany in the latter half of the crisis, when she unhesitatingly took the field against Austria's oppo-

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nents, is thought to have erred by excess of zeal and by reversing the natural positions of the co-operating Powers through the German assumption of an unwelcome leadership. It was suspected that the latent rivalry between Austria and Germany in the Balkans and at Constantinople had too large a share in the officious and masterful support which deprived the Dual Monarchy of much of the prestige that ought to have accrued to her from her diplomatic victory, if indeed the form of Germany's intervention had not robbed her of a still more valuable victory in the field for which all her preparations had been made.

All I have heard tends to show that it is a mistake to regard the Dual Monarchy as the prisoner of Germany. It is recognised, however, that the offensive assumption in other countries that she is condemned for ever to be nothing more than the *protégé* or 'brilliant second' of her powerful ally, and incapable of independent initiative, may again throw her back into the arms of Germany. It is well known that official Austria now manifests a strong disposition to approach Russia, as well as a somewhat less marked desire to restore her former cordial relations with England. The obstacles in the way of a renewed Austro-Russian *rapprochement* do not arise exclusively from the popular resentment felt in Russia at the humiliating diplomatic defeat inflicted upon that country. They are aggravated by an estrangement between the two sovereigns, the Tsar being profoundly disappointed by the consent of the Emperor-King to a policy so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Austro-Russian understandings. Indeed, strange as it may appear, it is declared that Nicholas the Second now manifests greater sympathy for the Heir-Apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, than for the Emperor Francis Joseph, towards whom he formerly observed an attitude of almost filial deference. The reconciliation of the two countries is also, doubtless, retarded by the still open wounds inflicted upon each other by those doughty champions, M. Isvolsky and Baron von Aehrenthal. Not the least painful of these was the Austrian disclosure to the Powers of the *aide-mémoire* despatched to Vienna about a week after the meeting at Reval on the 10th of June, and a month before the outbreak of the Turkish revolution in July, in which M. Isvolsky agreed to the annexation of Bosnia in return for the good offices of the Dual Monarchy in opening the Dardanelles.

The re-establishment of the old cordial relations with England is opposed openly and in secret by that section of the German element in Austria which is directly and indirectly inspired from Berlin. There is, however, reason to believe that the unfriendly comment of a part of the German-Austrian Press upon the diplomatic activity of King Edward during his annual cures at Marienbad is greatly regretted in authoritative quarters, owing to the fear that it may possibly prevent his Majesty from coming this year. But in spite of all these obstacles

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there is reason to anticipate that there will be a gradual approach to the friendly, and occasionally intimate, relations which formerly existed between Vienna, St. Petersburg and London.

There would appear, however, to be one sacrifice which Austria-Hungary is not prepared to make for the attainment of that desirable end. She will not renounce the hope of getting inside England in the good graces of Russia so far as Near Eastern affairs are concerned.

The Austrian theory is that the only fruitful understanding between England and Russia is one confined to their Asiatic possessions. But, notwithstanding his eventual success, Baron von Aehrenthal has learnt much in the school of adversity since his accession to office, when he cherished first the ambition to restore the *Dreikaiserbund*, and afterwards when he sought to solve the Macedonian problem by shelving Great Britain. Among other things, he is understood to have modified his estimate of England's importance as an international factor, even in the Balkans. He is sufficiently docile to the teachings of experience to justify the hope that he will make further progress in that direction.

But it will be necessary for England to promote his education and the maintenance of international peace by helping to bring the military strength of the Triple Entente up to the Austro-German level. Valuable international friendships like *Bundnisfähigkeit* can only be purchased at this price. The fear that the Powers of the Triple Entente may fail to pay it in good time oppresses those desirous of preserving peace, and avoiding a still more perilous repetition of the Near Eastern crisis.

Apart from this essential element, there can be no doubt that the basis exists for a good understanding between Vienna, St. Petersburg and London which, while leaving the Triple Alliance to play a beneficent part in maintaining the balance of power, would prevent its being made an instrument in the hands of 'Prussia-Germany.'

Austrian statesmen have long since realised that the only way effectively to repel the encroachments of their too exacting German ally is to maintain friendly relations with certain other Powers. Unfortunately, this important lesson has not been sufficiently taken to heart in their treatment of Italy. Tension between the two Adriatic allies gives Berlin constant opportunities for 'honest brokerage' between them, thus enabling it to keep both well in leash and to confirm its own preponderance in the *Triplice*. Were Austria and Italy to settle their differences once for all, Germany would lose her hold upon them, and with it her hegemony in the *Dreibund*. This hegemony is more irksome to Vienna than to Rome, for it must be remembered that, quite apart from the occasional tempestuous incursions into Austrian domestic affairs, there is far greater competition between Germany and Austria in the Balkans and at Constantinople, than between Germany and Italy. The Italians hold to the

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alliance, in spite of its diminished value in consequence of their *rapprochement* with France, and its growing inconvenience due to Anglo-German naval rivalry, simply because they need Germany as a mediator. For them in existing circumstances there is no medium between their present *mariage de raison* with Austria and open enmity, and, owing to the inveterate mistrust cherished by the Austrians, the Italians feel they cannot keep house with them without the constant presence of a peacemaker.

As a mediator between England and Germany the Dual Monarchy may again render valuable service to the cause of international amity, as she has occasionally done in the past. Her independence in the Triple Alliance is an essential element in her power for good in this and other respects, and, fortunately, it is evident that she is now determined to maintain it. It is to be hoped that the Powers of the Triple Entente will not render that effort of emancipation too difficult by their attitude towards her.

ÆNEAS O'NEILL.

Vienna.

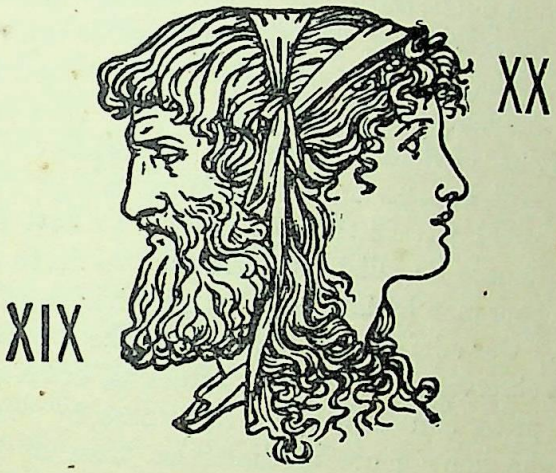
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN LOYALTY

The most anxious of our heart-searchings we generally keep to ourselves; and the feelings with which India regards England, and the policy by which these feelings are attracted or repelled, cannot suitably be tossed about in public discussion. But of late Indian affairs have been treated as part of the stock-in-trade of party politics: public opinion finds itself empanelled, and appealed to for a decision upon questions which have hitherto been left to expert tribunals. The alternative is not between reticence and frankness, but between frankness and misrepresentation, and a plain statement of the case is not uncalled for. It cannot prejudice our position in India, for there the facts of the situation are clearly recognised. But it may be of service in instructing opinion at home.

Our troubles in India have proceeded from a change in our views as to the claims which England has upon India's loyalty. Until recently it has been our assumption that we were obeyed because we deserved obedience: we have now been apprehending that obedience can only be secured by negotiation, by the grant of concessions to those that may clamour for them. In the past we have assumed that India was loyal to her British connexion because of the respect she felt for the courage, straightforwardness,

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and justice of Englishmen: that she accepted British rule because she felt convinced that it assured her a government which was stronger, more honest, and more humane than one which she could evolve for herself. Respect is difficult to win, and difficult to retain. It is influenced very greatly by personal relations, and all Englishmen serving in India are not, of course, worthy of it. But by consistent endeavour we have succeeded in endowing our Indian services with a high standard of public duty; we have created a wholesome sense of responsibility by interfering as little as possible with the men on the spot; and we have compensated for any individual failures by the liberality and humanity of our general policy. We have educated, though education obviously increased our difficulties; we have allowed free speech in press and on platform, though the freedom was often used to attack us; in times of famine we have fed the hungry on a scale to amaze Socialist enthusiasts; we have done our best to protect the poor man by land laws which anticipated the dreams of Land Reform. Our administration has been the wonder and admiration of foreign observers. It has been attacked, often with bitterness, in the native press, and with equal bitterness by some of our own countrymen who know more of dialectics than of human nature. But nothing has followed these attacks, and those who read them, and perhaps enjoyed them, could not but feel that there was strength in an attitude which sustained vilification in serene composure. Custom has begun to support us: a sentiment, fragile at its birth, gains fibre from the habits of half a century. Religion has lent us some of its authority: masses of the people believe that obedience to the State is a religious duty. Thus it has come about that till three years ago our rule in India, though based more upon sentiment than upon actual visible strength, seemed perfectly secure: the persons of our officials were held inviolable, and the most nervous of prophets would never have foreseen that, anywhere in the country, British officers would so shortly need armed protection.

During the last three years we have changed our creed. We have acted as if loyalty was not a due which the State should command, not a manifestation of respect to which British rule was entitled, but a feeling which must be won by indulgence, a tribute the payment of which should be secured by negotiations, by compromises, by concessions. Consciously or unconsciously, we have imported into Indian affairs the notion by which we judge the claims that our party politicians urge upon us—claims that appeal not to any feelings of respect or loyalty, but to the advantages one side or other can offer to the constituencies. The respectability of a candidate for Parliament may affect the number of votes he obtains; but it is only one among a number of attractions, some of them ludicrous in their triviality, which he is advised to display. One party ousts another from office by appeals that are addressed quite as often to private

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interest as to public spirit. Electioneering is a process of bargaining in which one candidate endeavours to outbid the other, and, at the sacrifice of respect, is prepared to indulge in rhetorical extravagances which he would be ashamed to hear himself use in Parliament. The system works pretty well in a country where those in authority and those under authority are alike in race, religion, and sentiment; where the people are naturally law-abiding; where they are habituated to obey constituted authority, though constituted by their political adversaries; where they are sufficiently homogeneous to possess a common patriotism, and are steadied by their loyalty to a Royal House. But hardly one of these safeguards can be relied upon to control the passions of an Oriental people, and it is dangerous in the extreme to disturb their convictions by treating them as a subject for bargaining, to expose the authority of the State as if it were a commodity for sale or barter. It is a failing of many earnest Liberals that they realise imperfectly the peculiarities of human nature, and are disposed to view with incredulous impatience differences between race and race, country and country, which limit the applicability of the general principles to which they are committed. The present Government came into power with a rush which enabled it to disregard the wholesome rule of the past that Indian affairs should stand outside the clash of party shibboleths—that fluctuations of political opinion in England should not disturb the continuity of our Indian policy. If ideas, generally classed as Liberal, have modified our Indian administration, they owe their introduction, not to a Liberal Secretary of State, but to a Liberal Viceroy: so was the Indian press liberated from control; so were the people offered the responsibilities of local self-government. It has generally been recognised that the tenure of our Indian dependency rests upon elements of human nature which differ from those upon which English politicians rely, and that Indian questions cannot safely be regarded from a party standpoint. We have been witnessing the abandonment of this prudent convention,—and the consequences of its abandonment.

The first Indian difficulty with which the present Government was confronted was the partition of Bengal. Undivided Bengal contained a population of nearly 80 millions—larger by a third than the population of the German Empire—and evidence had accumulated to show that the efficient care of such a mass of humanity was beyond the powers of a single government and that a sub-division of authority was desirable. The majority of the people in the severed portion of the province are Mohammedans, to whom the reform was welcome as it promised to secure more attention for the peculiar needs of their community. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Hindu minority was solid in interest with the Bengalis of the parent province. The Hindus of Eastern Bengal differ from those of Western Bengal in character and in some peculiarities of language; and the Bengalis

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of Calcutta have found in these differences a favourite subject for satire, and have shown great reluctance to allow their eastern brethren to share employment with them on equal terms. But, while resenting the exclusiveness of the metropolis, the Bengalis of the eastern region admired its wealth and culture and were prepared to follow its lead in matters of political opinion. Intelligence is as high among the Bengalis as among any people in the world: long years of peace have obscured from them the value of moral qualities and have rendered them intensely jealous of British control. The study of law, in which they are adepts, has taught them the opportunities which legal procedure offers to illegality, and they feel that their gifts for writing, speaking, and combining may, as offensive weapons, in these days be more effective as well as less dangerous than open force. To the use of the latter they are constitutionally disinclined, and they will hardly be so foolish as to simplify the position by open outbreak. The time seemed convenient for a trial of strength, and the partition of Bengal afforded an occasion and a war cry. The provinces, old and new, were flooded with literature holding us up to popular contempt: a boycott of British goods was proclaimed, and an agency for its enforcement was secured by the enlistment of schoolboys and students as so-called 'volunteers'—a measure of great astuteness, since it utilised the enthusiasm of youth, took advantage of the reluctance of the Courts to sentence boys to imprisonment, and absolved the leaders from committing themselves to acts of punishable violence. A most cruel social boycott was pressed against Bengalis—official and non-official—who stood by the Government. It is unnecessary to describe in detail the features of this campaign. Trade was disorganised, and the resulting rise in prices caused much hardship to the poor; rioting occurred between Mohammedans and Hindus, and large numbers of the former were imprisoned because they resented a boycott of which we were the object: students and schoolboys found the excitement of agitation grow upon them; from picketing shops they passed to wrecking them,—to sinking boats, and even to holding up river steam-boats that were laden with British goods; from insults which at first were directed at unprotected English women, but later on extended to English and Mohammedan gentlemen, they progressed to assaults; from assaults to murderous attacks is a natural development in times of excitement. The strongest possible pressure was brought upon the Home Government to annul the partition. But, to his lasting credit with all sensible men, Lord Morley did not give way. Unfortunately, in order to conciliate the extremists of his party, his replies to their interpellations lacked, for some time, the convincing directness which wins the respect of Orientals: indeed they were in some cases so construed as to encourage the hopes of the agitators. But as time wore on and the true character of the movement became disclosed, he took a stronger footing; and there is now, it is to be hoped, no chance of a

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concession to anti-British sentiment the effects of which it might well cost us armed force to counteract. The new province remained intact: but by lamentable misjudgment a course of action was adopted towards its Lieutenant-Governor which gave rise to a universal impression in India that he was offered as a *solatium* to Bengali discontent. The partition was not of course of my doing; but as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the new province I appeared to represent the policy of which it was the outcome, and day after day, for some months, I was bitterly attacked in the Bengali newspapers of Calcutta. The measures which I took were maintained—and strengthened—after my departure. But my unpopularity with the Bengali press seemed to the Government to be a serious stumbling-block, and my authority was weakened and discredited by orders which later experience has shown to have lacked all discernment. Finally it seemed wiser to part with my services than to uphold me in efforts to counteract the demoralisation of schoolboys by political associations, which were enlisting them as agents of the boycott. My resignation has been referred to in Parliament as if it were dictated by a feeling of resentment, so that its acceptance was a matter of necessary discipline. Not so. I tendered my resignation only in case the Government insisted upon my withdrawing from a line of action which later on they were compelled to adopt themselves. But I am not concerned in this connexion to justify my administration: its merits or demerits are beside the point. Circumstances being as they were, it was really almost suicidal to abandon an officer who had come to be regarded as standing for the maintenance of law and order. The Bengali press has always claimed my discomfiture as an achievement of its own, and no one in India has found it possible to deny the triumph. Nor was anything wanting to complete the dramatic effect of the situation. I was on tour among the people, engaged in directing the grant of famine relief, inspecting colleges, schools and hospitals, receiving deputations, and interviewing visitors. I had attained the threshold of success: Hindu public bodies, which had at first refused the usual addresses of welcome, had begun to offer them, and Hindu visitors, who six months before had despaired of a reconciliation with the Government, now assured me that the end of trouble was in sight. The completeness of the surrender was emphasised by the outburst of feeling it evoked among Europeans and Mohammedans. The Bengali newspapers were themselves astonished, and rested for a time breathless after their success.

The next large question which India presented was that of giving a more liberal complexion to our administration, and of associating the people of India more intimately in the management of their public affairs. This idea involved, of course, no breach with the policy of the past. From time almost out of mind we have refused to govern our dependencies as if they were parasites of the mother country, and have

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aimed at endowing them with a life of their own. In the days immediately succeeding the Mutiny there were essential reasons of policy for retaining in the hands of Englishmen positions of great responsibility and control. But during the past generation the number of Indians employed in high office has increased very greatly indeed. Indians sit as judges on all High Court benches, and they have been promoted to the chief executive charge of districts and to district judgeships, apart from those who have won their way to these offices by passing into the ranks of the Indian Civil Service through the competitive examination in London. The Indian members of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils were originally appointed by nomination, but for the last eighteen years a certain number of seats have been filled by election. If, however, one takes into account the great natural intelligence of some classes of Indians—an intelligence which from time to time enables their youths to vanquish English competitors in English examination rooms—and the amazing progress which education has made during the past thirty years, the proportion of high appointments held by Indians seems small; and three years ago many of us would have welcomed changes that would have gratified Indian sentiment and strengthened the position of Indians in the public services. An invidious distinction between Europeans and Indians in the matter of pay might well have been abrogated, Indians who are selected for special reasons to hold offices of importance being permitted to draw the salary to which a European incumbent would be entitled. The number of Indians in the Indian Civil Service, instead of being left to be determined by the fluctuating results of a London examination, might reasonably be settled definitely from time to time, and appointments might be made in India, not in London, thus avoiding the expense and unsettlement to which residence in England now subjects the Indian candidates. So also in the case of the Legislative Councils, the time had come for their enlargement, for the cautious extension of the elective principle in the appointment of their members, and for the increase of their authority, in particular with respect to the settlement of the annual Budget.

It was of course to be expected that these questions would engage the attention of a Liberal Government, and, if the special exigencies of the present situation could be disregarded, most thoughtful men would have little fault to find with Lord Morley's reforms had they exceeded less extravagantly the recommendations made to him by his advisers. The Legislative Councils needed some expansion: but it was unnecessary to double the number of their members. The non-official element on the Councils should be sufficiently strong to secure a respectful consideration of its opinions: but, remembering that the non-official members can represent only certain classes of the community, it was injudicious to give them such strength as to enable them, if solidly combined, actually to outvote the Government, and in any case

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so to obstruct any legislation to which they might be disinclined as to render it very difficult for the Government to pass laws for the protection of the poorer classes. That members of the Council should have the right to interpellate the Government is a useful means of bringing grievances to notice, and they have had such a right for many years past. But it was rash to extend the right to the asking of supplementary questions, as this power will enable a skilful questioner to put the authorities, not merely into the witness-box, but into the pillory; and when the Opposition is represented by a lawyer practised in advocacy, and the Government by an official whose experience has been confined to practical administration, it may often happen that the State emerges from the discussion touched by discredit which it does not deserve. These changes will go very far towards the introduction into India of democratic government on a representative basis, and for this the country is still unfitted by its sharp antagonism of interests, its caste system, its indifference to public progress, and its general illiteracy. And Indian sober opinion, if not actually nervous of their results, attaches much less importance to representative institutions than to the prospects of relations and caste-fellows in the public service. Another of Lord Morley's changes leads the way to the restriction of the powers of Lieutenant-Governors by the delegation of some of them to Executive (as opposed to Legislative) Councillors. This innovation has been sharply criticised. But Executive Councils already exist in the presidencies of Madras and Bombay: in the provinces where they are non-existent there are Boards of Revenue which, as a matter of fact, relieve the Lieutenant-Governor of much of his responsibility, and can readily be transformed into Executive Councils; and (the most weighty argument of all) at present the work of a Lieutenant-Governor is so exceedingly heavy that masses of papers which are directed to him never reach him, but are disposed of by his secretaries. Delegation, therefore, exists, and it may be well to place it upon a formal basis. A further measure which has provoked much discussion is the appointment of an Indian to the Executive Council of the Viceroy. This innovation has its risks; but it is eminently desirable to prove to the natives of India that race is no bar to high office, and that the Queen's Proclamation is no dead letter. This argument rests upon sentiment. We should not belittle it on this account.

But whatever view may be taken of these innovations upon their merits in detail, there can be no question of their untimeliness, and of the harm which has been caused by the method of their introduction. Anti-British agitation had spread from Bengal to other provinces; its manifestations had developed from boycotting to murder; endeavours were being made to subvert the loyalty of the Native Army; the air was thick with rumours of conspiracies, and the newspapers filled with reports of trials for sedition. It was becoming necessary to strengthen the criminal law affecting the Press, to check the holding of

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public meetings, to suppress the revolutionary societies that were enmeshing students and schoolboys, to set up a special tribunal for the trial of seditious offences, and to take action under a longstanding Regulation for the arrest and imprisonment of persons without trial. The occasion was entirely unsuitable for the introduction of measures which could be construed as concessions. The abandonment of the reforms till sedition had lowered its crest would have proved our determination to enforce the law. It has been argued that strength was shown by persevering with them, in disregard of the efforts made to extort them,—to extort indeed something much beyond them. Yet such a course is also consistent with weakness, and Orientals are by nature suspicious and given to read between the lines. No doubt, however, it would have been unreasonable to expect that the present Government should go back upon its declaration for reforms. But, conditions being as they were, it was essential that the reforms should be elaborated once for all, and should be given to India as a final project.

The line that was followed was the contrary of this. A scheme was devised for the expansion of the Legislative Councils by increasing the representation of the aristocracy of the country and of the landed and commercial interests. It promised no increase of influence to the lawyers, journalists and schoolmasters who inspired the agitation, and was received by them with derision. It was speedily dropped. A new and more comprehensive project was elaborated by the Government of India, which offered greatly enhanced privileges to the party of progress—that is to say, the party of agitation. But this project was not accepted by Lord Morley as it stood, and three-cornered negotiations ensued between him, the Viceroy and the Nationalist leaders, under the watchful eyes of the Indian public, which ended in the grant of still more liberal concessions. In Provincial Councils the number of non-official members was further increased, so that if they combined they could outvote the Government. And a concession, even more impressive than this, was made in abrogating the power which the Government had hitherto retained (but hardly exercised) to veto the election of any person whose presence on the Council might be dangerous to the State. The most rampant demagogue, the bitterest opponent of British rule, may now win his way without check to the Council chamber. The progress of these negotiations was marked by a succession of outrages, by riots in which the Government was defied, by the assassination, or attempted assassination, of Government officials and of those who assisted them. It is really futile to suppose that the people of India should not connect one set of occurrences with the other, and should refrain from concluding that the progress of concession was accelerated by the explosions which were engineered behind it. Lord Morley has earnestly disowned the influence of intimidation. But words count for little in the East. And almost

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in the same breath he has weakened his disavowals by appealing, on behalf of the reforms, to the calming effect their promulgation may, for short periods, appear to have exercised. We have been asked to observe the effect of generous concessions in South Africa: have they not infused the country with a spirit of loyalty, inspired it with hopefulness, and served to conciliate animosities which some doubters feared they might embitter? But the case of South Africa is in no way parallel. We have granted liberty to the Boers. Not, however, before we had won their respect on the battlefield.

A courageous attempt has been made to deflect the current of Indian opinion by the arrest of certain ringleaders of sedition, and this is one of the redeeming features of the situation. But its effect has been marred by the distinction with which Mr. Surendranath Banerjee has been received by us, as one of the representatives of the Empire's press. With Mr. Banerjee's early history we are not now concerned, except in so far as it persuades the people of India that he can never become friendly towards the British Government. But for the last thirty years he has been the most prominent of our antagonists. He has specially addressed himself to the student community, and his newspaper, the *Bengali*, is the favourite reading in schools and colleges. In popular ideas he is inseparably connected with the denunciation of British rule and of British morality, the initiations of the boycott, and the foundation of the school political association which have demoralised thousands of youths. At least one of the Bengali gentlemen who have been arrested by administrative order has always been reckoned amongst his earnest disciples. Mr. Banerjee may himself have recanted, though his newspaper preserves its uncompromising attitude. It may seem politic to win over so eloquent, so bitter an adversary. But the favours we have shown him must have caused some curious thoughts to his Bengali followers and his Mohammedan opponents, and cannot have strengthened the respect with which either regard us.

This brings me to a third problem which Lord Morley's reforms have introduced into the foreground—the position and aspirations of the Mohammedan community of India. This community is sixty million strong—as numerous as the population of the German Empire—and, though constituting but a fifth of the inhabitants of India, it stands in much higher proportion to the Hindus properly so called,—that is to say, if the lower caste people are excluded who are reckoned as Hindus only for convenience of classification, and who are by no means disposed, in perpetual servitude, to follow the Hindu religious or political leaders. The Mohammedans are more united in interest than the Hindus; they are moved by a more animating, because a more militant, religion, and they can look back with pride to great historical achievements. Strengthened with an admixture of Turkish blood the Muslims of India raised an empire which in power,

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magnificence and liberality of spirit surpassed its European contemporaries, and still displays to us its genius in monuments which materialise the most delicate and refined dreams of architecture. But the Mohammedans have lagged far behind the Hindus in the race of progress—that is to say, in the assimilation of modern science through the English language and literature. The reason for their backwardness should win them the sympathy of many in this country. It is their objection to divorce religion from education, their reluctance to send their children to the secular schools which the State has offered them. A man of extraordinary insight, Sir Syed Ahmed, recognised the force of this objection, and respected it by establishing the Anglo-Mohammedan College at Aligarh on a religious basis. The college has illuminated Mohammedan life outside India as well as within its borders; but the light of a single institution cannot, of course, penetrate the masses of so large a community, and the number of Mohammedans who are proficient in English, contrasted with Hindus, is exceedingly small. Under our rules for admission to the public service this deficiency has limited their entrance to it, especially in Bengal, where the cult of intellectual competition has been pushed very far, and where Mohammedan candidates, qualified for service, have been rejected for Hindus, who are more than qualified. It is, moreover, alleged by the Mohammedans that the Hindus, having secured a practical monopoly of office, are able to obstruct the prospects of Mohammedan candidates, and even to prevent their claims from receiving consideration. It is undoubtedly the case that, while Mohammedans hold infinitely less than their fair share of appointments, large numbers of qualified Mohammedan candidates have failed to secure State employment. As an indication of the reality of their grievance I may mention that in Eastern Bengal, where Mohammedans are in the great majority, nine-tenths of the superior officers of police were Hindus. They complain of a further injustice. Outside Eastern Bengal and the Punjab they are everywhere in a minority, and their leading men have therefore no chance of winning their way by election on to the hundreds of municipal and rural boards which administer the purely local affairs of the country. If a Mohammedan is elected it is by the favour of Hindu voters, and the candidates whom Hindus would support might very probably not be the men whom the Mohammedans would select as their representatives. The grievance is aggravated by the fact that these boards constitute the main electorate for the Legislative Councils, and that, if Mohammedans are in a minority on the boards, they cannot expect to be represented on the Councils. The hopelessness of making their voices heard has, it is complained, reduced the Mohammedans to silence, and is responsible itself for their lack of energy. But it should be stated that the Government had always by nomination done its best to redress the balance between the two communities on boards and councils, and that the Mohammedans generally acquiesced

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in the position until the Nationalist politicians disturbed the air with extravagant demands.

The discussions which followed my resignation had not subsided when a Mohammedan deputation, which included the leaders of the community and could speak for it with complete authority, was permitted to address the Viceroy on the position and aspirations of the Mohammedans. Lord Minto received the deputation with much cordiality, and definitely accepted its request for a far-reaching reform—that the Mohammedans should be allotted a fixed number of elective seats on all local bodies as well as on the Legislative Councils, and should be permitted to elect to them on a register of their own, voting in all cases quite separately from the Hindus. Now there are some obvious objections to this course. To frame separate schedules of voters for every board throughout the country will be a task of much labour for the executive. It is doubtful whether the prospects of success at the polling booth will have much stimulating effect upon people for whom representative government is still a chimera. And the separation of Hindus and Mohammedans into two distinct voting camps may accentuate the rivalry which now divides them. From some points of view it would be more convenient and safer to leave the voting machine for municipal and rural boards unaltered, and to provide for Mohammedan interests in the Legislative Councils by permitting Mohammedans to elect some special members, over and above those for whom they would vote in combination with the Hindus. More detailed consideration goes, however, in favour of the Mohammedan claim. In the interests of peace it is better that deeply seated rivalries should be separately represented than that they should clash at the same polling booth. The mixed electoral voting adopted by the new constitution of Turkey has intensified racial animosities. A system of class representation is actually in force in the Punjab, and in some provinces of Europe. But arguments, one way or the other, were really beside the point. The Viceroy had given his assent, and this should have been sufficient, so long as the Mohammedans did not unanimously return his promise to him. This straightforward view—the view that has made the Englishman's word proverbial in the East—was, however, not taken. It must be admitted that the Hindus made a move which increased the difficulties of Lord Morley's position. A separate Mohammedan electorate seemed fatal to the dream of a United India, and they intimated publicly that they would reject the reforms which had cost so much labour and anxiety, if they were accompanied by such a distinction of Mohammedan interests. Endeavours were made to find a compromise in the device of an electoral college in which Hindus and Mohammedans would combine, but which would guarantee to the Mohammedans a certain number of representatives in Council. Under this scheme, however, the Mohammedan representatives would

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in great measure be selected by Hindu opinion, and the Mohammedans opposed it determinedly. Discussion ensued between the Secretary of State and the Government of India, statements were made in Parliament of very vague complexion, and even now it is by no means assured that the Mohammedans will receive what has definitely been granted them. They have loyally stood by the Government through this agitation. But our fidelity is concerned as well as our gratitude, and we cannot discuss such a question as the fulfilment of an engagement without grievously weakening the sentiment upon which our influence is based.

The partition of Bengal, the reforms of the Indian constitution, and the claims of Mohammedans have, then, been so dealt with as to create an idea that the people of India are dependent not upon our sense of rectitude, but upon the pressure which they can manage to exert upon the British Government, a conviction that is subversive of respect for British rule. And the suspicious interference to which our officials have been subjected has contributed not a little to the weakening of authority. The people of England do not realise the detail in which the men on the spot have been controlled from home. But the people of India are aware of it. Telegrams may be cryptically cyphered, but they pass through the Indian telegraph offices, and it needs but little wit to connect their receipt with the issue of orders that follow. Never have the experienced councillors of the Empire, whether in India or at Whitehall, counted for so little in the administration of affairs. Lord Morley may have had difficulty in manœuvring his political supporters; his relations with his official colleagues and subordinates have been of a much simpler character. We can understand the impatience with which a man of such eminent talents, committed to radical changes, views the dissuasive warnings of experience and official actions, however much warranted in themselves, which do not conduce to the furtherance of his policy. But our Indian administration is a delicate piece of machinery, and rough-handed repairs may damage it irretrievably.

The question will be asked—Supposing that we have concluded that India will be more effectually bound to her English connexion by political concessions than by such delicate sentiments as respect or loyalty, what connexion has this with the murderous outrages of a band of anarchists? Let it not be forgotten that the outrages began with the change of policy. National ailments, like those of the body, though appearing to be localised, usually indicate a more general condition of disease, and it would be idle to pretend that the Indian extremists have not behind them far-extending supports of public sympathy. In the circumstances of Indian morality there is little difference but of degree between the illegalities of the boycott, the violent contemning of authority, and political assassination: whether an excitable and neurotic youth graduates up the scale, merely depends

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upon his particular temperament. Few Englishmen realise how exceedingly modern our domination of India appears to the people of the country. To us its establishment seems ancient history, and we think of its continuance as of the natural order of things. Yet it has lasted but a third of the period during which the Romans occupied this country, and their occupation is treated by historians as one of the most evanescent of England's experiences. The people of India appreciate the peace that our rule has assured them, and are daily becoming bound to us by habit and by growing material interests. But the British domination is to them still as a wave which has submerged the country, and may pass on away from it. I have known peasants refer to the education of their children as well enough 'so long as the British rule remains.' In such circumstances public confidence is unstable and liable to rapid fluctuation. Facts which may indicate a loss of controlling strength are watched for, noted and presumed upon. Not only has political crime thrust up its head; ordinary crime has increased very alarmingly. The jails of Bengal are overcrowded, and in the districts round Calcutta itself burglaries and dacoities have become so numerous that the bitterest of our political opponents, if he has money, has begun to reflect upon the disadvantages of a weakened executive, and would like to assist the Government with information, if he dared.

There remains one argument in favour of the current policy—that it has been forced upon us by an irresistible development: that new feelings and aspirations are fermenting in the East which are revitalising its peoples, and compel us to treat with them on more modern, more practical a basis than that we are entitled to their respect. It is the fashion of the present day, born no doubt of the theory of evolution, to read history as if it were entirely the result of general tendencies, and we are apt to forget how large a part is played in the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, by pure accident or by the action of individual will power. A railway accident may be due to neglect of the permanent way under financial pressure; it may also be due to a workman's accidental omission to screw a bolt home. In the opinion of many the Indian Mutiny would never have inflamed the country had the officer commanding at Meerut showed more determination on that fateful Sunday in May. And, after all, are we sure that Asia is changing its immemorial character? We may grant the astonishing progress of Japan: but this is no new thing. Japan has shown Asia that Europeans are not invincible: but has she taught Asia the discipline of character, infused Asia with the spirit of self-denial, of self-reform, to which she owes her success? In India popular ideas show little real enlightenment: pride in caste, and the absurd and invidious distinctions of caste, remain practically unabated; and if we abandoned the country, our last regiment would not have embarked

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before the lower castes were thrust back into humiliations from which we have rescued them, widow-burning was restored by acclamation, and cow-killing was interdicted under most cruel penalties. The awakening of China still seems to be a very slow process. The convulsions of Persia do not appear to have aroused her. Turkey is reforming herself, but not Asiatic Turkey, and, so far, the reforms have resulted in a despotism, capable and honest, but not, at present, significant of the popular will. We have no real ground for imagining that a current is overpowering us, that we should take our hands from the oars and drift with the stream. Why should we, alarmed by difficulties which may be only passing, jeopardise the peaceful continuity of a dominion which the determination of our ancestors has won for us, which we have preserved and elaborated to the credit of our race, and which conduces to the happiness and improvement of millions of people? Let our motto be, as it has been, *Sursum corda*!

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE BUDGET

It savours of the commonplace to assert that at this moment political interest is concentrated upon a single question—What will the House of Lords do with the Budget? It is a question which none except those who belong to the small inner circle of the Unionist party can profitably discuss, and which even they perhaps cannot confidently answer. For the Finance Bill has not yet emerged from the ordeal of Committee in the House of Commons, and though the Conservative debaters are few, the changes and chances of parliamentary life are many.

There are, however, two subsidiary questions which ought to be asked, and as far as possible answered, by every citizen who claims to take any intelligent interest in current politics: (1) What *can* the House of Lords do with the Budget? and (2) What *ought* it to do? The first is obviously a question of constitutional law, or rather of constitutional convention; the second is one, at the highest, of political principle, at the lowest of political expediency.

I

The constitutional powers of the Lords in regard to taxation have long exercised the minds of jurists. The more so, perhaps, because they belong to the cloudy domain of constitutional convention rather than to that of positive law. To a foreign publicist it is a thing inexplicable that on matters of gravest import to the smooth working of our constitutional machinery the law should be entirely silent. Baffled in his researches, denied the satisfaction of legal certitude, and distracted by conflicting precedents, he is apt in his haste to declare with De Tocqueville that 'en Angleterre la Constitution n'existe pas.' It is indeed characteristic of English political institutions that matters of the highest moment should rest, not upon statute law, but upon precedent, usage, and convention. But while this may add zest and flavour to the task of the publicist, it does not diminish its difficulty. I do not, however, propose to cumber these pages overmuch with what Lord Rosebery would probably describe

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as 'antique precedents and black-letter sanctions.' As to the legal powers of the Lords in regard to money bills there is little or no ambiguity. They are a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, and as such their right 'to withhold their assent from any Bill whatever to which their concurrence is desired is,' as Erskine May firmly says, 'unquestionable.'[1] I am not aware that this legal right has ever been denied or even questioned by responsible politicians, but it is clear that by the tenacity of the Commons in regard to 'Privilege' and by the ingenious device adopted by Mr. Gladstone in 1861, the exercise of that right has been rendered increasingly difficult and inconvenient.

As to the right of amendment it is not easy to speak with the same certainty. The *locus classicus* is to be found in two resolutions of the House of Commons passed in 1671 and 1678 respectively. By the first the Commons affirmed 'that in all aids given to the King by the Commons the rate or tax ought not to be altered by the Lords;'[2] by the second,

> that all aids and supplies, and aids to his Majesty in Parliament are the sole gift of the Commons; and that all Bills for the granting of any such aids or supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.[3]

Sir Thomas Erskine May writes on these matters with an authority second to none, but it is not perhaps impertinent to suggest that he was somewhat over-impressed by his immediate environment[4] when he wrote: 'By the practice and usage based upon that resolution (the 3rd of July 1678) the Lords were excluded not only from the power of initiating or amending Bills dealing with public expenditure or revenue, but also from initiating public Bills which would create a charge upon the people by the imposition of local or other rates.' No one knew better than May that a mere resolution of the House of Commons has no binding force except upon its own members, and he is careful to avoid the suggestion that the resolutions quoted above possessed any unusual or exceptional authority. It is the *practice and usage* based upon the resolution to which he pointedly refers; and as to parliamentary usage it would be ill disputing his generalisation.

It may however be profitable, at this juncture, to inquire how the claim of the Commons to which expression is given in this famous resolution arose, and how far it is either constitutionally necessary or politically expedient to respect it.

It is important to remember that the English parliamentary system was historically based upon the theory of 'Estates'; that the essence of an 'Estate' is separate taxation, and that, as a matter of

[1] *Law and Usage of Parliament*, p. 583.
[2] *C. J.* ix. 235.
[3] *Ibid.* ix. 509.
[4] As Clerk of the House of Commons.

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fact, the three 'Estates' in England—the Baronage, the Clergy, and the Commons—were, in the beginnings of parliamentary history, absolutely independent of each other in respect of supplies voted to the Crown. That there was at one time a danger of the multiplication of these 'Estates'—a possible 'Estate' of the merchants, another of the lawyers—is a point which, though significant, need not detain us. The financial independence of the three regular 'Estates' is, however, a point of more than antiquarian significance. The Hundred Years' War with France affected the doctrine of parliamentary taxation in two ways: the King, being no longer able 'to live of his own,' was compelled to have more frequent recourse to Parliament for supplies, while, on the other hand, the proved inefficiency of the feudal levy compelled the engagement of professional soldiers and reduced the military value and importance of the Baronial 'Estate.' Thus by the end of the fourteenth century things were tending in the direction of the modern practice. The Estate of the Clergy, having refused to come into the system of national representation, continued to make their separate grants to the King in the two Convocations of Canterbury and York. It is true that as the taxative system was developed it became usual for the clergy to follow the example of the lay Parliament, but the separatist theory was jealously maintained. 'Of this liberty of Convocation,' says Bishop Stubbs, 'the kings were carefully observant, and the parliaments not less so.'[5] On one occasion (in 1449), as the same writer reminds us, the Commons in making their grant so far presumed as to take into account the gift of the clergy. They were at once sharply reminded by the King that it was not for them but for the Convocations to decide that the tax should be voted. Thus the privilege of the Clerical Estate survived even the legislation of Henry the Eighth and remained intact until the Restoration.

It was otherwise with the Baronial Estate. By degrees, despite the fact that the Barons were still liable for personal military service, the two Estates began to combine in grants of 'tenths and fifteenths,' of tonnage and poundage, and other imposts. More than this. A formula comes into common use which gives a pre-eminence to the Commons. Grants begin to be made 'by the Commons with the advice and assent of the lords spiritual and temporal.' Since the close of the fourteenth century there has been no deviation from this formula.

The Parliament of Gloucester (1407) marks a further stage in the growing power of the Commons in the matter of taxation. It is common to assert that the recognition of the right of the Commons to initiate money Bills dates from an incident which occurred during this famous Parliament. I am personally doubtful whether the vast superstructure of privilege based upon the proceedings of this session can be justified by an impartial examination of the facts. But be that as

[5] *Constitutional History*, iii. 340.

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it may, it is undeniable that the Commons were 'greatly disturbed' by the action of the Lords in fixing the amount of grant to the King, 'saying and affirming that this was in great prejudice and derogation of their liberties'; and that Henry the Fourth, apparently with the assent of the Lords, yielded the point and agreed that 'neither house should make any report to the King on a grant made by the Commons and assented to by the Lords, or on any negotiations touching such grant, until the two houses had agreed; and that then the report should be made by the mouth of the Speaker of the Commons.'[6] Whether this was, as is generally assumed, tantamount to a claim, on the part of the Commons, to initiate all money grants there is, I think, reason to doubt; but that from this moment the theory of 'Estates' gradually faded, and the financial pre-eminence of the lower House became more and more marked, is not open to question.

Everything was favourable to the extension of parliamentary privilege in the first half of the fifteenth century. The Lancastrians occupied the throne by a parliamentary title and attempted the experiment of making Parliament the direct instrument of Government. The experiment proved to be premature; a healthy reaction ensued, and it was nearly two hundred years before similar pretensions were urged again. This lands us in the Puritan Revolution, but fortunately it is unnecessary from our present point of view to linger there.

The Restoration of 1660 was something more than a restoration of the monarchy—it was a restoration of Parliament. For ten or twelve years Parliament had been crushed under the heel of a military dictatorship. Disguise it how we may, the fact remains that the rule of Cromwell was the rule of the sword and not of the robe. But in 1660 the Commons, like the merry monarch, came to their own again; inflated with their recent triumph over the Crown and the Lords, and forgetful of the means by which it had been won. This was the real period of financial consolidation, the real beginning of the modern system of taxation. New financial expedients, by whomsoever devised, are not lightly abandoned. The Unionist party, despite ample opportunity, have never found it convenient to dispense with Sir William Harcourt's death duties; and the statesmen of the Restoration were not above adopting the methods of the financiers of the Long Parliament. Two episodes of the Restoration are, in the present connexion, of marked significance. The clerical 'Estate' finally disappears. Since 1664 the Convocations have ceased to make separate grants to the Crown, and the clergy have been taxed like everybody else by the Parliament. With the last remnants of clerical privilege disappeared also the last relics of feudalism. Feudal tenure by military service had been abolished by the Protectorate Parliament of 1656; it momentarily revived at the Restoration, but

[6] *Rot. Parl.* iii. 611, quoted by Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, iii. 61.

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was finally swept away by statute in 1661. Thus 'Barons' and 'Clergy' at last fall completely into the national system; the old theory of 'Estates' has gone. Henceforward there is no distinction between classes, whether of privilege or obligation: all are equal before the law.

This is the moment chosen by the Commons, and not unnaturally chosen, for the re-assertion of their claims to exclusive, or at least pre-eminent, control over taxation. The whole burden of maintaining the national services both in peace and war now fell—apart from the 'hereditary' revenues of the Crown—as a common charge upon the nation at large. It was natural that the Commons should regard with jealousy and suspicion any attempt to tax the people whom they represented. A pretext for a quarrel soon arose. In 1661 the Lords passed and sent down to the Commons a Bill for 'paving, repairing and cleansing the streets and highways of Westminster.' The Commons in high dudgeon rejected the Bill, on the ground that it 'went to lay a charge upon the people' and 'that no Bill ought to begin in the Lords House which lays any charge or tax upon any of the Commons.' To this assertion the Lords demurred as being 'against the inherent Privileges of the House of Peers, as by several Precedents wherein Bills have begun in the Lords' House, *videlicet* 5^to^ Elizabethæ a Bill for the Poor, and 31 Eliz. for Repair of Dover Haven, and divers other Acts, does appear.' The Commons thereupon passed a Bill of their own and sent it up to the Lords. This time it was for the Lords to protest: but, in the event,

> the Lords, out of their tender and dutiful Respects to His Majesty, who is much incommodated by the Neglect of those Highways and Sewers mentioned in the Bill, have for this Time in that respect alone, given Way to the Bill now in Agitation, which came from the House of Commons, with a Proviso of their Lordships; *videlicet*, 'Provided always that nothing in the passing of this Bill nor any thing therein contained, shall extend to the Prejudice of the Privileges of both or either of the Houses of Parliament, or any of them; but that all the Privileges of the said Houses, or either of them, shall be and remain, and be construed to be and remain, as they were before the passing of this Act, any thing therein contained to the contrary notwithstanding; with this Protestation that this Act shall not be drawn into Example to their Prejudice for the future.'[7]

The Commons refused to accept the Bill with the insertion of this proviso; matters came to a deadlock, and the proposed legislation had to be abandoned.

A similar Bill of a more general nature was, however, passed in the following year; a similar impasse was threatened, but on this occasion the Lords, after formal protest from several of their number, gave way.[8]

But this was only the beginning. In 1671, and again in 1678, the Lords attempted to amend Bills of Supply sent up to them by the House of Commons—proceedings which evoked the famous resolu-

[7] *L. J.* xi. 328.

[8] *Ibid.* xi. 467–469.

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tions already quoted.[9] On both occasions the Lords in the end gave way, but not without emphatic protest.

But what is the general principle affirmed in the historic resolution adopted by the Commons in 1678? Its terms have recently been subjected to a searching analysis in a luminous and closely reasoned article in the *Spectator*,[10] in the conclusions of which I entirely concur. The writer acutely, and, as I think, justly, contends that in this resolution is to be found the beginning of a confusion between a *tax* and a *Money Bill*. The Lords' right of *concurrence* in taxation has never been questioned. They cannot legally *impose* a charge upon the people; hence they cannot alter or amend a tax proposed by the Commons; but they may refuse to concur in its imposition and, therefore, may reject it. In course of time, however, and partly perhaps in consequence of the ambiguity of the wording of the resolution of the 3rd of July 1678, confusion has arisen between a tax or grant, and the aggregation of taxes contained in a modern Finance Bill, and it is now common to contend that the Lords have lost) if they ever possessed) the right to amend not only a particular tax, but the general scheme of taxation as embodied in a Money Bill.

This confusion and the difficulties arising therefrom have unquestionably been greatly enhanced by the ingenious but somewhat vindictive device adopted by Mr. Gladstone in 1861. In view of possible eventualities, the circumstances are worth recalling with some precision. In 1860 a Bill for repealing the duty on paper formed part of the financial proposals of the year. The anticipated loss of revenue from this and other duties was to be met by an increase in the income tax from ninepence to tenpence in the pound. The Income Tax Bill passed both Houses; the Paper Duty Repeal Bill, after narrowly escaping defeat in the Commons, was rejected by the Lords. To no one did this action of the Lords give greater satisfaction than to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister. He had already expressed his private opinion to the Sovereign that if the Lords rejected the Bill they would 'perform a good public service,' and that 'the Government might well submit to so welcome a defeat.' But the Premier reckoned without his Chancellor. Mr. Gladstone took a high line in regard to the action of the Lords, and Lord Palmerston was compelled with very ill grace to submit to the House of Commons a series of resolutions, re-asserting in the strongest terms the privileges of the Commons in regard to taxation. The first affirmed that 'the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone, as an essential part of their constitution, and the limitation of all such grants as to matter, manner, measure and time is only in them.' The second, while admitting that the Lords had sometimes 'exercised the power of rejecting Bills relating to taxation by negativing the whole,' nevertheless affirmed that the

[9] *Supra*, p. 196. [10] July 10, 1909.

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exercise of that power 'hath not been frequent and is justly regarded by this House with peculiar jealousy as affecting the right of the Commons alone to grant supplies and to provide the ways and means for the service of the year.' The third, grimly foreshadowing future action, stated 'that to guard for the future against an undue exercise of that power by the Lords, and to secure to the Commons their rightful control over taxation and supply, this House has in its own hands the power so to impose and remit taxes and to frame bills of supply that the right of the Commons as to the matter, manner, measure, and time may be maintained inviolate.'

In the following session Mr. Gladstone's turn came. The veiled threat was translated into action. The Chancellor of the Exchequer not only showed his teeth, but proceeded to bite. He embodied all the financial proposals of the year, including the rejected Paper Duty Repeal Bill, in a single omnibus Bill and challenged the House of Lords to accept or reject it as a whole. It was a bold, not to say a somewhat impudent, challenge. But it was justified by success, and it has set a precedent from which there has been no departure from that day to this.

Is it not, however, open to the detached political commentator to inquire whether Mr. Gladstone was really playing the game? The ingenuity of his device is not disputable. His opponents in the House of Lords had given him an opening, and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity of an effective 'score.' And score he did. But was it not at the expense of a serious derangement of the fine equipoise of our delicately balanced Constitution? The Lords, after all, had a perfect right, denied by none, to concur in taxation. This right was deliberately abrogated, as far as the action of one branch of the Legislature can abrogate the powers of another, by the tactics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That was his intention; and that he claimed as his achievement. 'The House of Lords for its misconduct was deservedly extinguished in effect as to all matters of finance.' It is noticeable that the new departure was only approved by the House of Commons by a very narrow majority; and it still remains to be seen whether the precedent can be accepted as binding for all time.

For the moment the House of Lords bent before a very moderate storm. Whether wisely or unwisely, from the point of view of the immediate situation, it is difficult for critics of a later generation to say. In the light of subsequent events one is tempted to say that the opportunity of effective protest against a momentous (though not unprecedented) innovation was unfortunately neglected. The Lords were on weak ground in 1860 when they resisted; they might have taken up a position of indisputable advantage in 1861, when they were induced to acquiesce. Lord Derby's opinion seems to have been that the immediate point was not worth fighting about,

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and he contented himself with a formal reservation of rights for the future.

Subsequent leaders of the Upper House have shown even greater caution than Lord Derby in touching questions of finance. Not perhaps since the Reform Act of 1832, certainly not since the death of the Duke of Wellington, has any statesman wielded a greater influence over the House of Lords than the late Lord Salisbury. And no statesman was ever more jealous of its honour or more generally tenacious of its privileges. But in a speech delivered in the debates on Sir William Harcourt's Finance Bill of 1894, and to which frequent reference has of late been made, Lord Salisbury warned the Peers of the constitutional inconveniences, not to say anomalies, which must arise from the exercise of their undoubted rights in regard to Finance Bills. 'You cannot,' he in effect argued, 'reject a money Bill because you cannot change the Executive; to leave the existing Executive in power and yet to deprive them of the means of carrying on the Government of the country would create a grave constitutional situation.' Such language, if it is to be accepted as the last word on this momentous question, means that the House of Lords must virtually surrender all its concurrent corporate rights in regard to taxation, that individual peers must accept a position inferior to that of the meanest voter in the kingdom, and must shoulder burdens imposed upon them by the fiat of an assembly in which they have neither part nor lot. It means more than this. It means the constitutional omnipotence of a single-chambered legislature, the like of which no great State has ever seen. Is this a contingency to be lightly regarded?

II.

This is the crucial question with which the country is confronted to-day. For by general admission the Finance Bill of 1909 is no ordinary Budget. The dark threats that preceded it; the method and manner of its introduction; the place accorded to it in the legislative work of the session; the breadth of the principles it involves; the wide range of its proposals; the almost insoluble complexity of its details; the vagueness of its financial forecasts—all combine to proclaim it as an exceptional and unprecedented measure. The present Chancellor has bettered the example of his predecessor of 1861. He has combined into one conglomerate Bill not only all the tax Bills of the year, but virtually all the legislative proposals of the session, not to say all the rejected proposals of an entire Parliament. He has, in a word, provided the *reductio ad absurdum* of the vicious innovation which Mr. Gladstone was permitted to establish in 1861.

None the less, the Bill, or rather the aggregated Bills, will have to

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be considered,—to be accepted or rejected,—on their merits. Not all the black-letter sanctions in the world will serve to justify the Lords before the final judgment seat of the constituencies. The legists will ask: Have they followed or violated precedent? The people will ask: Have they done right? Have they dealt fearlessly and honestly with a series of measures of the first magnitude? Have they reached a decision with a single eye to the interests of the nation as a whole?

The House of Lords is commonly regarded as the natural bulwark against revolution. Is Lord Rosebery accurate in describing the Bill before the country as 'revolutionary'?

It is undeniably revolutionary in *form*. No one seriously pretends that this is an ordinary Budget, even such a Budget as those to which we have become accustomed since 1861. It represents a conglomerate mass of heterogeneous proposals, and it would seem to be the first duty of the House of Lords to resolve it into its constituent atoms. This done, the Lords will be in a position to exercise their undoubted right, not of amendment, but of concurrence or rejection. I have deprecated undue reliance upon antique precedents. But if there is any one constitutional convention more generally accepted than another as governing the relations of the two Houses, it is the right of the Lords to resist the specious device of 'tacking.'

It is of the first importance, at the present juncture, to recall the circumstances under which that device was first employed. Flushed by a succession of victories over the Lords between 1660 and 1689, the Commons in 1692, and again in 1700, determined to go a step further and complete the legislative discomfiture of the Upper House by combining in one measure an ordinary Bill and a Bill of Supply. Such tactics were bitterly and naturally resented by the Peers, whose case is admirably put in a notable passage by Macaulay:

> Not only are we to be deprived of that co-ordinate legislative power to which we are, by the constitution of the realm, entitled. We are not to be allowed even a suspensive veto. We are not to dare to remonstrate, to suggest an amendment, to offer a reason, to ask for an explanation. Whenever the other House has passed a Bill to which it is known that we have strong objections, that Bill is to be tacked to a Bill of Supply. If we alter it, we are told that we are attacking the most sacred privilege of the representatives of the people, and that we must either take the whole or reject the whole. If we reject the whole, public credit is shaken; the Royal Exchange is in confusion; the Bank stops payment; the Army is disbanded; the fleet is in mutiny; the island is left, without one regiment, without one frigate, at the mercy of every enemy. The danger of throwing out a Bill of Supply is doubtless great. Yet it may on the whole be better that we should face that danger, once for all, than that we should consent to be, what we are fast becoming, a body of no more importance than the Convocation.[11]

[11] *History of England*, iv. 328–9.

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It was indeed time that a determined stand should be made, in the interests of the nation at large, by the Chamber which was not technically 'representative.'

But here the Lords were confronted by a difficulty which is perpetually recurring. The particular occasion was not a favourable one. The 'tacked' Bill was one which intrinsically commended itself to the judgment of many of the peers, and represented a cause likely to be popular—on broad grounds of expediency—in the country. Entirely objectionable as was the method adopted by the Commons, the peers judged, and rightly, that the ground selected for a battle royal with the Commons must be in every respect favourable. 'The Lords,' as Macaulay wisely observes, 'must wait for some occasion on which their privileges would be bound up with the privileges of all Englishmen, for some occasion on which the constituent bodies would, if an appeal were made to them, disavow the acts of the representative body; and this was not such an occasion.' [12] Unsteady and captious as is his judgment on men, in his judgments on political issues Macaulay is rarely at fault. The wisest of the peers were in favour of surrender.[13] The tacked Bill was accepted, but two years later (the 9th of December, 1702) the Lords placed it formally on record: 'That the annexing any clause or clauses to a Bill of Aid or Supply the matter of which is foreign to and different from the matter of the said Bill of Aid or Supply is Unparliamentary and tends to the destruction of the Constitution of this Government.' [14]

How far does the principle thus formulated avail as an apology for action to-day? It is at least arguable that the Finance Bill of 1909 is a clear instance of 'tacking'; of an attempt, that is, to force upon the House of Lords the acceptance of principles, if not of measures, to which they have already, in the exercise of their undoubted rights, given a recent and decided negative. The character of the coming Finance Bill was as clearly foreshadowed by the language of Ministers in the autumn of last year as was the character of the Finance Bill of 1861 foreshadowed by the Commons Resolution of 1860. It may now suit the partisans of the Government to forget unwisely uttered threats; it may now be convenient to pretend that the Lords have

[12] *Op. cit.* iv. 331.

[13] The situation in 1700 abounds with interesting parallels to the political situation of to-day. In this connection the curious may care to refer to a brilliant but almost neglected pamphlet of Swift's, *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome*, published in 1701 (Collected Works [ed. 1754] vol. iii. p. 1–85). The pamphlet, though of course replete with paradox, is replete also with profoundly wise political reflections applicable to all time. The gist of the argument is that the encroachments of the popular element in a State where the Constitution rests upon a nice equipoise of checks and balances must be jealously watched; especially is an infraction of the balance to be resisted when there is a powerful and victorious enemy at the gates ready to seize an opportunity of reducing the weakened State to the condition of a subject province.

[14] *L. J.* xvii. 185[a].

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to deal with an honest and straightforward attempt to meet the financial necessities of the year, and them alone. But words uttered cannot be unsaid, and Ministers have only themselves to thank if proposals conceived in obvious bitterness of spirit are subjected to unusually searching analysis.

But, after all, the main question to be decided is one of substance and not of form. The action of the Lords should be, and doubtless will be, determined less by meticulous regard for black-letter sanction and pedantic adherence to precedents than by a broad consideration of the essential issues at stake. If the proposals contained in Mr. Lloyd George's conglomerate Bill were severally conceived in a wise and statesmanlike spirit, with due regard for financial traditions, with fair consideration for all classes, and with an honest desire to obtain the large revenue required with the least possible friction and with the minimum of disturbance to existing interests;—if the several proposals could in themselves satisfy these tests, little exception would be taken to the unusually complicated form in which they have been presented to Parliament.

But do they? And, if not, are there any special grounds to justify the Lords in reasserting rights which have been long dormant and in taking the admittedly unusual course of rejecting all or any of the numerous Bills of Supply contained in the Budget of this year?

It is, of course, obvious that the grounds put forward must be such as are not inconsistent with the place filled by our hereditary Second Chamber in a modern democracy. Ideally the House of Lords may be said to exist in order to give the political Sovereign, the voters of the United Kingdom, time to consider and opportunity to determine large questions of public policy proposed to them by the legal Sovereign, the King in Parliament. I do not wish to be beguiled into a discussion of the merits of the *Referendum* or of any other devices, more or less elaborate and ingenious, which have been suggested for enabling the will of the political Sovereign to be ascertained. But it is indisputable that a uni-cameral Parliament, clothed as is the English Parliament with legally unlimited power, would be as unworkable in practice as it is inconsistent in theory with any accepted canons of democracy. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* The common sense of the nations of the modern world has rejected both the principle and the practice of a single-chambered legislature. Norway, Servia, and Greece alone among the nations of Europe have shown a preference for the single-chamber form, and without disrespect it may surely be said that the rule is in this case strengthened rather than weakened by the exceptions. All the greatest of the progressive nations of the newer worlds, in far West and far South, have followed the bi-cameral model of the mother of Parliaments.

But if the bi-cameral system is with the unanimous assent of the leading nations destined to survive, it cannot be consistent with logic,

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or good policy or good sense to deprive the Second Chamber of all effective participation in the function of legislation. Weakened by the unfortunate predominance of the hereditary element within its walls, rendered unnecessarily timid by the narrowness of the basis on which its position theoretically rests, the English House of Lords has allowed many of its unquestioned rights to fall into practical desuetude. But it is slowly awakening to the important function which it may legitimately perform in the modern democratic State. It did not need the warning derived from the experience of the early eighteenth century to teach us that a representative Chamber if uncontrolled may develop vices worse than those of an individual despot. It may carry party allegiance to extravagant lengths; it may show callous disregard for the rights of individuals; it may use a chance majority to carry measures for which it had clearly no mandate from the constituencies. Should its vagaries obtain ultimate approval at the hands of the electorate, there is no more to be said either by the House of Lords or by anybody else. The people must be allowed to 'stew in the juice' of their preference. But at least the House of Lords can give the opportunity for the expression of a preference; they can postpone the evil day, though they are powerless to avert it; they can and they ought to see to it that no measure of first-rate importance, involving the acceptance of new and unsanctioned principles, shall find a place on the Statute Book before the will of the electorate has been unmistakably and deliberately expressed.

I venture the expression of an opinion that the present Budget involves principles which are alike new, unsanctioned, and vicious. So far criticism has been concentrated upon the land clauses of the Bill. Unavoidably, but, in my judgment, unfortunately. I have no liking for those clauses. They seem to me to combine almost all the vices which taxative imposts can possess. Ill designed for purposes of revenue; grotesquely unequal and unfair to individuals; uncertain in their incidence; pregnant with possibilities of friction; vastly complicated; expensive to collect; and, above all, almost certain to intensify the social evils which it is their ulterior purpose to assuage. But it is not with these points I am immediately concerned. The land clauses may be as replete with virtues as Mr. Lloyd George imagines, but the principles they involve are undeniably novel and as undeniably unsanctioned. Not even their author relies upon them to any appreciable extent for immediate revenue; to postpone them until the will of the electorate can be definitely ascertained might lacerate the feelings of an overfond parent, but it could not seriously affect the public service of the year. For these reasons, the validity of which I venture to believe that no genuine democrat can impugn, the House of Lords would seem to be abundantly justified in treating these clauses as a separate Bill and

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refusing their assent to it. There will, of course, be the usual outcry: 'a landlords' House taking action in the interests of their own class.' It is, I admit, unfortunate that 'land' should so unduly predominate in the Second Chamber, and the sooner the disproportion is rectified the better, in my judgment, for that Chamber and for the Constitution of which it forms a part. But, pending reform, the Lords must not shrink from the fulfilment of a plain obligation in craven fear of the clamour that might arise.

But there is another feature of the Budget which to the constitutionalist, if not to the economist, is even more noxious than the land clauses. I refer to the abolition of the old Sinking Fund and the persistent under-estimation of revenue. In many respects I regard this as the most dangerous and sinister feature of an exceedingly dangerous Budget. But the danger has been so brilliantly exposed by one of the ablest supporters of Mr. Asquith's administration in a recent number of this Review, that I content myself with the expression of a hope that no member of the Upper House (I would fain say of either House) will give a vote on this Bill without weighing the words of wisdom uttered by Mr. Harold Cox.[15] This proposal, also, would seem to be easily separable from the main body of the Bill. It is startlingly revolutionary in character; it would, I believe, prove subversive of the principle of parliamentary control over expenditure; and it would exaggerate that tendency towards bureaucratic autonomy which is rightly regarded with dismay by old-fashioned constitutionalists. On all these grounds the proposal would seem to deserve, as I trust it will receive, the close attention of the revising Chamber.

Finally, there is one point on which I have almost as much quarrel with the critics of the Finance Bill as with its apologists. The latter defend its provisions in the main on the ground that 'it puts the burden on the right shoulders'—the shoulders of the 'capitalists.' I fancy that the critics have been too apt to accept this conclusion, and to regard the Bill as an attack upon capitalists. In my opinion it is open to a much more serious objection: it is an attack upon *capital*. The precise incidence of any given impost is admittedly one of the most difficult and disputable problems in economic science. It takes a very clever man to tell you upon whose shoulders any particular tax will ultimately fall. The Socialists are gleeful because Mr. Lloyd George —in their opinion—is hitting the *capitalists*. Would they be equally gleeful if it were demonstrated that the ultimate injury will accrue rather to *capital* than to the *capitalist*? Of course the merely vindictive Socialists will reck nothing of this. So long as the rich man is made to disgorge, the heavens may fall. To them it matters nothing if the wounded Samson of commerce brings the whole financial and

[15] 'The Budget of 1909,' by Harold Cox, M.P. *Nineteenth Century and After* for June 1909.

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commercial structure to the ground. To men whose souls are saturated with class envy and hatred and bitterness the appeal of reason is in vain.

But to thinking and sober-minded and patriotic Socialists I would venture to address, even at the eleventh hour, a sincere word of appeal: You ardently desire, I am convinced, the social uplifting of the people as a whole; you believe that legislation, and in particular taxative legislation, can effect a more equitable distribution of wealth; that as the rich become poorer, the poor will become richer. But is this certain? That you can do much to impoverish the rich is indisputable. This Budget, if carried into law, will do something to that end. But the question for you, as serious thinkers and politicians, to consider is this: Will the impoverishment of the rich in any way, directly or indirectly, enrich the poor? 'Pigmies,' as Mirabeau said, 'can destroy; it takes giants to build.' You can destroy capital; can you, unaided, create it? Even if the 'capitalist' be your enemy, capital is your friend. In your anxiety to wound the one, are you not in danger of killing the other?

The Prime Minister and his colleagues profess surprise and indignation that their financial proposals should be criticised as 'socialistic.' The value of such professions may be submitted to a simple test. By whom, and by whom alone, are their proposals cordially approved? What is the driving power behind their Budget? Let them do anything, or even say anything, to alienate irrevocably their Socialist allies and they will not be long in discovering the answer to the question which I venture to propound. My appeal, therefore, is addressed, not to the putative, but to the real parents of this scheme, not to Liberals but to Socialists. To them I would say: attempt to discriminate between the 'wealthy' and 'wealth'; between the 'capitalist' whom you abhor and the 'capital' which is the life-blood of all classes of the nation, and especially of that class whom you claim to represent. If you will honestly make this attempt, and if you succeed, I believe that you will be the first to petition the House of Lords to save you from your friends.

J. A. R. Marriott.

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GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

AN ALLIANCE OR AN ILLUSION?

THE most momentous event in the world's history since the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth is believed by many serious students of politics to have been the visit of the Duma deputies to England. Their sojourn in this country, we are assured, brief though it was, 'has drawn the two nations so closely together that an Anglo-Russian alliance in everything but the form is now as good as concluded. Henceforth, whenever the one Power is threatened, the other may be relied upon to spring to its assistance with all its effective resources, and as France is the ally of each, the three great States are one for purposes of defence.' The new Triple Alliance is therefore an accomplished and a formidable fact, and the weird Teutonic spectre that so long haunted and terrified pacific Europe has at last been laid. So confidently is this view of the modified situation accepted, or at any rate professed, in high quarters abroad that certain responsible statesmen have, to my knowledge, blithely declared that they consider it superfluous to have a formal treaty drafted, in the presence of such harmony of national sentiment and such identity of national interests and aims. The three are already one. *Sursum corda!*

But the unemotional onlooker who views the praiseworthy object aimed at, in its true relation to the causes from which alone it can proceed, will be tempted to draw a different conclusion from the facts. He will realise that an Anglo-Russian alliance, formal or unwritten, must be the handiwork either of a statesmanlike and enterprising Russian Tsar or else of a self-governing Russian nation, and he will cast about for some token that one or other of these two possible causes is really at work on the scheme. And of this the keenest observer will descry no sign.

It will not, of course, be questioned even by people of a critical temperament that the trip made by Russia's parliamentary representatives may be fruitful of much good. It has already contributed to loosen, and will doubtless ultimately help to dispel, some part of the inveterate prejudice against England which until recently engendered invincible mistrust of us in the minds of shrewd noblemen—

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experienced officials and stolid farmers in the Empire of the Tsar. Anglophobe Russians, one hopes, will be favourably impressed by the friendly sentiments for the British nation which were so happily uttered by M. Homiakoff, the son of the brilliant theologian and poet whose father wrote scathing and polished verses against 'perfidious Albion,' and by M. Gutchkoff, who himself shouldered a rifle and fought in the ranks of the Boers against 'the spirit of injustice as embodied by Great Britain.' No preaching, however eloquent, is half so efficacious as the conversion of an adversary or an adversary's son into a staunch friend.

But whatever good may have been achieved by the visit of the deputies is but as dust in the balance, compared with what still remains to be attempted. For secular prejudice against us, among the Tsar's subjects, is still widespread and in some places intense. Nor could it well be otherwise. Only four, nay three, years ago we were still hated most cordially by the bulk of the Russian people as the arch-enemy of the great Slav nation, and it would be little less than a miracle if this feeling had vanished in the course of three short years, leaving no trace behind. In truth the English are not yet popular in Russia. Bitterness against them is but slowly abating. Mistrust of their policy is ingrained. Accusations against their government find a ready ear. The words 'Japanese War,' 'The Dogger Bank,' the 'Dardanelles' still evoke unpleasant recollections.

The friendship of one devoted band of northern Slavs, however, we possess and are likely long to keep—that of the pushing group of Russian reformers, democratic and other, whose avowed aim is the constitutional overthrow of the present *régime* and the establishment of popular Government. These pioneers of parliamentarism in Russia look to us for moral sympathy in their struggle against the Tsar's rule, in their systematic endeavours to extend their own rights at the cost of his prerogatives. As the English people have already fought a similar good fight against their kings and come out victorious they turn to us for encouragement and guidance. And they have not sought for it in vain. Obviously there is an eclectic affinity between Russian parliamentarians and the British people. They both dearly love popular rule and entertain a strong opposite feeling for whatever stands in the way of that.

But our welcome guests are not the Russian nation, and when cementing their friendship, which we thoroughly appreciate, we were but knocking at an open door. They are not even the legislature, for there is an upper chamber which has a will and a way of its own. Nay, they are not even identical with the Duma, seeing that they form but a section—a very respectable section—of the lower chamber, a section which is battling hard against that other and more influential element whose ideal is strong monarchical government, such a *régime* as Richard

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Cobden once admired in Prussia and desired to see established in England.[1] For that reason the Russian Conservative Press underlines the 'one-sidedness' of the deputation and emphasises the fact that spokesmen of its own party were entirely absent, while those of the parliamentarians had things their own way.[2] It is of the utmost importance therefore, in the interests of a friendly *rapprochement*, that the Russian Conservative party, which was not represented at all during the recent visit, be now induced to send over a deputation, and that its members should receive here impressions numerous and favourable enough to kill the germs of political animosity which keep them and us so far apart. And if then we could go a step further, and invite a number of priests and monks—the lower clergy in Russia wields far-ranging influence over the nation—to be followed by a deputation of hard-headed peasants, and could make it clear to them that the 'Englishwoman' (*Anglichanka*), as they call this country, is not nearly so black and perfidious as they fancy, we should indeed have ample grounds for rejoicing.

To offer a cordial welcome to our recent guests, to congratulate them on their efforts for the welfare of the Russian nation, and to place on record our lively sense of gratitude that their first visit abroad was to these shores, constituted at once a pleasure and a duty. But to suppose that by doing this we were furthering the cause of the Triple Entente or bringing a new Triple Alliance nearer to realisation even by a hairsbreadth, is a mistake which can only be compared to that made by the naïve little girl who caressed the shell of the tortoise in the hope of bestowing pleasure upon its inmate. And our honoured guests, whose gaze remained firmly rooted upon home affairs, the course of which they fondly believed they were modifying by their journey to England, would seem to be falling into an analogous error. The press-organ of the Russian Constitutional Democrats,[3] endeavouring to show that British sympathy must have the effect of strengthening the hand of the Duma, wrote:

> The English in every speech, in every greeting, emphatically and deliberately underlined the significance of the representative system in Russia as the first condition of Russia's international influence. Therefore, to put the question, Will the Duma wax stronger in Russia? is as though one should ask whether the great country will live and develop or will be choked in the tight hug of an agonising reaction.

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[1] 'I very much suspect,' this eminent reformer wrote, 'that at present, for the great mass of the people, Prussia possesses the best Government in Europe. I would gladly give up my taste for talking politics to secure such a state of things in England. . . . The Government of Prussia is the mildest phase in which absolutism ever presented itself' (*Richard Cobden*, by John Morley, vol. i. p. 100).

[2] The *Goloss Pravdy* writes: 'From the party of the Kadets which is practically impotent, there were almost as many deputies chosen as from the Octobrist section. On the other hand, from the group—it was not even a party—of the Progressives, which utterly lacks all influence in the Duma, no less than three deputies were taken!'

[3] The *Retch*.

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Now to this line of reasoning I would respectfully demur. To me it sounds not only erroneous but dangerous. For the Duma is strongly rooted in Russia not because of the deputies' visit or of England's love of the parliamentary system, but because of the Tsar's good will. Nicholas the Second had it in his power two years ago to abolish, modify, or suspend the legislature which he himself had called into being. And he knew it. My friend the late P. Schwanebach strongly advised his Majesty to give the country a rest for twelve or eighteen months from representative institutions, which had, in his opinion, kept the revolutionary fire alive among the people and seemed calculated to perpetuate a baleful spirit of unrest. And if such a step could ever have been taken with benefit or without harm to the country, that was the psychological moment, competent judges tell us.

But the Emperor turned a deaf ear to Schwanebach's counsel and to that of those other advisers who made similar recommendations. He then deliberately sketched the lines on which he was minded to govern: every promise made in the October manifesto he would fully redeem in good time, but would superadd nothing. Let the Duma and the nation first embody in legislation and then assimilate the extensive reforms accorded, and let the seed of progress thus sown flourish and bring forth fruit. Then and only then would further concessions be considered. For in a single day the Tsar had granted enormous liberal changes which other peoples had had to strive after for hundreds of years. Well, from that course the Emperor has not yet deviated. Nor is it to be supposed that the deputies' trip to England will cause him to swerve ever so little in the direction of parliamentary government. Not one of his prerogatives will Nicholas the Second abandon to the Duma, and not one of the rights which he bestowed on the legislature will he revoke unless the weal of the nation should peremptorily demand it. This resolve has its source in the self-same spirit that moved the Emperor in 1905 to grant and in 1907 to maintain the Constitution—the weal of his people. That is why I am unable to see that there is any such political significance in the visit of the deputies to England as that which the *Kadet* journal[4] professes to discern in it. Certainly it will not open the sluice gates of parliamentarism. Nay, I make bold to add that it will not hinder the speedy establishment of strong monarchical government towards which the nation is moving gradually, as the events of the next six or eight months will probably show. And in like manner the political pilgrimage, despite the manifest good will of the Russian constitutionalists who took part in it, will leave the international situation absolutely unchanged. Their hopes and wishes would be powerless to modify the main currents of Russia's foreign policy, even were these currents weak. As a matter of fact they are headstrong, and cannot be stemmed by any parliamentary group nor by the combined Duma.

[4] The *Retch*.

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And here we come to the main point. For those who ardently desire a change in Russia's attitude towards the British nation, the transformation of the *entente* into an alliance, formal or informal but real, it is of essential importance to have on their side the co-operation of him who can truly say 'Russia? I am Russia. I am the pilot of the ship of State, which I will continue to steer without reference to the conflicting velleities of this crew.' For despite constitution and Duma, October manifestoes, and fundamental laws, or it may well be because of them, the Tsar is no less powerful to-day than he was before the revolutionary outbreak of 1905. Indeed, his authority is greater, more real, because the new machinery by which it is now being exercised runs more smoothly than the old. Accordingly the foreign as well as the domestic policy of the Government is essentially what he wishes it to be. And he pays no heed to the programmes and schemes of parties or deputies who owe their political existence, not to the confidence of the nation, but to the electioneering calculations of his Premier.

An illuminating instance of the degree of imperial power vested in Nicholas the Second occurred last April, when the Premier pressed his view of things political strongly upon the monarch and vainly reinforced it by an ultimatum. M. Stolypin had laid down the doctrine that the Duma was competent to modify the organisation of a new naval staff created by the Crown. And the Emperor assuming, as he had a right to do, that there was no doubt as to the soundness of the constitutional doctrine thus deliberately advanced by his minister, acted upon it and authorised him to bring in the Bill. But in the fulness of time his Majesty became aware that he had been misinformed by his Premier, who, hard set by ingenious opponents, at last confessed that he might have been mistaken. In any case, however, error or no error, he asked, nay, insisted, that the Bill should receive the imperial sanction, so that 'his face might be saved.' Thus the Tsar was confronted with two alternatives. He was told that he must choose between sanctioning the unconstitutional bill and dispensing with the services of his Premier and of certain of his Premier's colleagues. But this dilemma, like the bill out of which it had arisen, was also born of error. It turned out that the Minister had as little right to resign as had the Duma to meddle with the naval organisation. He was bound in duty to remain at his post until it should please his imperial master to relieve him. And this information was conveyed to the illustrious *frondeur* in plain and simple language. 'You are not living abroad nor in Finland,' his Majesty wrote. Nay more, the Premier was given one calendar month to find adequate reasons for abandoning as erroneous his view on the Navy Staff Bill and accepting the contrary tenet. The incident reminds one of Jowett's mode of dealing with the undergraduate at Balliol who declared that, having in vain scoured the infinite spaces of the universe in search of a deity he had become an agnostic. 'Well, my lad,' said Jowett,

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'I give you three days to scour the infinite spaces of the universe once more and to find a deity there. Do it thoroughly this time, for if you fail you shall go down.' And this time the undergraduate succeeded.

There are good grounds for believing that a section of those Russian Conservatives who did not accompany their opponents on their recent pilgrimage to England are now moving every available lever to turn the course of Russia's foreign policy into an anti-English channel.[5] And there are equally good grounds for asserting that they will fail. For in a matter of this importance the Tsar allows himself to be determined only by considerations which appeal to his sense of patriotism and are derived from the real needs and interests of the nation. It is in vain therefore that his steadfast partisans point out that it was the British people which evinced the keenest sympathy for the revolutionary Duma that had advised his subjects to pay no taxes to his treasury and to withhold recruits from his army; that a British deputation was organised for the purpose of manifesting that sympathy in the Tsar's capital in the most ostentatious and solemn way; that our late Prime Minister publicly exclaimed of the Duma which the Emperor had just dissolved and was supposed—erroneously supposed—to be unwilling to renew—'*La Douma est morte. Vive la Douma.*'

Those marplots will probably fare somewhat better when they set themselves to prove that the tendency of the friendship between the progressive Duma deputies and the British people is to brace the former in their struggle against the autocracy and to bring foreign public opinion to bear against the autocrat, and that the closer these friendly relations become the more vigorous will grow the aggressive action of the Russian Chamber. Even now, they affirm, British public opinion is being used as a weapon in the struggle. Already the people in these islands who regard with strong disfavour absolutist Russia's intervention in Persia are burning to see constitutional England interfere with the governing of Russia. *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi.* Russian absolutism, it is further alleged, is distinctly unpopular throughout Europe, with the exception of Germany and Austria. There the monarchical tradition is still a living force. There the Governments speak a language which is music to the ears of Russian Conservatives. There if a bombist, an anarchist or a conspirator from the Tsardom is 'wanted' by the Tsar's police, he is watched, followed, and arrested or expelled. The Tsar, on the contrary, is made much of, is welcomed as a monarch by divine right, and his relatives are received with corresponding honours. In England it is otherwise. Here the Russian pauper, liable to expulsion, is welcomed if only it can be

[5] Only a section. Some of the most influential Conservatives are in favour of the *entente* with this country. Public opinion here hardly realises this fact. The other Conservatives who condemn intimacy with Great Britain and advocate an alliance with Germany are more energetic and persevering than their adversaries. Probably they are also more short-sighted. But what right have we to qualify them as less patriotic?

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shown that he is a genuine bomb-thrower, whereas the Tsar's visit provokes a venomous protest which has no counterpart in Germany even among the Socialists there. In Western countries arguments of this character would be ruled out of the Court before which the question of the nation's foreign policy should come up. They would be dismissed as irrelevant. But in Russia, where domestic and foreign problems have not yet been disentangled, they are not devoid of force. And it will hardly be gainsaid that Russian monarchists can adduce specious arguments in support of their contention that Germany, who sends them princes and princesses, is Russia's true friend, not England, whence they import horses and democratic maxims.[6]

More telling because more specious is the mode of reasoning adopted by the keener and subtler minds of the party, by men of the type of the late P. Schwanebach. The only question that really matters, argue these politicians, is what line of action is most conducive to the welfare of the Russian Empire: a Germanophile or an Anglophile policy or the golden mean; the maintenance of a status of intimate good fellowship with the Teutons and of tactical good will towards the British. And to this momentous query the answer seems to them so obvious that it would be a waste of words to discuss it. The *entente*, they admit, is an excellent compact, so far as it goes, being about equally advantageous to both parties to it. Great Britain, freed from the nightmare of a Russian invasion of India and Afghanistan, may cut down her expenditure for defence. Russia, on her side, is glad to avail herself of the golden stream that France and England can turn on to the Treasury of the Tsar in the shape of loans, or to the industrial and commercial undertakings of his subjects in the form of investments. The bargain, in a word, is fair, and should therefore be observed in the spirit in which it was concluded. But it connotes no more than its name implies, and is not meant to stand a severer test than that under which it broke down last March. It is an instrument for the abatement of friction, a cork fender to deaden the shock of two ships of state, a *modus vivendi*. It should not be allowed, they add, to ripen into an alliance, because such a development of Russia's foreign policy would be tantamount to an international revolution and to national suicide. And the merest common sense unleavened by the higher statesmanship should be enough to enable a community to recoil from suicide.

[6] The Press organ of the reactionary party, *Russkoye Znamya*, writes: 'During the troubles of 1905 Wilhelm II. had ample opportunity to meddle in Russian affairs with evil intent. But he refrained from utilising it; nay, he tendered the friendly advice to string up the Russian revolutionary rabble to the gallows more energetically. It was only thanks to his co-operation that the Poles were taught a wholesome lesson, and if they shrank from proclaiming a rebellion, it was uniquely from fear of being crushed by Germany. It was only in consequence of the powerful support given by the German Kaiser that the Jews failed to secure equality in Russia, and that is why, in order to curry favour with England, they have been so eager to egg on Russians against Germany.'

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Now if this interpretation of Anglo-Russian relations be correct, it should be known to the British nation and thoroughly realised. If to Russia Germany is sacred and inviolable, there is nothing more to be said about the *entente*. Looking fairly and squarely at the situation, one cannot but see that the only State against which there is any real danger of our being confronted in the battlefield is Germany Eliminate this contingency and the need of a heavy naval expenditure vanishes, and with it the need of costly alliances. Even inveterate pacifists no longer challenge the proposition that if there be any danger to the peace and liberties of Europe it lurks in the Wilhelmstrasse. True, we have been assured by Englishmen fresh from German banquets and excursions that the bulk of the Kaiser's subjects are as peace-loving as ourselves, that they turn with horror from the perspective of a war with their kindred beyond the sea, and that we may calmly stake our interests on their will and power to veto such a fratricidal campaign, if their Government were iniquitous enough to undertake it. But to this optimistic forecast history and observation impel us to demur. The German people never yet hindered the German Government from deliberately bringing on a war when the odds against the future adversary seemed sufficient to ensure certain victory. Say what we may about the value and the need of honesty in international dealings and of enlightened humanity, ennobling political aims, maxims of this nature have not hitherto been found to coincide with what German or indeed Continental statesmen deem the best interests of their respective communities. Hence they frankly follow others. And, like unrighteous mortals in the days of Job, their countries live and thrive and their horn is exalted. Now this is a fact which our political optimists are prone to blink. All that Germany's friends can urge on her behalf is that the ethics of her Government are in harmony with public opinion throughout the Continent, which allows ministers in time of peace the same dispensations from the laws of ethics which it accords to generals and admirals in time of war. Germany's admirers may urge that her scheme of a United States of Europe under the control of Berlin is a desirable consummation. They may compare it with the dream dreamt by Henry the Fourth of France of a Christian Republic and its august Senate. Or her enemies may indulge in violent invective against the brutality of the Prussian who is about to set his heel on the neck of Europe. But friends and foes alike admit that the vast design of a Prussianised Europe has been conceived and thought out, and that it is now moving apace towards realisation.

One of the least emotional of German politicians, Maximilian Harden, who has had the enormous advantage first of the friendship of Bismarck and then of Bismarck's adversary, Holstein, writes in a matter-of-fact tone about those grandiose schemes in the

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existence of which Englishmen are still slow to believe. 'It is beginning to dawn on the Britishers,' he tells his countrymen, 'that with all their cunning they have failed to obtain a guarantee for the possession of their world-empire. Morocco has wholly slipped from their grasp, Persia is well-nigh lost, Japan is exchanging soft whispers with Turkey, and their sea-rule is threatened by Germany and the United States. We now might secure much—a great deal more than we could have had in 1899 and 1901, even though we let Britain come in for the Belgian inheritance—the Congo—and might get for ourselves the rank of overlords of Europe.[7] And this would soon bring home to the Danes and the Netherlanders the utility of a closer union between them and the German Empire. England would have its acquisitions, Arabia, the Congo, and the world-oceans. Germany, possessed of the overlordship of Europe, would wield the right to shift its frontiers to the east and north-west. Only on such a basis as this is an understanding feasible.'[8] The sole alternative to an agreement on these lines, the eminent publicist tells us, is war. And no politician who possesses an adequate grasp of the question will venture to gainsay him.

As Pangermanism, the source of Europe's danger, is a racial movement organised by a State, it has occurred to many of our quick-thinking politicians that we could not do better than oppose to it another rising racial tide—Panslavism, which is likewise described as being organised by a State. And the latter force, we are told, will annihilate the former as readily as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rods of Pharaoh's magicians. For the increase of the Slav population is much more rapid than the growth of the Germans. This is one of the many peculiar speculations to which the worldly wisdom of our ready politicians, mildewed by insularity, lent weight and urgency during the Balkan crisis. It was this saving faith that sent them to Belgrade to announce the good tidings that the emancipation of the southern Slav from Austrian tutelage was at hand and would be consummated by the freedom-loving British. All the Slavs would rise to a man, we were told, nay, the women and girls would join them, were in fact already drilling in the fields.

To oppose Panslavism to Pangermanism may sound clever to the man in the street, but people who are acquainted with the respective strength and character of the two movements feel that one might as hopefully set about utilising a vast thundercloud against powerful batteries of Krupp's cannons. There is a difference in kind, not only in degree, between them. Pangermanism is a force as much under control as electricity, whereas Panslavism is like the gold in the salt water of the sea: you cannot extract and work it however firmly you may believe in its existence. Where was the redoubted Panslavic force

[7] '*In Europa uns den Hegemonenrang sichern.*'
[8] *Zukunft*, June 26, 1909, p. 455.

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last March, when Servia was humiliated and the Slav cause defeated? It vanished in a torrent of words. The Slavs have much in common with the Irish, and latter-day Panslavists remind me of the Irishman in London who was giving some years ago a graphic account of the state of feeling against England in his own country, and interlarding it with assurances that an armed rising was at hand. 'The whole population,' he exclaimed, 'is ready, aye, impatient to rise and take Dublin Castle and drive out the representatives of British rule. They are spoiling for a fight.' 'Then why in heaven's name don't they rise?' queried one of his hearers. 'Well, and so they would,' he answered, 'if it weren't for the police.' In like manner the Panslavists—and Servia foremost among them—would have risen in their indignation, were it not for the Germans. And the Germans they are likely to have always with them. Now this latter fact, it is alleged, determines Russia's attitude towards Great Britain and also towards Germany.

The Russian statesman who contemplates the situation from a sufficiently lofty conning-tower perceives clearly, we are told, that commercial, financial, and political relations with Great Britain cannot but be profitable to his country; accordingly he cultivates them. He is aware of the fact that British capital would course like heavenly ichor through the depleted veins of the political organism of which he is the head. Hence he makes strenuous and persevering efforts to attract it. But he very properly bars out British political ideas as unsuitable to his countrymen, of whom he has a more intimate knowledge than the British would-be reformers of the Tsardom. That improved relations between the two nations are superlatively desirable from the British as well as the Russian point of view is undisputed, and I have myself contributed in many ways to bring them about. A twelvemonth ago I helped to found the Anglo-Russian Chamber of Commerce, which has since given a strong impetus to trade between the two peoples. Whether Russia's friends in this country should or should not export their money, as well as their political theories, to the Tsardom is of course a matter of which they are themselves the best judges. And in the same way, whether Russians in return ought to accept British political tenets or link their political interests with ours, is for them to decide. That their decision will be as unfavourable to us in the latter as in the former case seems to men of accurate knowledge and sharp vision not improbable, from all the evidence available.

To a large extent Russia's foreign policy to-day is determined by her domestic requirements, by the varying strength of political currents at home, the imminence or remoteness of dynastic or national dangers. Those are the main considerations to which the unreadiness of the Army and Navy, the financial outlook, the revolutionary propaganda, and the chaotic plight of the population lend unwonted weight and urgency. From this point of view there are at bottom but two

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genuine parties in the State—that which includes all the groups which are compassing the overthrow of the present *régime*, whether by constitutional or other methods, and that which consists of the opponents of these. And Nicholas the Second is one of the latter. That the monarch and his devoted subjects will shrink from encouraging the enemies, native or foreign, of the dynasty and the *régime* is self-evident. It is their sacred duty. For if they honestly believe that the welfare of the nation, perhaps its very existence, would be jeopardised by the changes which the partisans of parliamentary government are labouring to bring about, the sentiment of patriotism no less than the instinct of self-preservation would move them to withstand the efforts of all such innovators, foreign as well as native. And that is the line of reasoning which Russian Conservatives followed and exaggerated, when they inveighed against the Duma deputation to England on the ground that the sympathies of our people are on the side of the Tsar's adversaries. They denounced the British nation more virulently than wisely as a proselytising democracy, and they preached a Russo-German alliance with the fervour of zealous apostles and the arguments of special pleaders. But although their excess of zeal was discounted, their reasons were listened to with interest. Yet we ignore the Conservatives altogether.

The Conservatives are the coming men. They are Russia's history-makers of to-day and to-morrow. And this they are, not because they can exercise any undue influence over the Tsar or on the conduct of the foreign policy of the Empire, but solely because the course of that foreign policy will be determined by the nation's home needs and interests, of which they are fast becoming the only authorised interpreters. And Russia's paramount interest, as they understand it, is peace. The nation needs peace—virtually at any price. It is ready, must be ready, to make heavy sacrifices to avert war. That is the key to Russia's *rôle* in international politics to-day. With that key Baron von Aehrenthal unlocked the door to Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg or his imperial master will probably use it to open the portals to other and more important possessions. And the moral support of the Germans of the Tsardom will, it is believed, be on his side.

On the direct political influence of this German element of the population of Russia perhaps undue stress has been laid. It is not so powerful as people fancy. As an auxiliary means of quickening the spread of the Teutonic idea in the Tsardom, the influence is undoubtedly worthy of consideration. But as an agency for modifying Russia's relations to foreign States it is inadequate. True, the Russian bureaucracy—formed on the Prussian model—is still the greatest power in the Empire. It alone can conduct the bulk of the business of the country, and if by any chance the Empire were converted suddenly into a democratic republic, the bureaucracy, holding all the

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threads in its hands, would still go on spinning, having first perhaps made a cursory act of faith in the new *régime*. But although a certain percentage of the vast army of officials is German by origin, and it may also be by sympathy, its effect is to weaken the Russian rather than to create a German spirit.

Patriotic Russian writers like M. Menshikoff of the *Novoya Vremya* complain that the Empire is flooded by the Teutonic element. Turn whithersoever you will, they say, you come upon a German. One of the greatest lights of the Russian autocracy, the late P. Schwanebach, was an honest German who dearly loved the country of his origin as well as the land of his birth, and shrank aghast from the perspective of an Anglo-Russian alliance. The present Minister of Public Instruction is named Schwartz. The late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, was a German. So, too, is the ex-Minister of Justice, Count Pahlen, a man whose name is synonymous with integrity and fairness. The late Chief of the Russian reactionaries and editor of the Moscow *Vedomosti*, Gringmuth, sprang from the German soil. In the Army and Navy, in the world of finance, in every branch of the public service it is the same. And these men who, on the whole, love order and method, who think hard and work well, do not look to Great Britain but to Germany for political inspiration.

Indirectly, the Teutonic element is very powerful. For in every lucrative employment, public and private, from gardening and compounding medicines to the highest offices of State, Germans occupy leading positions. In the banking world especially they preponderate. Again, they follow the railways, picking up much of the trade and commerce that each new line creates. Firms in the Fatherland employ as commercial travellers compatriots who were born in Russia, are conversant with the language and manners of the people, and can extend the business. In this way every new district, every fresh country opened up by Russian railway enterprise provides a new market for German commerce and German industry. Bearing this and other kindred matters in mind, one is not surprised to learn that since 1893 Great Britain has forfeited her place as Russia's best customer. Down to that year she had been buying more from the Tsar's subjects and selling them more in return than any other nation on the globe. To-day Germany's exports to Russia are double ours. And the Russo-German Association for the furtherance of trade between the two countries, which helped to attain this noteworthy result, confidently expects to increase it largely and speedily. By the German colonies, too, scattered over the Empire, the propaganda has been greatly furthered. On the Volga, in the provinces of Saratoff and Samara, there are German agricultural colonists whose influence is constantly felt in the same direction. In the Baltic Provinces the German minority, highly cultured and ethically superior, has for generations ruled the aboriginal races, and ruled them after the manner

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of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Every centre of industry and commerce has a flourishing German community—there are 2755 such in the Empire—with its Lutheran church and school, its clubs, and often its newspapers. In Riga and Lodz—the great industrial centres of Western Russia—one half of the population is German. In Lodz there are four daily German newspapers, in St. Petersburg two dailies and five weeklies; in Riga, three daily and five weekly organs in German; in Odessa, Libau, Reval, two papers every day. There are 563 churches in Russia in which divine service is conducted in the German tongue, and 619 educational establishments. German theatres are relatively numerous and well managed. There are 1796 factories and mills owned by Germans. In three western districts the Germans possess property valued at 32½ million pounds sterling.

The German element thus forms a social and political community within the vast Empire of which it is an integral part. And that community can sometimes achieve marvellous feats in the way of setting the State machinery rolling or modifying its movement. Its influence was brought into sharp relief after the Revolution of 1905, when the German Barons of the Baltic Province, like so many Russian landowners, had their manors burned down and their property annihilated by anarchists. But, unlike their Slav neighbours, they moved the Government to give them financial aid to an extent which no other nationality would dream of demanding. In the manufacturing district of Lodz, I am assured, German operatives, called up by the German War Office for periodical drill, have often been authorised to undergo it on the spot instead of crossing the frontier and returning to the Fatherland, Russia thus becoming the drill-ground of Germany. No more eloquent proof of intimate friendship between two powerful nations can well be conceived.

Underlying this and analogous tokens of amity is the conviction that hostilities between Russia and Germany are as impossible as between England and America. For over a hundred years the two States have never been at war with each other. Germany has come to look upon these neighbourly relations on Russia's part as immutable. Had it been different, had she had reason to suspect Russia's disposition towards her, she would doubtless have dealt with her eastern neighbour as she dealt with Austria and France, and is now preparing to treat England. Every enemy to German unity and expansion has been taken separately and dealt with drastically. Russia alone has escaped this fate because her neutrality is relied upon. But if it were at all likely that the Empire of the Tsars would make common cause with the enemies of Germany on the battlefield, it may safely be assumed that it would be disabled forthwith without political misgivings or ethical scruple. That is why during the Balkan crisis last March it was the Germans, not the Austrians, who tackled

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Russia, demanded a guarantee of her good behaviour, and virtually forbade her to consult her allies on the subject. Russia gave way, the old Russo-German tradition was seemingly revived, and the Kaiser's Government now appear contented. Envisaged in this light Wilhelm's visit to the Finnish Archipelago, which 'leaves international politics exactly as they were,' was more than a political incident—it was the symbol of a line of conduct which the friends of the Triple *Entente* are slow to grasp. It was at once a recognition of the fact that Germany is become the terror of Europe, and an implicit avowal that it is wiser to court than to withstand her.

Many people here and in France express surprise that the mind of Russia's ruler turned from the course along which it may yet perhaps travel, and failed to perceive or to appreciate the solid advantages offered to his people by such a close alliance with France and Britain as that which obtains between Germany and Austria-Hungary. But the reasons lie upon the surface. To the Tsar, the dynasty, the monarchy, and perhaps to Russia's integrity, a war single-handed against Germany might mean ruin. And any number of concessions and diplomatic humiliations would be better than that. This, we are assured, is true to-day and may continue true for generations. And Germany, keenly alive to the situation, may be trusted fully to utilise the fact.

If Germany's attitude towards the Tsardom is governed by the axiom that warfare between the subjects of the Kaiser and those of the Tsar—and, as a consequence of this, a genuine alliance between Russia and Germany's future enemies—is excluded, it seems equally true that Russia's policy towards a number of other and less important States is grounded on the same assumption. That, at any rate, is the impression one receives from a survey of the relations between Russia and the Scandinavian Powers. If the Tsar's advisers were making ready for the coming struggle they must surely realise the importance to their country and its friends of securing the sympathy and support of the Swedes, the Danes, and the Norwegians. They would therefore be keenly interested in the material well-being, political concord, and military strength of these northern Powers. But as a matter of fact we see nothing of the kind. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, is each going its own way, like the Curiatii of old, to be annihilated in turn.

It is the interest of Russia—unless indeed she be resolved to connive at Germany's hegemony—and also of France and Britain, that Sweden, Norway, and Denmark should be drawn closer together and should be prepared to stand by each other through thick and thin against violent attacks and insidious intrigues from without. And this idea seemed uppermost in the mind of Russia's leading statesman when he first proposed to guarantee the integrity of Sweden's territory. But when it came to drafting the guarantee a different

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impression was conveyed. For, according to Swedish accounts, which I have received from a good source, an attempt was made in the draft treaty to settle the Aaland Islands problem in a sense irreconcilable with that which had been agreed upon orally. And this backsliding weakened the friendly sentiment which the Swedes had begun to entertain for Russia. They lapsed back to the theory—erroneous, I am convinced, but specious—that Russia coquets with Norway and willingly intrigues against Norway's neighbour. As an instance of this, one of the South Swedish papers, when proposing recently that the Oeresund be neutralised, informed its readers—and the statement is true—that last June when Norway and Sweden were for a wonder agreed to concert measures hurriedly for preserving the game in Spitzbergen during this season, and wished to have them discussed at once, Russia bluntly declined to acknowledge their right to take the initiative in the matter.

Now the Swedes are perhaps the only Scandinavian people who are ever likely to withstand Prussianisation with arms in their hands. Thoroughly German in character and temperament—but German in a sense very far removed from Prussian[9]—they are still characterised by the racial traits enumerated by Tacitus. They possess an excellent army organised on the Prussian model, and are endowed with courage enough to employ it even against Germany if their independence were at stake. For the *furor Teutonicus* still slumbers in the breast of patriotic Swedes. Yet no efforts are being made by Russia, or indeed any other member of the Triple *Entente*, to hearten them into a course of action which would further European as opposed to German interests. The very Press of Stockholm and other towns is to an undesirable extent in the leading-strings of Berlin, which, supplying it with cheap news, provides it at the same time with ready-made comments and opinions—anti-English, anti-Russian, anti-French. Scandinavia, in a word, is fast becoming an unwilling satellite of Prussianised Germany.[10]

Summing up, I would say that because it is highly desirable that the most friendly relations should be cultivated between the British and the Russian peoples, the utmost care ought to be taken on the one hand to leave internal Russian politics severely alone, and on the other hand not to expect from the Duma any public action or subtle influence calculated to modify the course of Russia's foreign policy in favour of a new Triple Alliance. The character of Russia's relations towards her neighbours is determined by the Tsar. He and he alone can conclude treaties and transform *ententes* into alliances. The

[9] The Prussians are not Germans. They are a mixture of a race which was more closely akin to the Letts and Lithuanians than to the Teutons, and of the real German race.

[10] During the Balkan crisis, for instance, Swedish public opinion favoured Germany and decried England and Russia.

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reasons why he is not at present in favour of an alliance with France and Great Britain are personal, dynastic, national. Believing that in the long run hostilities between Germany and Great Britain are unavoidable, he holds that the certain disadvantages which would accrue to Russia from participation in such a sanguinary war—whatever its upshot—would far outweigh the possible benefits. And what is more and worse, he is disposed to think that an alliance, informal or formal, would inevitably lead to a war between his own country and Germany. And anything would be better than that. Those who desire such an alliance should therefore refute these tenets to the monarch's satisfaction. That once done every other difficulty would fade into thin air. But it is not by patting and stroking the dome of the Tavrida Palace,[11] so to say, that this feat can be accomplished. Only one or two men are capable of effecting it, if indeed it be feasible. It is no exaggeration to say that during the past two years the King has done more to establish, and his present Ambassador has done more to maintain, cordial relations between Russia and Britain, than all the pressmen and politicians of the two countries combined.

But the present task is much more formidable. And although a strong case might be made out in support of the contention that a Triple Alliance would ultimately promote the best interests of the Tsardom, the feat has not yet been achieved. And meanwhile it is well to remember that this matter touches our plan of national defence at more than one point, and that its moral is self-reliance. When Napoleon the Third was moving towards the fatal war that ruined his country and himself, he relied upon Austria because of her hatred of Germany, who a few years before had stunned her with a tremendous blow, and upon Italy, because of her supposed gratitude towards France, who had materially helped her to win her independence. But in each case he was leaning on such a broken reed as that on which the Jews rested when they trusted to Egypt to deliver them.[12] There are certain boons which no allies can bestow, but each nation must secure for itself, and among them are liberty, independence, and territorial integrity.

The situation created by the Treaty of Portsmouth cannot be dealt with on the old lines. That instrument constitutes a new order of things and demands other ideas, fresh methods, more strenuous efforts. Our whole scheme of imperial defence must rest upon our own spirit of sacrifice, our own endeavours. We must hark back to the old-world axioms that were in vogue when pacifism was still a monstrous heresy, and remember that strength attracts strength, that empire is a prize worth fighting for, and that the non-fighter will surely be struck with grave disability as in the Middle Age when he lacked the right to beget his own children.

[11] The building in which the Duma assembles.

[12] *Cf.* Isaiah xxx.

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In Germany, where this is well understood, the strongest impulses and most fervent aspirations of to-day are imperial; in Great Britain they are impulses of sport and pleasure. Doubtless here, too, one becomes aware of deeper elements, of longings and strivings after effective means of defending ourselves against aggression. But nobody seems able to crystallise them into a systematic scheme of national policy. Everything we do is patchwork. And meanwhile in all the other States which are most favourably disposed towards us, despite brave assurances to the contrary, I notice a steady tendency to withdraw in good time from the sphere of the coming Anglo-German conflict, and leave us to deal with the enemy single-handed.

E. J. Dillon.

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THE TENNYSON CENTENARY

TEN years have passed since I made bold to claim for Tennyson a special rank of his own among our English poets: one without rival during the long Victorian era, and during the amazing period of his creative work, which was prolonged for sixty years. It is twenty years since he published the last of these fascinating volumes, and we may now judge his place in the glorious roll of our island singers free from the glamour of his melody, without favour, partisanship, or fear of offence.

Again I make bold to insist that Tennyson still reigns in our hearts as alone the peer of Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth. No others since Wordsworth's death in 1850, since his long silence for many previous years, can pretend to stand beside these four in the first half of the nineteenth century; and, in the second half of the century, Tennyson alone is of their rank. To-day, in this centenary of his birth, I wish to consider two questions: What is Tennyson's place in relation to these four earlier poets? What is his place in the roll of all our poets since Chaucer?

Sound judgment insists that poets, like all writers (except perhaps the moral philosophers), have to be judged by their successes, not by their failures—by their splendid triumphs rather than by any calculable average or sum total of their product. All our poets (except Milton and Gray) published poetry that we can well do without, and, with the exception of Milton, for I will not disown *Paradise Regained*, they have all left poems which are sadly inferior to their own best. This, alas! is true even of Chaucer and of Spenser—nay, even of Shakespeare himself; at least, of some plays which bear his name. As to Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth (not to speak of Dryden or of Pope and their schools and imitators; to say nothing of Cowper and Crabbe, their imitators and their schools), they have all left us poems which have truly irritating defects.

Byron, who, with all his sins, was our greatest poetic force since Milton, was the worst offender against the form of poetry, with his incurable habit of breaking out into ragged doggerel and conventional rhetoric. Shelley, again, who is conspicuously free from these crimes, too often becomes so vague, transcendental, and impalpable that one

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must be an esoteric illuminist to absorb the rays from so distant a star. Matthew Arnold for once quite broke his divining rod of criticism when he called Shelley an 'ineffectual angel.' But we do feel sometimes that Shelley was a truant angel who had lost his way, or rather was lost to human ken in the far-off empyrean. Nor had Shelley, with all his radiant light, the Titanic fire of Byron.

Poor Keats died prematurely before he had brought to full ripeness his matchless gifts, and they still unearth and reissue stuff of his which were raw experiments, or which should never meet the public eyes Then, dear old Wordsworth, who in his best hour could wing his way beside Milton himself, would drone on for days and months together in insufferable commonplace. Yet, for all their misfires, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth were glorious poets. In judging poetry we must not weigh it by the ton as if it were a cartload of bricks; nor must failures be allowed to detract from successes. We must take account of nothing but the best.

Now, it is the peculiar distinction of Tennyson that, in spite of his immense product, as great as that of Byron or of Wordsworth, he is never ragged, obscure, raw, or tiresome. His consummate taste and refined ear saved him from ever sinking into vulgarity, commonplace, or a cloudland of melodious words, which were the favourite sins of Byron, of Wordsworth, of Shelley, and of Keats.

We might even say more than this, if we could only blot out some Primrose League catches and the monstrous sixteen-syllable lines of his decline. But for these we might say that Tennyson shares with Milton the high privilege of never committing himself to verses which have no trace of poetic form. Of all our poets Milton alone can be said never to have published lines unworthy of a poet—lines having neither melody, distinction, nor grace. We may say this of Shelley, if we grant that a poet may be cryptic or cloying at his own sweet will. In all this Tennyson ranks with Milton and Shelley, who alone of poets never stumble into uncouth prose. It is a great distinction to have produced some 60,000 lines all of which have been polished with uniform judgment.

This is a rare distinction, but its value must not be overstated. In our estimate of poetry we must avoid the reckoning up blunders such as examiners score with blue pencil and use to subtract marks. If we did, loose-tongued, hot-headed Byron would be left at the bottom of the list. We have to take into account the sum of the truly fine things given us by the poet, the amount, variety, and range of the fine things, the permanent harvest of beauty, power, and insight contained in them, of a kind which is independent of place, time, or fashion. And in weighing it in this measure we have to admit that uniform grace and polish do not constitute in themselves a claim to the highest rank of poetry. If so, Gray would stand next after Milton. In the Day of Judgment, they tell us, gross offences may be forgiven for

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the sake of transcendent merits, which will outweigh a long life of decorous virtue such as needs no expiation.

For this reason the polished perfection of Tennyson's vast product could not raise him to a rank above that of Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, and almost to a par with Milton, unless his best work were greater than their best. In the heyday of his popularity with æsthetic graduates of both sexes, and with the hot zealots of Church and State, this perfection of polish was thought to raise him to a trio with Shakespeare and Milton. And he himself, perhaps, would not have very stoutly resented such homage. But the time is past for such ephemeral adulation. Tennyson will hold rank with the best poets of the nineteenth century; but he is certainly not in any class above them.

Turn first to Byron. Byron's best lovers ruefully admit that he had a tempestuous way of throwing off his thoughts roughcast—that he always wrote at a white heat, and too often left his first drafts uncorrected; that he sometimes descended to rant, jingle, and ribaldry. It is a grievous fault—and grievously has Byron answered it. His whole immense output was made not in sixty but in little more than fifteen years. For four or five years he poured out poems at the scandalous rate of some hundreds of lines each day. This is no sort of excuse for a poet's indifference to poetic form. And if he had never done justice to his gifts, it would be decisive against Byron's claim to be a great poet. But it is not so. He often did do justice to his genius, in form as well as in thought. Many parts of *Childe Harold*, of *Don Juan*, of *Manfred*, of the lyrics, even of the early romances, are as full of metrical charm as of noble imagination. If we were to sacrifice two-thirds of his hasty work, we should still have a rich volume of fine poetry.

In his hours of true inspiration Byron proved himself to be a master of poetic form, in pure lyrics, in lyrical drama, in romantic, picturesque, passionate, and satiric verse. But his claim to high poetic rank lies in the imaginative power of the man. Those who will not admit him to be a poet at all, admit the magnetism of his personal force. He had that rare creative genius which belongs to those who have stirred whole ages and diverse races. There is a curious French phrase which hits off this quality: 'he had fire in his belly.' With all his ribaldry and pose, Byron had flashes of that fire which burned in King David, in Æschylus, in Dante, and in Milton. He had the power which created new epochs in Greece, in Italy, which still, after nearly a hundred years, continues to resound in France, in Germany, in Scandinavia, in Russia, and in America. He literally created Greece as a nation; and he must be counted as one of the founders of Italian independence. *Manfred* has in it a sort of Dantesque vision of Man and Destiny, which lifts it above any similar English poem of the nineteenth century, and places it beside *Faust*, as Goethe so justly

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and generously felt. Tens of thousands of cultivated men and women in Europe and in America delight in Byron, while they never heard of Keats and never read a line of Wordsworth; and some fastidious critics tell us that is because Byron is 'obvious.' Byron is obvious in the sense of not being obscure; indeed, Horace or Pope is not more perfectly intelligible and direct. But it is not poetic mastery to be able to construct enigmas in verse; and it is one of the fads of our time to vaunt the industrious interpretation of metrical cryptograms.

Byron, after nearly a hundred years, is known throughout the civilised world. He is even a national poet both in Italy and in Greece. He has spoken to the hearts as well as to the imagination of whole races: he strikes light and heat out of everything he touches: he moves the thought and warms the spirit as only an original genius can. It is affectation to tell us that the man who does this is not a poet because he flung off a good deal of scrambling stuff which he ought to have burnt.

It is an ancient jest that *Childe Harold* is only *Baedeker* in rhyme, and that the Greek lyrics are artificial heroics. Why, half the sense of mysterious antiquity and poetic colour which the nineteenth century felt for Italy—all the passion it felt for the Alps—was due to Byron, who did for the English and for Americans what Goethe did for Germans and Madame de Staël and Rousseau did for the French. As to love of the sea, no verse has ever done so much as Byron's. Greek patriotism is literally the creation of Byron, for to every Hellene Byron is what Burns is to every Scot. This power of Byron to fuse his ideas into whole races places him as the first in rank, as he is the first in time, of the poets of the nineteenth century. In this palpable historic force, neither Shelley, nor Keats, nor Wordsworth approach Byron. Their reputation is strictly English: Byron's is European. They are read only by the cultivated, Byron by all. Now, we cannot assign to Tennyson either the European vogue or the universal popularity which for nearly a hundred years Byron has possessed.

We must not be misled by Swinburne's spasmodic reviling of Byron. His mouthing in praise of Marlowe and in abuse of Byron is a type of that ill-balanced partisan criticism which does so much harm. Never trust a poet to judge a poet, nor a painter to judge a picture. They have loves and hates of their own manner or pet fancy. Now, Morley's estimate of Byron is far more broad and just. Swinburne had an exquisite sense of melody, albeit of a somewhat languorous and monotonous note. Indeed, he often indulged in what schoolboys call 'nonsense verses'—Latin lines which would scan but meant nothing. Our age is too prone to value the grace and music of mere words rather than thought, passion, and vision. It is a sign of a pedant's affectation to take Swinburne to be a greater poet than Byron. And for the same reason we must not allow Tennyson's

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exquisite form to blind us to the mass, the variety, the electric shock of Byron's thunder-peal.

When we weigh Byron in this scale—taking account of his mass, variety, and fire, and, above all his power over men of different race and language—it is impossible to place Tennyson above him. Tennyson is purely, permanently English—nor do Scotland, Wales, Ireland, much less the Alps, the Apennines, Rome, Venice, Athens, the Atlantic, or the Ægean, ever wring from him a cry of love and joy. Can we suppose that a century hence Englishmen will chant their Tennyson as Scots chant Burns, or as Italians and Greeks still worship Byron? Byron, Shelley, and Keats lived in worlds of antique mystery and passion, of broadly European nature, of the manifold humanity common to all men of any tongue who care for imaginative work. Tennyson's 'measured language' and 'sad mechanic exercise,' however beautiful and enchanting, belong exclusively to English homes, rectories, colleges, and cathedral closes—are eminently local, insular, and academic. No, it is only in the Fellows' common-room and in country parsonages that Tennyson is still held to be the typical poet of the nineteenth century.

Nor can any true lover of poetry rank Tennyson above Shelley. For, in the first place, Shelley has a polish of form at least equal to that of Tennyson, if we allow for the accidents of Shelley's text. And the true lover of poetry finds in *Prometheus*, in *Hellas*, in the *West Wind*, in the *Skylark* a melodious thrill such as not only Tennyson never sounded, but no English poet save Shakespeare and Milton alone. It is true that there is a great deal of Shelley which is too subtle and too ethereal for 'the general,' and perhaps will ever remain the privilege of the cultured few, and for the most part of English race.

Shelley has no small measure of Byron's human and social enthusiasm, of his passion for the splendour and majesty of Nature, of that trumpet-note of humanity, of that vision of a regenerate future, which in Byron redeem his many sins against true taste. If Shelley did not impose his personality upon his age as did Byron, he was undoubtedly a far more consummate master of his poetic instrument. And in this he must be counted as even superior to Tennyson; whilst it would be difficult to produce any important addition to English poetry in the veteran Victorian poet which we could not match in the earlier Georgian poet, cut off in his prime. To rank Tennyson above Shelley would be to rank him also above Byron. And yet, with all his faultless metrical resources, Tennyson wants the intellectual force of Byron and the intellectual distinction of Shelley.

The case is different with Keats; for Keats himself is only a promise, and his small volume of poems is itself but a fragment. We must never forget that what we prize of Keats was written before he was twenty-four—at an age before Milton had written *Lycidas* or Shakespeare had written *Venus and Adonis*. As I said once, Keats

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was 'an unformed, untrained, neuropathic youth of genius whose whole achievement came earlier in life than that of almost any other man recorded in our literature, indeed in any literature.' It is rather irritating to find some neuropathic critics of our decadence asserting that Keats's really magical gift for poetic form—a gift that reminds us of that of Sappho or Theocritus—was enough to constitute him a poet of the first rank. Keats will always be to us a great 'Perhaps'—one who might have been one knows not what—*si qua fata aspera rumpat*. Yet, whatever the wonderful promise of the hapless youth, neither his range of vision, nor his force, nor his intellect were such as to place him in the foremost rank. The large achievement, the serious thought, and the inexhaustible fancy of Tennyson are of an altogether different order and appeal to a far maturer mind.

We more easily compare Tennyson with Wordsworth. Both had very long life, wholly and solely devoted to the poetic art; they were essentially poets of Nature; both given to meditation, moral and religious musing rather than to action; both have exercised a permanent influence over the poetic ideal of their age. Wordsworth carried his love of solitary musing and of rustic simplicity to a point where they often degenerated into tiresome reiteration and even laughable banality; whilst Tennyson's unerring taste kept him free from such vexatious commonplace. The most ardent Wordsworthians agree to leave out of account no small part of Wordsworth's immense product; whilst no loyal Tennysonian would imitate their example. Though Tennyson published much which is not equal to his best, he never wearies us with truly unreadable prosing as does Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth's best is of an order quite as high as is Tennyson's best. To say the truth, I turn more often to the *Excursion* than to *In Memoriam*; and there are sonnets, odes, and lyrics of Wordsworth which I would not sacrifice even to save the *Idylls*, *Maud*, and lyrics of Tennyson's early and best manner.

Neither Coleridge, nor Scott, nor Burns, nor Campbell, nor Landor belong to the first rank as poets, however ardent be our delight in their special triumphs. The *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and a few lyrics and hymns are a joy for ever; but the sum of Coleridge's muse is neither full enough nor powerful enough to place him beside Byron, Shelley, or Tennyson. Burns is so exclusively national, and Scott is so entirely the romancist, that we do not count either as in the foremost roll of English poetry, with all the exquisite ring of their lovely songs and ballads. And Campbell, Landor, and some others who have left us memorable things have not given us enough in measure and in power to place them amongst the greatest names of the nineteenth century.

The twentieth century will adjudge this rank to Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats, and beyond question Tennyson will be held to be their peer. Their peer, I say, not their superior; or, if superior

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to any one of the four, to Keats, on the ground that his work is fragmentary and immature. But I cannot believe that any other poet of the second half of the century will permanently be placed beside the great men of the first half. Our beloved Robert Browning belongs in a sense to the first as well as to the second half of the nineteenth century; and, though he touches at times on Byron's and on Shelley's themes, he must be counted rather of the later Victorian world. By the 'later Victorian world' I mean that of subtle, psychologic, analytic conception, of elaborately minted phrase, and daring metrical experiments.

Browning had rare genius, a keen and broad view of life, masculine philosophy, creative power; and in these gifts he was more akin to Byron than was Tennyson. We need not deny the contention of ardent Browningites that his mental force was both deeper and more robust than that of Tennyson. But a poet needs not only mental force but unique form, melody, grace, the inevitable and unforgettable word which gives wings to his thought. Browning has given us now and then a ballad and a lyric of glorious music, apparently to show us that he could write musical verse when he deigned to humour us. But a great poet does not bury profound ideas in cryptograms that we have to unravel as if they were puzzle-locks, nor does he twist and torture the King's English into queer vocables that raise a smile.

We have just lost two men of genius, both of whom were typical examples of the later Victorian world—though in quite opposite veins. Meredith was a brilliant novelist rather than a poet; and all he had to say in poetry—and he had the poetic soul—would have been more truly said in prose. Nature had denied him an ear for music in verse, to which he seems insensible, just as Beethoven's deafness never permitted him to hear his own magnificent symphonies. For all its subtlety and originality, Meredith's verse is unreadable by reason of its intolerable cacophony. I doubt if he ever wrote a piece which would have satisfied Tennyson's infallible sense of harmonious rhythm.

Swinburne, on the other hand, with a marvellous gift for harmonious rhythm, seemed to regard this quality as the be-all and end-all of poetry. For my part, I cannot feel that he ever added much after he first burst upon the world with the splendid promise of his *Atalanta* in 1865, though for more than forty years he continued to publish poems. His marvellous metrical agility, the melodious piping in honied words 'long-drawn-out,' the apparently inexhaustible fountain of harmonies at his command, all this for a time is fascinating. But erelong the flow of mellifluous epithets and of haunting rhymes begins to pall on us. The verse lives in a tarantula of alliteration, assonance, consonance, and artful concatenation of sounds. It is very beautiful; but at last it becomes monotonous, cloying, a mannerism. And what does it all come to in the end?

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What is there to think out? What does it mean? For what is all this passion? And why do these interminable sonatas never end—or why, indeed, should they end? Only in the decadence of a silver age could Swinburne be placed in a rank with Tennyson.

If neither Browning nor Swinburne will hereafter take rank with Tennyson, surely no others of his contemporaries or successors will do so. Let us have done with cliques, and schools, and fads! For my part I honour and enjoy them all in turn; but I will not let my honour or my delight blind me to defects in those I love; nor will a balanced judgment suffer me to exalt a favourite for some conspicuous charm. Shakespeare and Milton stand apart in a world of their own, without rival or peer—*hors concours*—for they are the poets not of English literature but of all literature. Chaucer and Spenser are more honoured than read; the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are more read than honoured. And we now feel sure that Tennyson will hold an honoured place with the great names of the nineteenth century—not above them, hardly below them, but finally enrolled in their glorious company.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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THE 'NATIVE' PROBLEM AND SANE IMPERIALISM

THE missionaries of the Protestant Churches are at the bottom of the present 'native' unrest in India and Africa, just as they were to a certain extent at the bottom of what was called negro unrest in the West Indies during the beginning and middle of the nineteenth century, an unrest which it was prophesied (falsely) would lead to the extirpation of the whites in that part of tropical America, and to the creation of numerous imitations of Haiti out of the British West Indies.

During the last two hundred and four years, the missionaries of the Churches or sects which branched off from the Roman [1] and Anglican communions in the 16th and 17th centuries have sown the dragon's teeth of education, and we now find ourselves face to face with a large crop of yellow, brown, and black men (and even women) asking, as a consequence of being as well educated as the average British artisan, for the same right to have a voice in the government of their own countries and the disposal of the money raised by their own taxation.

The Quakers began it when, towards the close of the seventeenth century, they raised the question of the equal rights of men of all colours and races in the British West Indies and what are now the United States. The Baptists deported to 'the plantations' followed suit. Then came the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1698 (Church of England) [2] and the Lutheran Moravians in 1722; followed after a long interval by the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792, the London Missionary Society (1795), the Scottish Missionary Society in 1796, and Church Missionary Society in 1799, representing the 'Evangelical' section of the Anglican Church. Most noteworthy from the point of view of this article was the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, because it financed and supported the Danish Lutheran missionaries in India from the year 1719.

[1] I am not overlooking the educational work of the Jesuits in India, America, and Portuguese Africa, or of the Roman Church generally in the last and present centuries; but owing to various circumstances this work had no effect on the British Empire until quite recently.

[2] There was also the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (1701), but this for a long time applied itself only to British America and to white people.

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Early in the nineteenth century were founded great Protestant societies of educational propaganda. The (British) Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Lutheran Missions of Berlin and of the Rhine, the Protestant Church of France (Paris Evangelical Mission), the Norwegian Society (Zululand), various missionary organisations of the American Methodist and Baptist Churches, the splendid Basel Mission of Switzerland, vied with one another, and with their English brethren of the same or similar denominations, in educating the natives of Africa, India,[3] China, and the Pacific Archipelagoes.

They were sowing the dragon's teeth. If the ancestors of a certain type of living 'Imperialist' had possessed the foresight and the power at, let us say, the close of the eighteenth century, they would—assuming that they shared the views of their descendants as to the ruling of our Empire by sheer force—have sternly forbidden the education on European lines of any of our subject races. This class of thinker certainly did exist, here and there, in the West India Committee of that period and the Honourable East India Company. The latter forbade anything like Christian propaganda or Christian education in its East Indian dominions. But as early as 1705 King Frederick the Fourth of Denmark had sent Lutheran teachers to the eastern coast of India; and at the close of the eighteenth century there was ruling over Denmark a monarch—Christian the Seventh—in some respects enlightened and in advance of his age—who not only carried on a vehement crusade against slavery, but personally encouraged and financed the despatch of Danish and British Baptist missionaries to India. In those days Denmark had a certain foothold in the Far East in possessing the Nicobar Islands and one or two trading posts on or near the coasts of the Bay of Bengal. Under the protection of Christian the Seventh the British Baptists (Henry Carey, Marshman, and Ward) started at the Danish settlements of Sirampur and Tranquebar the work of educating the natives of India in the English language and in the principles of Christianity. As regards the last, they may not have made much progress; but by their translations of the Bible and their earnest attempt to induct their pupils and converts into the science, history, and languages of Europe, they commenced a work which has since increased mightily and which is really the main cause of the present unrest in India.

Men of this stamp in England made their influence felt in the councils of the British Empire all through the first half of the nineteenth century, so that the Government of India under either Company or King was not long (1813) in reversing its previous policy and starting to educate the millions of India almost more zealously and more thoroughly at one time than the peasants of England and Ireland.

[3] It was mostly the American educational missionary societies that prepared the recent revolutionary reform and desire for constitutional government—'for the franchise' in Turkey.

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Thus we created this 'Babu' class of English-speaking clerks, lawyers, merchants, and petty officials, often saddled with an inappropriate and useless education; thus we called into being minds very like our own; personalities who, having studied the lessons of European history, having followed the processes by which the Catholics of the United Kingdom, the Jews, the labouring classes (Chartists), had become emancipated and franchised, very naturally drew the deduction that their turn must be at hand; that if a native of India, of no matter what religion or race, paid taxes and obeyed the law, he should have some vote, some power of control over the Government that taxed him.

The battle of popular representation in the West Indies was fought out between 1882 and 1899 (though the elective constitutions of some of the islands are of anterior date). In moments of excessive liberalism, extremely elaborate constitutions and large franchises were bestowed on this, that, or the other island; and sometimes the wrong kind of franchise was given; while constitutions in their scope and detail worthy of the Russian or the Indian Empires were conferred on islands with the area and population of Surrey. But in a general way things have righted themselves, and, so far as I could judge from my recent journey through the British West Indies, if there is any one part of the British Empire which is thoroughly contented with British rule and where the coloured non-Caucasian races predominate very considerably in numbers, it is the British West Indies. The people are free, and they know it. They are so well endowed with the means of expressing their opinions, and influencing the Government of their own particular island, that there seems to be no element of real discontent. They are even 'free to slay themselves'; and as, unfortunately, the mass of the West Indian negroes (like the mass of the English, Welsh, and Irish peasantry) is still very uneducated and cannot grasp the importance of the 'mosquito' theory, local negro opinion in Barbados, in Jamaica, and most of the other British West India islands is able by its stupidity to clog the action of the local Governments in spending a great deal of money for a purpose of inestimable good—the extirpation of all diseases conveyed from one human being to another through the agency of mosquitoes and ticks, the abolition of which is a mere question of pounds, shillings and pence, and the application of modern science.

I believe I am correct in saying that, so far as the franchise of British Guiana is concerned, it is likewise distributed without distinction of race or colour. When a little better and more modern education is diffused throughout the British West Indies we shall probably see in them the most happily governed section of the British Empire which is inhabited by a diversity of human races.

In broad outlines, the situation in India at the present day may be thus expressed: Between the frontiers of the British sphere in

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south-eastern Persia and the frontier of Siam; between the frontier of Tibet and Cape Comorin, there are in round numbers 300,000,000 of non-European races and peoples subject to the British Empire. About 150,000,000 of these are still under their own rulers, who rule quite despotically, though sometimes by the aid of counsellors and Ministers, but who rule under the supervision of a British Resident or a Governor, almost invariably a man of the widest knowledge, completest impartiality, and indiscriminating sympathies. In these 'native' States education is on a far lower scale of efficiency than on British territory, and as one never hears of troubles or uprisings, the people in their present stage of culture are presumably contented with the despotic rule of their prince, and have no doubt many indirect ways of making their feelings known. We may write them off as 'contented'—contented as we might be in some English county or colony under a very stupid local government, but one which was at any rate composed of our own countrymen and not of foreigners.

Quite half the area of India, however, has King Edward the Seventh as its only sovereign, and is governed by British officials from the United Kingdom. Until Lord Morley's projected measures come into effect throughout all 'British' India, the natives have no direct voice in the government of their own country, no say as to the amount of taxation which shall be imposed, or the manner in which the taxes shall be spent. Neither (it might be said) do the Europeans born or settled in those countries have anything of the kind; but then they are very few in number and no important European interest is unrepresented on the councils of the Viceroy and of the great Indian Governments, while the English Press is practically unfettered, provided it expresses its opinions in the English language. It can deliver itself of the sharpest criticism and of personalities which just stop short of libel (if it chooses) without incurring penalties. The native Press, on the other hand (and perhaps wisely at the present juncture), is gagged.

Some little while ago a writer, reviewing the condition of India, pointed out that all legislative measures of any importance were published in the Government gazettes for some time before they passed into law, and that during this interval educated native opinion could express itself freely on the subject of these measures, both orally and through the native Press. But this was in the days when the native Press had been set free and could print what it chose. I do not say that it is not free still to descant on projected laws and on the actions of officials, but it must accomplish this task so guardedly that its condition is no freer than the Press of Russia as applied to the same purposes.

As an additional cause of unrest you must add to this felt want of a franchise the often tactless and even tyrannical behaviour of a small proportion of the British in India. I write these words advisedly

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and after some personal experience of India. It is better that we should face facts. The Indian Civil Service consists for the most part of the best type of Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman which could be sent out to India to govern and administer; and where these men are placed in lonely positions of great responsibility and far-reaching rule, the world has probably never known and cannot show at the present time their equal for justice, intuition, knowledge, and sympathy with a subject people. But some of the lesser officials perhaps of the uncovenanted service—magistrates, justices of the peace, soldiers employed in civilian posts—do not always attain this high standard of excellence. It is known to me as a fact that of late years there have been a sufficient number of harsh and even savage judgments—excessive terms of imprisonment, for example, for relatively small crimes—imposed by hot-tempered urban magistrates, to have caused an extremely bitter feeling to reverberate through Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Bombay Presidency. I know personally several Englishmen in India who yield to no one in their loyalty to the Empire or their enthusiasm for that Empire, but who have felt compelled to draw public attention, through the Press or by personal intervention, to the injustice of certain sentences, and have even succeeded in getting one or two of them revised or reversed. Of course, in consequence, they—the *real* Imperialists—were attacked by the Jingo section in India—the *real* Little Englanders—and their lives were made intolerable, perhaps even their business affected and damaged, because they had attempted to stand up against errors of justice in the same way in which magistrates are pilloried in the columns of *Truth*. Yet I make bold to say that men of this description have done more to mitigate the present feeling of unrest in India than their fellow-countrymen of the cast of thought satirised by Bernard Shaw in a recent prohibited play—the Britishers whose one remedy for unrest or dissatisfaction at home and abroad is 'Shoot him—or her—down.'

The 'shooting down' or 'holding down' policy, if it was to be adopted at all as the watchword of the British Empire, should have been nailed to our mast in 1792, before the first educating missionaries went out to British India. To adopt it now is well-nigh an impossibility. It seems to me that, unless we can face, digest, and gradually provide for, prudently admit the demand of the black, brown, and yellow peoples under our sway for a voice—and a slowly increasing voice—in their own destinies, we must be prepared to face an awful national rebellion in India and an uprising of the negro throughout British Africa.

Fortunately, the present Administration has realised the situation in India, and I think all reasonable men would unite in wishing that Lord Morley's measures should have a fair trial before we decide to abrogate or to enlarge them.

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We ought to remind ourselves from time to time that, indomitable as may be our national courage, lofty as may be our national pride, we are only a nation of at most 44,000,000 of pink-and-white people, and that we at present rule or attempt to rule at least 350,000,000 of black, brown, and yellow people, only about 4,000,000 of which have franchise on the same terms as their white fellow-citizens. Even if you add to the 44,000,000 of the United Kingdom the 14,000,000 of the same race in the rest of the British Dominions, you only have approximately 58,000,000 of white people to control 350,000,000. We have, it is true, a far better knowledge of how to do things, infinitely more money, more cohesion, an armament by sea and by land that is only limited by our spending power; but as against this must not be forgotten the tremendous *vis inertiæ* of sullen discord which might be developed in discontented Africans or Asiatics. I am convinced that if the British Empire is to hold together, to continue indefinitely, and to remain comparatively in the future as in the past the most beneficent human organisation yet invented by man, it can only be on the basis of mutual trust, affection, and co-operation.

This happy condition will not be secured by abusing as 'Little Englanders' or under any other opprobrious term the members who ask questions in Parliament regarding native grievances, questions asked on behalf of peoples who in many cases have no free representation of their own; or by describing certain journals or reviews as unpatriotic if they attempt to inquire closely into the native policy of Natal, into administrative defects in India, or causes of discontent in any other portion of the British Empire which is not self-governed. Sometimes these questions are foolish (possibly), are based on inaccurate or even false information; sometimes the ventilation of 'native' grievances in the public Press is too much made the vehicle of party attack on the Administration in power. But the equally noisy section of the 'shoot 'em down' Imperialists (many of whom are untravelled or unobservant men or women) do not seem to realise to what an extent this asking of questions in Parliament, this openness of the British Press to the discussion of all subjects, is a safety valve for all those vast portions of the Imperial dominions which are in slow process of transformation, wherein it has not hitherto been possible to grant any measure, or a full measure of administrative independence and self-government. I really dread to think what would be the results if this safety valve of the question in Parliament or the leading article of a powerful newspaper were not in existence.

Only—I suppose—that it is a measure too revolutionary for our staid progress of legislation, I should like to see this irresponsible representation of 'native' grievances replaced by the proper representation of great 'native' communities in the British Parliament. Where it is not wise as yet to create local legislatures and grant a local suffrage, might there not be—as there has long been in France—

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some means whereby the portions of India not under native sovereigns, and all those Crown Colonies and Protectorates at present without representative institutions, were represented directly in the Imperial Parliament by a few persons whom the natives of the aforesaid countries have freely elected?

As a rule—an unbroken rule, I believe—when India or the Crown Colonies and Protectorates have to be represented in London or elsewhere at any great conference, ceremony, or function, they are represented not by natives of those countries (however distinguished they may be), but by English officials designated by the India Office or by the Crown Agents for the Colonies.

But there must be 'give' as well as 'take' in any earnest attempt to advance with the times and gradually to pave the way 'from precedent to precedent' towards a more perfectly governed empire. There are miseducated natives of India who are attempting to deal more harmfully with their mother land than the stupidest British soldier who, in the days before Lord Curzon's or Lord Kitchener's reforms, may have kicked a coolie in the stomach and have broken his spleen, or have shot at a native marker at the butts for not cheating in the score; yet who was—and is—the one certain bulwark against an Afghan raid. Some true friend of India, some native of India should compile from the most accurate records available the history of the people of India under the Mughal Empire between 1526 and 1761; or, better still, from the time that the Muhammadans invaded India in 711 down to the real effective establishment of the British power. During this period the soil of India has been blood-soaked, the loss of life has been frightful, the sum of human agony and misery unapproached elsewhere (that is, at least, what I deduce from such studies of Indian history as the ordinary Englishman may acquire, made perhaps more real to me by my own journeys in India). If, on the one hand, there are criticisms and complaints of the present method of administering India, or even of the new method under Lord Morley's reforms, an honest man would put into the hands of the Indian student not only a legitimate criticism of the government of to-day, but an exact record of the government of the past. This student, then, might be brought to realise what would happen to India if the British withdrew or were driven out of it within the next fifty years: in all probability a desolating warfare between Muhammadan and Hindu; Pagan and Buddhist; Chinese and Tibetans *versus* Bengalis; Afghans (the worst of all India's enemies) against Sikhs (the best of all India's peoples). There are at the present time only two religions in India that have made for peace and humanity—the Jains and the Christians; and they only number unitedly 4,300,000.

What would it mean to India, the loss of British credit and capital?[1]

[1] Who would invest money in India—or at what rate of interest—without the guarantee of Great Britain?

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What causes have been gained, what aspirations secured by murder and outrage? There would probably be now established the self-government of Ireland had it not been for the work of the Irish dynamiters and the assassins of Cavendish and Burke. The English people can, fortunately, be persuaded, chaffed, and sermonised into the granting of reforms; but, so far as their history goes, they have never been driven to legislation by deeds of violence. One can make oneself vastly disagreeable to a tyrannical minority without breaking the law. Any more bomb outrages in India, or shooting at trains (slaying almost invariably people quite unconcerned with the issues at stake), or assassinations in England, will do far more than the stupidity of English Jingoes to impede the progress of representative institutions in India. Let constitutional methods (and the Irish Home Rule party have taught us their efficiency) be patiently pursued, and India will slowly ripen towards self-government; women in Britain, as in Australia, New Zealand, and Colorado, will receive that franchise which is unquestionably their due; and other grievances and inadequacies be gradually set right.

But there should be no backward step in the British Empire. And we are threatened with such now in South Africa. By the Acts of 1853 and 1892 the franchise under the constitution of Cape Colony was conferred on all inhabitants of that Colony without distinction of race or colour. Under the existing circumstances of that Colony a property qualification of a moderate kind has been wisely instituted (it is actually the possession of property worth 75*l.* or the receipt of a minimum salary or wages of 50*l.* per annum); and all persons applying to be registered as voters are required to prove their literacy by being able to write intelligibly their name and address. The white population of Cape Colony at the present day in round figures is 580,000. The 'coloured' population is 1,820,000. This last is divided into 300,000 coloured persons of mixed European and African descent and 1,520,000 negroes. Can it be said by anybody who reviews the history of Cape Colony since 1853 that the coloured element in the population has abused these privileges? It has even been so modest in exercising them that (I think I am right in saying), although many districts of Cape Colony are inhabited by nothing but negroes, a large proportion of whom are well educated, they have not even as yet returned to the Cape Parliament a negro to represent them: they have preferred to elect a white man. But this is partly because they are completely satisfied with things as they stand. Possibly very few of them cast their votes, but some fifty thousand of them possess the franchise and could exercise it if they pleased; and with that they are perfectly content.

Yet I grieve to learn and to state that there is a powerful party, supported mainly by the Dutch element in the Transvaal and the British in Natal, which desires, as soon as the Act of Union is passed,

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and sanctioned by King Edward, to disfranchise the coloured people of Cape Colony. I am brushing aside sophistries and the involved hypocrisies which spring so naturally to the mouth and pen of the Anglo-Saxon (and the Dutchman is simply a descendant of the Anglo-Saxons who did not migrate to Britain). It is on this issue that a deputation has now come to England to plead with the British Government as a condition of its sanctioning the union of all South Africa (an event which almost everyone heartily desires to see accomplished) to exact a promise from the responsible Governments in South Africa that the *status quo* of the 'native' franchise question shall be respected—in other words, that after the unification of South Africa the South African Parliament shall not take away the franchise as it exists at present from the coloured and negro peoples in *Cape Colony*. Educated negro opinion in South Africa, as represented by Mr. Mangena and others, asks for no more than this. They realise the extremely difficult positions at present between the two races in the Transvaal and Natal; they realise that, in cutting off Basutoland from the Orange Free State and in guaranteeing the independence and self-government of the Basuto from 1868 onwards, the British Government practically provided a solution of the 'native' question in the Orange State. The country now occupied by the Boers and British settlers in the Orange Colony was by the valour of the Boers conquered from the devastating hordes of Moselekatse, at a time when it had been almost depopulated. But for the Boer victory over Amangwane and Amandebele there would have been scarcely any human inhabitants left in what is now Basutoland. Even more has this been the case with Natal, where the negro population was reduced (it is estimated) to scarcely more than 10,000 by the raids and massacres of Dingiswayo, Chaka, and Dingane, before it became a British Colony. Now the negro population of Natal proper stands at 700,000.[5]

The white population of the whole Colony of Natal (which now has an area of 35,371 square miles) is only about 95,000. There are only six negroes in Natal who possess the franchise at the present moment. Well, so be it. The circumstances of Natal are difficult and peculiar, and nothing is to be gained by forcing the question of negro franchise. Far better for negroes, as well as for white men, at the present day is a Natal governed by Europeans than a Natal governed by negroes. If the Kafirs of Natal cannot live happily without obtaining a vote, they must set to work to educate themselves and make money: above all, to make money. The possession of money is the surest route to the purchase of freedom. Let the negro not forget that it was by incessant industry and the making of money

[5] That these Bantu negroes have prospered and increased under British rule is shown by the fact that the present population of Zululand—until recently governed by native chiefs—is barely 250,000, as compared with the 700,000 of old Natal.

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that the Jews fought their way to an honoured position in the modern world.

Then as to the Transvaal. That, too, was a country becoming rapidly depopulated through the savagery of its negro peoples until it was taken possession of by the emigrant Boers. As to the regions beyond, they have only recently emerged from a long-continued period of slave raids and intertribal slaughter. Their education is proceeding apace under missionary societies; yet their right to the franchise will scarcely become a burning question for the next thirty years.

But all *educated* black and coloured men in South Africa at the present day (under which category there are at least 500,000 people) have their eyes fixed on the franchise in *Cape Colony*. If this is taken away by the new South African Parliament (by the two-thirds majority suggested), I make bold to say that the seeds will be sown of a profound discontent with the white man's rule and an utter disbelief in the advantages of belonging to the British Empire. I do not think that a more disastrous step backwards could be taken in Africa. I would hope that the bishops and archbishops who are now rightly agitating on behalf of the maltreated natives of the Congo, of whom we are one of the guardians and guarantors, will not the less raise their voices on behalf of the enfranchised negroes and mulattos, Grikwa, and Malays of Cape Colony, from whom it may be attempted to remove that franchise (which they have never hitherto abused) when the union of South Africa is effected.

I would press this question merely on the plea of expediency, and not of sentiment. Even supposing during the next twenty years that the coloured electors of Cape Colony did elect a coloured man to represent them in the supreme Parliament of South Africa? Why should that be such an odious possibility to the future million and a half of white people in that sub-continent, wherein there is also a coloured—mainly negro—population of 7,000,000? Surely it is not the 'Imperial' way of looking at the question, with such possibilities as may be dawning before the great South African Dominion? It seems to me a provincial, a narrow-minded point of view, such as one should not expect from prominent white politicians in the four great Colonies of South Africa, who, besides knowing well the needs of their own immediate districts, ought to be well informed and deeply interested in the remainder of Africa. You cannot detach South Africa from the rest of Africa, for this fact, among others, that in all the territory between Tanganyika and the Cape of Good Hope, which is under the British flag, there is a negro population of nearly 7,000,000, at least six and a half millions of which speak Bantu languages closely related to those of East, West, and Equatorial Africa. The mission-educated natives of Buganda and of other parts of East Africa; of Nyasaland and of the Barotse country; of the Congo basin; of the

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great British West African possessions, have all got their attention turned to the present state of affairs in South Africa.

Again, it seems to be assumed by the real 'Little Englanders,' the people who will not observe and connote, that all these African peoples north of the Zambezi have no voice, no understanding, no means of making themselves agreeable or disagreeable to the Imperial idea. But they have. A large number of them speak, read, and write English with fluency; they have their own newspapers; they are visiting England, and are being educated there in increasing numbers. In the West Indies as in West Africa the negroes are at present ardent Imperialists because they have found in the British Empire an immense relief from native conditions of anarchy and bloodshed, vast resources in capital, and an unfaltering spirit of justice which has, especially of late, made no distinctions of race and colour. These people and the still small class (proportionately) of educated men in India will observe with the greatest interest the course which will be taken by the British Government in regard to the protection of the interests of the 'coloured' people in South Africa, and their own views as to the advantages of belonging to the British Empire will inevitably be tempered by the results of such action.

H. H. Johnston.

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SOUTH AFRICAN UNION AND THE COLOUR QUESTION

SINCE arriving in England a few weeks ago I have repeatedly been asked whether the foundations of South African union are well and truly laid. My qualified affirmative—of necessity qualified; everybody can point to something which he thinks might be improved upon—met, on one occasion, with the remark: 'Well, whether the Union is good or bad, we must make the best of it: the people of South Africa want it, so we cannot do otherwise than give it our benediction. It seems to promise well, but what other nation, after throwing away 250 millions of money and thousands of lives firmly to establish their rule in a country, would abandon the fruits, as we are doing? What do we reap from the war, except the right to send out a Governor-General and to police the Union sea-board?'

The answer is, much. And never more than now, when European armaments are being menacingly increased and the cloud of war sits darkly on the horizon. In order to appreciate the position, let us assume the Republics still in being, and Britain embroiled in Europe. What then would be her situation? First of all she would be compelled simply as a precautionary measure to increase her garrison at the Cape. Next, if agents of the enemy succeeded, as they would strive to succeed, in dragging the Republics into the quarrel, she would be compelled to send out an expeditionary force, and to embark on a harassing campaign in addition to facing her difficulties at home.

Or assume the whole land British, but disaffected, as it would have been under an Imperial policy less generous than that adopted after Vereeniging. An augmented garrison would be required to keep the peace, and if our European antagonist were he whose South African frontier is coterminous with that of Cape Colony, raids from his confines would throw half the country into revolt.

In either case, republics or no republics, South Africa would gravely occupy the Imperial authorities and be a serious weakness to the Empire.

How different is the fact! South Africa, united and contented,

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is to Britain and the Empire only a source of strength. The Home Government, instead of being distracted during hostilities in Europe by desperate events six thousand miles away, will be able to devote themselves wholly to the conflict at their doors. Their armies, instead of being scattered, will be available for concentration within the area where they most are required. The people of South Africa, Dutch as well as English, instead of being at each other's throats and detaining regiments who could be usefully employed elsewhere, will manfully bear their share in combating the common foe, whether he present himself in South Africa or abroad.

In war or peace, United South Africa will be to the Empire nothing less than are Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Under the Act of Union the Imperial factor will have as much scope and the Imperial spirit be as virile in South Africa as in any of the other dominions; South Africa's obligations to the Crown, and her fulfilment of them, will not be inferior to those of her neighbours. So much for the written covenant. In that which is not written, save in the hearts of the people, South Africa will prove as faithful as her sisters to the trust reposed in her. Her people, Dutch and English, will be British in the broadest sense: the sense accepted by the Scotsman, the Irishman, the Welshman, and the French Canadian. When visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, some of the Imperial Press delegates discovered that the deadly sin was to charge a Scotsman with being English, although that same Scot was ready to slay and to be slain for Britain. What is true of the Scot, or the Irishman, or the Frenchman, who, proud of his race—sometimes provokingly proud—nevertheless is a good son of Empire, will be true also of the Dutchman.

. . . . . .

The clauses of the Union Constitution which have received most consideration during the conferences in this country between the Government and the South African delegates, and which chiefly attract public attention, are the so-called 'colour clauses.' They may be divided into two categories: those which affect the native and coloured inhabitants of the self-governing Colonies and the territories under Colonial control, like the Transkei and Zululand, and those which relate to the inhabitants of regions like Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and Swazieland, administered by the Imperial Government.

As regards the first class, it is not proposed in the beginning materially to disturb the existing state of affairs. Native administration, now in the hands of four Governments—Cape, Orange River Colony, Natal, and Transvaal—each acting independently of the other, will pass automatically into the hands of the Union. The various administrative systems, pending any steps which the Union Government may take to co-ordinate them, will for the most part remain as they are. The process of unifying will not in itself involve revolu-

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tionary changes. But the political status of the native and the coloured man in Cape Colony will be altered. Hitherto they have been admitted to exactly the same political rights as the European. Under the Union they will retain all their voting powers, and will be able to sit in the Cape Provincial Assembly equally with Europeans, but they will not be eligible for seats in the Parliament of the Union. The political status of the native and coloured man in the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal will not be similarly affected. In these Colonies none but Europeans wield the franchise.

Coming to the second class, the inhabitants of the territories administered by the Imperial Government through his Majesty's High Commissioner, their case is covered by a clause of the Draft Act and by a schedule. The clause sets forth that

> the King with the advice of the Privy Council may on addresses from the Houses of Parliament of the Union transfer to the Union the government of the territories referred to, and upon such transfer the Governor-General-in-Council may undertake the government of such territory upon the terms and conditions embodied in the Schedule of this Act.

The schedule provides that after the transfer of any territory to the Union, the Governor-General-in-Council shall be the legislative authority, 'and may by proclamation make laws for the peace, order, and good government of such territory.' Such laws are subject to the veto of the Union Parliament, to whom they must be submitted within seven days after the issue of the proclamation, or, if Parliament be not sitting, within seven days after the beginning of the next session, and any law may be disallowed by the King within one year of its being proclaimed. The Union Prime Minister shall be charged with the administration of the territory. He shall be advised by a commission, consisting of not fewer than three members appointed by the Governor-General for a period of ten years, and not removable except upon addresses from Parliament. Before coming to a decision on any matter relating either to the administration, other than routine, of the territory (or territories), or to legislation therefor, the Prime Minister shall place all the papers before the Commission and obtain its advice. If the Prime Minister does not accept a recommendation of the Commission, or proposes to act contrary to their advice, he shall state his views to the Commissioners, who shall be at liberty to place on record the reasons in support of their recommendation or advice. This record shall be laid by the Prime Minister before the Governor-General-in-Council, whose decision in the matter shall be final. Nevertheless, if the Governor-General-in-Council also decide against the Commissioners, the record of their dissent may be placed before both Houses of Parliament, unless the Governor-General-in-Council be of opinion that such publicity 'would be gravely detrimental to the public interest.' From this it will be seen that the Government of native territories will be guided by independent

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advisers invested with considerable authority. The local administration of each territory will be in the hands of a Resident Commissioner, whose powers, presumably, will resemble the powers enjoyed by the present Resident Commissioners. Then comes an important paragraph: 'It shall not be lawful to alienate any land in Basutoland or any land forming part of the native reserves in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swazieland from the Native tribes inhabiting those territories.' And further on: 'The sale of intoxicating liquor to natives shall be prohibited in the territories.' Finally, all revenues derived from any territory are to be expended for and on behalf of such territory, with these exceptions: (*a*) the Governor-General-in-Council may appropriate a portion of such revenue for 'defence and other services performed by the Union for the benefit of the whole of South Africa'; and (*b*) 'in case there shall be a surplus for any territory such surplus shall in the first instance be devoted to the repayment of any sums previously advanced by any other territory or by the Union Government to make good any deficiency in the revenue of such territory.'

I have given a fairly full *précis* of the schedule, as it closely concerns people in this country: it relates to areas belonging to the Home Government as distinct from the Colonial Governments, and to natives for whom the Home Government, as distinct from the Colonial Governments, is peculiarly responsible. It shows, too, on what lines the territories will be governed in the event of their being transferred to the Union. As the lines are the logical projection of those followed with good results by the Imperial authorities for a long period of years, they should not excite serious criticism. Subject to modifications that may be rendered necessary by changing conditions and the development and increase of the natives, they can be continued with advantage. They do not admit, and never have admitted, of franchises, of equality between white and black, and of other things, attractive in theory but dangerous in practice, with which misguided friends of the natives would like to saddle South Africa. To the presence of common-sense on these subjects, and to freedom from the political meddling which so often has vexed the self-governing Colonies—Natal, for example, during the last three years—is due much of the success of the Imperial authorities in Basutoland and other Imperial territories. It has never seriously been proposed to apply to them the fads and follies which some people regard as suitable matter for experiment in the self-governing Colonies; and while, under the schedule, there will be an effective parliamentary supervision—Union parliamentary supervision—over such territories as are transferred to the Union, the system will allow of their being kept as they have been kept, outside of the party arena, and will preserve that element of direct personal rule which, combined with Pitsos and similar forms of congregation, is best understood by the native mind.

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Although the draft Act has been ratified in South Africa by an overwhelming vote, and, having been framed with reference to the wishes of his Majesty's Government, is looked upon as a document to which no material alteration can be admitted, efforts are being made in London so to modify it as further to favour the natives and coloured people. Where these efforts are resisted by the South African delegation, as in all but minor cases they will be resisted, it is to be hoped they will not be pressed. Nothing could be worse than to seek to impose upon the Union at its birth principles which, excellent theoretically in a country where the race problem is little more than an academic curiosity, would operate disastrously in South Africa, where the natives and the coloured people outnumber the Europeans by five to one.[1] Principles, however exalted, have to be observed or neglected according to circumstances: they cannot as a rule be advantageously applied merely because they are exalted. The principle, for example, of equality—equality between man and man, whatever their creed or colour—is a noble principle. In the abstract we piously subscribe to it. But do we apply it in every-day affairs only because it is noble? Or if we did, in defiance of every prudent dictate, would it increase the sum of human happiness? Does any reasonable person suppose that if we gave practical expression in India to the doctrine of equality, we, or the people of India, or the world, would be the better? Even if, in an incredible frenzy of mistaken virtue, we were prepared to sacrifice ourselves, and to shatter our Eastern Empire in the vain expectation of benefiting India, would India profit? Would not the overthrow or withdrawal of white rule be attended by 'fire and sword, red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,' and so, in its effect, convert what was designed to be a splendid renunciation into a contemptible surrender of our Imperial destiny? The answers to these questions being what, in the light of all available evidence, they must be, do they not prove that principles, however good in themselves, may not only not beget good, but may beget appalling evil if adopted without regard to the conditions under which they are to be applied?

The main objection brought against the Union Constitution on behalf of the natives and coloured people has to do with the franchise. In Cape Colony there is no colour line. The white man and the black enjoy the same political rights. In the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal, on the other hand, the colour line is, and always has been, very clearly defined. Natives and coloured people, while treated with humanity, justice, and benevolence, are rigorously excluded from the franchise, and in every walk of life the distinction between them and the Europeans is well established. This is the situation that confronted the National Convention when it came to

[1] In South Africa as a whole, *i.e.* German and Portuguese, as well as British South Africa, the proportion is about eight to one.

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consider what the franchise should be under the Union. Repeated attempts were made to devise a plan sufficiently broad to satisfy the conflicting sentiments of the different parts of the country, and sufficiently rigid to provide a foundation on which the fabric of native policy could subsequently be reared. These attempts failed. With some exceptions, the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Natal delegates stood firm for the maintenance of the colour line, while the Cape delegates steadily refused to let their native and coloured constituents be disfranchised. The idea of a uniform system, so far as it had been entertained, consequently had to be abandoned, and in the end the Convention decided that, subject to a reservation, 'the qualifications of parliamentary voters as existing in the several Colonies at the establishment of the Union shall be the qualifications necessary to entitle persons in the corresponding provinces [2] to vote for the election of members of the House of Assembly'—*i.e.* of the Union. The reservation is that Parliament (the Parliament of the Union—each local Parliament disappears and gives place to a provincial Council) may 'by law prescribe the qualifications which shall be necessary to entitle persons to vote at the election of members of the House of Assembly,' this with a view of replacing, at a convenient season, the local franchises by one common to the whole country, or of amending them, but 'no such law shall disqualify any person in the province of the Cape of Good Hope who under the laws existing in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope at the establishment of the Union is or may become capable of being registered as a voter from being so registered in the Province of the Cape of Good Hope by reason of his race or colour only,' unless the Bill be passed by both Houses of the Union Parliament, Senate and Assembly, sitting together, 'and at the third reading be agreed to by not less than two-thirds of the total number of members of both Houses.' Even then the Act has to be specially reserved for the signification of his Majesty's pleasure, and cannot become effective without the Royal assent. The voting rights of the natives and coloured people in Cape Colony are thus doubly safeguarded, and the statement recently published in London that 'means are provided (in the Constitution) by which they (the natives and coloured people) may in the future be deprived of the parliamentary franchise on the mere ground of race and colour' implies the existence of a danger which is not likely to arise. The Cape of Good Hope will have five-twelfths of the votes in the House of Assembly, and three-eighths of the votes in the Assembly and Senate combined; so that if a division took place on strict provincial lines, it would be impossible to obtain the requisite two-thirds majority. If it were not on strict provincial lines, the position of the natives and coloured people would be even stronger. Just as there are many public men even in Cape

[2] Under the Union each Colony becomes a province. The names of the provinces will be Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and Orange Free State.

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Colony who dislike the coloured franchise, but who defend it on the ground that a right of this description, once bestowed, must, as a matter of equity, be respected, so many would undoubtedly come forward from the other States to resist any violation of that right after its enshrinement in the Union Constitution. Then there is the King's assent: it is not to be supposed that that would be lightly given, even in the improbable event of a disabling Bill passing the Union Parliament. Further, natives and coloured people who at present possess the franchise cannot be deprived of it: they are beyond the reach even of the two-thirds majority.

While the position of the natives and coloured people is thus entrenched and the Cape of Good Hope shielded against the policy of its neighbours, these neighbours are not similarly shielded against the policy of the Cape. Nothing more than a bare majority in Parliament is necessary to extend the Cape policy, wholly or otherwise, to the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal.

But, say the critics of the Constitution, there is the stipulation that only Europeans shall be eligible for seats in the Senate and the House of Assembly; thereby Cape natives and coloured people are deprived of the opportunity which hitherto has been open to them of becoming members of Parliament. The first observation to be made is that the opportunity has never been utilised: the Cape natives and coloured people have confined the exercise of their suffrage to voting for Europeans. This by the way. The main point to be borne in mind is that the Union Parliament is an entirely new body, created from, and having authority over, the whole of South Africa embraced within the Union, not merely over the Cape of Good Hope; and that the right to sit in a Parliament legislating only for the Cape of Good Hope does not necessarily carry with it the right to sit in a Parliament legislating also for the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. The Parliamentary privileges conferred on the natives and coloured people by the existing Cape Colony Constitution are effective only within Cape Colony. Under the Union the Cape Parliament will disappear, and the privileges associated with it will become operative in relation to its successor, the Provincial Council of the Cape of Good Hope, for which and in which natives and coloured people, as well as Europeans, will be able to vote and sit. It is true that the Provincial Council will not be invested with the same authority as that of the old Cape Parliament, but compensation is afforded the Cape natives and coloured people by their being able also to vote for a body, the Union Parliament, whose jurisdiction and powers will far exceed anything in which, under their charter, the Cape Colony Constitution, they have been entitled to share. They will have a voice, through the representatives they elect to the Union Legislature, in the affairs of the entire Union, not alone in those of the Cape of Good Hope, and so will be enabled to use their influence, supported by that of the Cape members as a body, forming together

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the largest provincial representation in Parliament, for the amelioration, as they view it, of the lot of their countrymen, from the Limpopo to the sea, and not only of those who live in Cape Colony, beyond which, at present, their political power does not extend. In this respect, and in having, as they will have, eight Senators nominated to the Upper House specially to look after their interests, the natives and coloured people unquestionably will occupy a much stronger position under the Union than they do now, and the status of those, the larger part, living beyond Cape Colony will be raised. Yet there are some who would take the risk of wrecking union, and so of sacrificing all that union must mean for the natives and coloured people: extended rights, the free working throughout South Africa, like a leaven, of the Cape policy—a mistaken policy, where the franchise is concerned, as I venture to think, and have endeavoured to show in previous numbers of this Review [3]—the initiation of a homogeneous native policy, the improvement in the lot of the natives and coloured people which must arise therefrom, and many other benefits; all these immediate advantages some would risk in their anxiety to remove a remote disadvantage which, unlike the advantages, entrenched as they are, may be modified at any time by a bare majority in the Union Parliament. Surely there never was a more striking case of willingness to throw away the substance for the shadow.

For there can be no doubt that material interference from the Imperial side in this matter of native and coloured political rights would put an end to union. Only the other day, Sir Henry de Villiers, President of the National Convention, a good friend of the natives, and an eminent authority, said, 'I am perfectly certain, from my knowledge of the feeling of the delegates, as embodying that of the Colonies, that the Union would be wrecked by such interference.' [4] All who are acquainted with South African sentiment, except a few whose enthusiasm for abstract right blinds them to the danger of pressing for it, will endorse this declaration. The Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Natal would never accept the new Constitution if it were returned to them with amendments that entailed further concessions to the native and the coloured man. These concessions may come in time. But they must come from within, not from without, and then only when they can be put into practice with safety to the Europeans, the natives, and the coloured people alike. No intelligent South African imagines that the natives will remain, or can be kept, in their present state. Their tendency is to advance in the scale of civilisation, and nothing can repress that tendency. The only safe plan is to guide it: attentively to watch and sympathetically to direct native aspirations and ambitions without forcing them. If, for example, the native demands education, and is prepared, in the upper branches, to pay for it,

[3] *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1904 and May 1905.
[4] Interview, *Morning Post*, July 9, 1909.

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it should be given him. Otherwise he will acquire it in his own way and may draw it from tainted sources abroad. That will bring him into contact with people, institutions, and manners whose influence cannot be otherwise than hurtful to him, and, through him, to the masses of his countrymen. The case is not uncommon of the native who, trained in America, returns to South Africa impregnated with noxious ideas of equality and republicanism which would be condemned by none more ruthlessly than by those who are best amongst the American coloured leaders, men of the Booker Washington stamp. Their wide experience and close study enable them properly to appreciate racial limitations of which the student, yesterday a savage, to-day veneered, has no conception. The student returns to his home with very little of Booker Washington about him and often becomes an element of evil. This evil can only be counteracted by providing within South Africa such education as the circumstances warrant. It must be a common-sense education: one that will help the native to earn an honest living, and, if he aspire higher, to benefit his race. There are some institutions, like the excellent Lovedale settlement, inseparably associated with the venerated name of the late Dr. Stewart, which aim at this ideal, but it is questionable whether they all are working on the right lines. A strong case could be made out for examination and revision. Writing with special reference to native schools in Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate,[5] Mr. E. B. Sargant points out that no advantage is taken of any of the admirable native industries to prepare the native child's hand and eye for further manual operations of a superior order. Some mount class by class to the consideration of subjects that scarcely bear at all upon the lives which the natives may reasonably be expected to lead, unless indeed they adopt teaching as their profession, when the training only enables them to cause their pupils to tread the same purposeless round which they have trod. This is not what is wanted. It retards rather than assists the solution of the native problem, by breeding incompetents for whom no place can be found in the social organism. Not the least of the benefits that Union should bring is the thorough investigation of this branch of the native question, with a view of meeting the growing requirements of the aboriginal population, without inducing artificial development or seriously disturbing the economic system. Whatever is done must be done gradually, though not inattentively or lazily. Short cuts and too rapid movement are not to be recommended where the raising of a lower race is concerned. But perceptible movement, and upward movement, there must be.

What is true of education is true of everything that concerns the native and bears on his evolution. Well or ill, his future reposes largely in the white man's keeping. South Africans realise this; they

[5] *Report on Native Education in South Africa*: Part III. (Protectorates), by E. B. Sargant, Education Adviser to the High Commissioner for South Africa.

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are sensible to the great responsibility that rests on them. But they must be left to acquit themselves of that responsibility in their own way. They are not less enlightened, less high-minded, less humane, than their countrymen at home. But they know the native as people living six thousand miles away cannot possibly know him, and their knowledge regulates the liberal and generous instincts which they inherit in common with the rest of the British race. The native is at their door. He is all round them. It is they and their children who for the most part will have to bear the consequences of whatever action is taken to-day, or to-morrow, or the day after, in regard to the native. So they claim a commanding share in controlling that action. They are not blind to the Imperial aspect of the problem, but they resent treatment such as that to which Natal was subjected, under the plea that Imperial interests were at stake, during the 1906 Rebellion, and during the trouble later on with Dinizulu. They are ready to consult and act in concert with the Imperial Government in all Imperial matters, as the Transvaal Government showed when dealing with the Indian question. But there is a difference between the tone adopted in London on that occasion, and the tone of an irritable and irritating parent towards a naughty child, which was the one that seemed to colonists often to prevail during the Zululand disturbances and after. An important result of union will be, on the one hand, that the United Government will approach the native problem more methodically and more confidently than its four predecessors, feeling itself strong enough to introduce salutary measures which separate States moving independently of each other would be too cautious to undertake; and, on the other hand, that the Union will not suffer the discreditable treatment which in some quarters has been considered suitable for a comparatively small Colony. In the matter of native political rights, as in all other matters, there can be little doubt that the Union Government, in its strength, will grant, little by little, according to the fitness of the natives to sustain them, concessions which individual colonies would not hazard. To give the natives of the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal the franchise to-day, or anything resembling the franchise, would be foolhardy and uncalled for. The paternal form of government under which they live is, for the present, the one best suited to their primitive condition. But political representation of some sort or another is bound to be accorded them in time. Dr. Jameson recently expressed the views of thousands of South Africans in these terms:

When the native becomes educated and civilised he must have the vote. We cannot prevent him. I am all for educating and civilising the native. I believe in the policy of Rhodes. We must give him his district councils and gradually instruct him in the responsibilities of citizenship. *But we must not go too fast. I believe that at the Cape we have gone too fast.* The native vote there is chiefly a 'blanket' vote. *There is no sense in giving the raw Kafir a privilege which he does not understand.* But there are only two roads we can

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walk in this matter. One is the old slavery road. That was stopped long ago. The other is the road on which the Cape began to walk fifty years ago and has been travelling upon, *perhaps too fast*, ever since. It is the road of education and civilisation for the native, and the end of that road is political privilege.

The italics are mine.

There is no organised conspiracy in South Africa to shut and lock the doors of civilisation against the native: only a determination not to push him forward beyond his capacity for progress, or in a way that might endanger him and the white man. An agitation in this country or elsewhere for the application of principles which the great majority of South Africans, however well disposed they be, regard as quixotic, can only do harm. Mr. Merriman, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, in an interview the day he landed at Southampton, said: 'The present agitation, whether it is successful, which is not likely, or whether it fails, can have nothing but the worst possible effect. It will put the clock back, and upset the very friendly liberal policy manifested by those States which do not adopt the Cape policy.'[6] Mr. Sauer, another Cape Minister, on the same occasion expressed the fear that 'the growing feeling of liberality of treatment will be arrested because of the attempt, firstly, to obtain what is now impossible—namely, equal rights; secondly, because of the attempt to obtain interference from outside in a matter on which the European people of South Africa are united.' Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer, like Sir Henry de Villiers and Dr. Jameson, who hold similar views, are amongst the best friends the natives and the coloured people possess; men who, in the National Convention and out of it, have successfully championed the native cause. But a life's experience of South African conditions enables them accurately to discriminate between what is practicable and what Utopian, and in condemning, as almost every public man in South Africa condemns, outside interference, they give utterance to the opinion predominant amongst their fellow Colonists.

To sum up:

(*a*) The natives and the coloured people will be in a stronger position under the Union than they were before. Their full franchise rights in respect of the Cape Provincial Assembly, and their electoral rights in respect of the Union Parliament, are so entrenched as to be practically unassailable; while they who live in the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal will not only be afforded, through the Senate, the parliamentary representation which hitherto has been denied them, but also may expect to gain something from the exertions, as opportunity offers, of the Cape representatives in their behalf.

(*b*) Under the Union a homogeneous native policy, an improved Administration, resulting from the co-ordination of the four existing administrative systems, and other substantial benefits hitherto unattainable, will be capable of accomplishment.

[6] Reuter Interview, July 10, 1909.

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(*c*) European opinion in the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal, with a large body of opinion in Cape Colony, is hostile to the equality doctrine. This apart, the growing disposition of the public, and the attitude of the authorities, are benevolent and sympathetic where the natives and coloured people are concerned. But

(*d*) Any attempts from without at interference, now or in the future, would be bitterly resented and strenuously resisted. The compulsory modification of the principles laid down in the colour clauses of the draft Act of Union, which embodies the utmost concessions the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal will make at this stage, would wreck Union, and so postpone indefinitely the advantages, immediate and prospective, indicated under heads (*a*) (*b*) and (*c*).

(*e*) The conclusions to be drawn from (*a*) (*b*) (*c*) and (*d*) are so obvious as to make a recital of them unnecessary.

RODERICK JONES.

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MARRIAGE LAW IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

The publication of the Papal decree *Ne Temere* and other recent events have had the effect of drawing the attention of the ecclesiastical world to the question of the laws of marriage. That this is a subject on which, outside ecclesiastical circles, the public mind has for some time past been in a state of unusual ferment is proved by the growing popularity of the writings of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw, like the Apostle Saint Peter, is 'himself a married man'; but it will not be denied that his treatment of the marriage question is in some respects unconventional.

There are indications, indeed, on all sides, that the subject is ripe for a more systematic and thorough-going discussion than it commonly receives in this country. The Church of England in particular, besides the difficulties which it shares with other communities, has some special matrimonial problems of its own. These have at present no explicit relation to ultimate ethical questions.[1] They arise rather from the occurrence in real life of certain 'hard cases'—mostly connected with divorce or the forbidden degrees—which lead to conflict between clerical and lay opinion.

The fault is not all on the side of the laity. It is, of course, quite easy for the clergy to say that 'hard cases make bad law'; and it is true that the strict maintenance of a high moral standard must often entail great sacrifices upon the individual. There remains, nevertheless, a shrewd suspicion—not wholly unjust—that the sacrifices which the clergy are so ready to recommend are recommended sometimes on insufficient grounds, and rather in the interests of an ecclesiastical theory than in the genuine interests of morality. The causes from which this unhappy state of misunderstanding proceeds deserve the careful attention of all English Churchmen.

One chief cause of misunderstanding has been oddly overlooked—namely, the fact that the doctrine of 'inward consent,' and the part

[1] Some of the profounder difficulties will probably be forced upon our attention before long by the advances of anthropology and by the popularising of anthropological data. But the significance of these studies has hardly yet dawned upon the Church of England.

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which this doctrine has played in the theology of Christian marriage, has been almost entirely ignored by recent Anglican writers.

The tendency of recent publications has been to represent the 'indissolubility of Christian marriage' as a plain and simple principle resting on the authority of the whole Western Church. There is, of course, no difficulty in producing from Western authorities a *catena* of passages in which this principle is asserted. But such a *catena* will leave a misleading impression on our minds, unless we remember that in the theology of the Western Church the doctrine that marriage is indissoluble stands in the closest association with what is sometimes called the 'Roman doctrine of intention.' According to the only doctrine of marriage which can in any intelligible sense be said to rest upon the authority of the whole Western Church—the doctrine as it is stated, for example, by St. Thomas Aquinas, and as, with certain modifications, it has guided the practice of the Church of Rome from the Middle Ages to the present day—the validity of a marriage depends upon what has passed in the minds of the bride and bridegroom. If their intentions have in any way come short of being a genuine 'consent unto matrimony,'[2] the marriage is regarded as null and void. If, for example, the parties, or either of them, intended to form a dissoluble union,[3] they did not intend marriage: and in this case no external ceremony would avail to make them man and wife. And thus, though in a sense the Western Church permits no divorce, it yet allows so many grounds on which marriages may be declared null, that the principle of indissolubility has been found compatible with much separating and re-marrying in practice, and this not by evasion of the law but in entire conformity with ecclesiastical principles. The bearing of these facts upon recent controversy is obvious. It was maintained by an able speaker at the Pan-Anglican Congress that the cases where Church Law can invalidate marriage on the ground of deficiency of consent are too rare to be of much practical importance. A little consideration will show that the doctrine of consent, as it has actually been held in the Church, suffices to throw doubt upon the validity of quite a considerable number of the marriages which come to be dealt with in our Divorce Courts, and thus that the Courts have been accused of dissolving an indissoluble bond in many cases where it can be argued on strict ecclesiastical principles that no such bond ever existed.

The fact is that recent High Anglican teaching has not only set up an extraordinarily rigid standard of matrimonial morality, but has at the same time erroneously represented this standard as having the authority of the Western Church. The marriage doctrine of the

[2] *Summa Theol. Supplement.* Quaestio xlviii. Art. 1, conclusio.

[3] Lehmkuhl, *Theol. Mor.* part ii. p. 753: 'Si expresse aut praevalente voluntate perpetuitatem eiusve obligationem excludit, verum matrimonium neque vult neque contrahit.'

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Western Church, as it has really been, might with more reason be described as unduly lax than as unduly severe. Perhaps we should come nearest to the truth if we said that it has been at once too lax and too strict—too lax at some points, too strict at others. This, however, is a question of ethics, and will remain to the end a matter of opinion. But it is not a matter of opinion at all, but a matter of demonstrable fact, that High Anglican writers, in attributing their own views to the Western Church at large, have been guilty of a serious historical blunder.

It is probable that the correction of this error is the first step to any useful discussion in England of the problem of the marriage laws, since the opinion of the clergy, who at least have the merit of consistently striving to keep these discussions on the highest level, must always count for much. The correction is easily made. The conception of the Christian law of marriage which holds sway in the minds of the most influential section of the Anglican clergy is expressed, with great force of language, in the well-known 'Report' received by the Lower House of the Convocation of York in 1896. No one who compares this conception of marriage law with that, say, of St. Thomas Aquinas, can fail to be struck with the wide difference between them. Indeed, a very small collection of facts and quotations is all that is needed to show that neither in pre-Reformation nor in post-Reformation times did the Church at large teach that peculiarly severe doctrine of marriage which finds favour in some Anglican circles at the present moment, the general marriage law of the Western Church being in reality both far less simple and far less rigid than English Churchmen are in the habit of supposing.[4]

I. The matrimonial doctrine of pre-Tridentine days is expounded with great clearness in the Supplement to the *Summa Theologica*.[5] The 'efficient cause' of matrimony is the mutual consent of the parties: this consent must be expressed in words [6] of present application (*de praesenti*), and the words must be accompanied by an inward consent of the heart. If between persons free to marry (*inter legitimas personas*) [7] such consent exists and is expressed, the marriage is valid, apart from any further ceremony, legal or ecclesiastical.[8]

[4] The quotations that follow are, with one exception, taken from easily accessible books. But recent discussions have shown that these books are far from being well known in the Church of England. The importance of the doctrine of consent is ignored even in the admirable treatise of Archdeacon Watkins.

[5] See *Supplementum tertiae partis*. Quaestio xlv.; especially Art. 4.

[6] Or their equivalents. Quaestio xlv. Art. 2, ad secundum.

[7] Quaestio xlv. Art. 5, conclusio.

[8] St. Thomas compares the case of marriage with that of baptism. 'If,' he says, 'a person received external ablution, not intending to receive the sacrament, but for purposes of jest and deception, he would not be baptised.' 'Ita' [he continues], 'expressio verborum sine interiori consensu matrimonium non facit.' Quaestio xlv. Art. 4, conclusio.

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The great change brought about by the Council of Trent relates to clandestinity—a matter on which the law has been further extended and defined by the recent decree. 'The Catholic faith is,'[9] says Sanchez, 'that before the Council of Trent clandestine marriages were valid.' Nowadays, on the other hand, marriages are null (except in certain cases) unless they take place in the presence of the parish priest or his representative, and two witnesses; but this change, of course, involves no departure from the principle that inward consent is essential to valid matrimony.

The significance of this doctrine is most readily seen in the discussions to which it has given rise, especially those which relate to the causes by which matrimonial consent may be vitiated.

Consent may be vitiated, in the first place, by deliberate fraud. Feigned consent, though happily rare in practice, is of great importance for a proper comprehension of the ecclesiastical theory. St. Thomas considers the case of a man[10] who, after he has gone through the form of marriage with one woman with due expression of consent in words but with no inward consent in his heart, subsequently contracts marriage with another woman with an expression of consent which is sincere. Here the Church, under pain of excommunication, will compel him to live with the former. It is explained, however, that the Church is deceived—not on the moral question, but on the question of fact. Necessarily the Church must judge according to appearances (*secundum ea iudicat quae foris apparent*): but the man himself, who knows what has occurred, must on no account consent to live with his 'first wife' (*ad primam uxorem accedere*): he should rather bear his excommunication, or as an alternative should fly the country (*vel debet in alias regiones remotius fugere*).[11] When it is borne in mind that the second marriage which is thus accounted valid may have been celebrated without any religious or public rites of any kind, it becomes apparent that there is some considerable divergence between the views of St. Thomas Aquinas and the customary theology of the Anglican pulpit.

Of more practical importance than the case of feigned consent is the case of undue pressure. If the consent of one party is given

[9] Sanchez, *De Matrimonio*, Lib. iii. Disputatio 3. In the case where both parties are baptised Protestants, the Roman Church holds, of course, that clandestine marriages are valid still. See the discussion in the note to Gury's *Compendium*, ii. 841 in the edition of Ballerini. Eleventh edition, 1893.

[10] Quaestio xlv. Art. 4.

[11] Compare on the general subject of fraudulent consent *A Manual of Moral Theology for English-speaking Countries*, by the Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J., vol. ii. p. 271. Gury, *Compendium Theol. Moral.* ii. 753. It is held that in ordinary cases it is the duty of the guilty party to give, really and internally, the consent which previously was only feigned. The exceptions to this obligation are discussed by Gury and his annotator.

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under constraint by the other, the marriage is held to be binding on neither.[12] Moreover, undue pressure may be exercised otherwise than by threats of physical violence. In 1728 Lucia Agliodolce instituted a suit in the Episcopal Court of Cremona praying for a declaration of the nullity of her marriage with Count J. P. Schinchinello, whom she had married in 1720 and left in 1722. Her case was that, being in love with another man (*cum eius animum praeoccupasset amor alterius nobilis viri, cui se in matrimonium collocari optabat*), she had long resisted the pressure of her relations, though at length, when her mind was reduced to a state incompatible with freedom of choice, she had succumbed to their threats and blandishments.[13] The case was referred to the Sacred Congregation of the Council, the Advocate Fiscal of the Episcopal Court defending the validity of the marriage. The questions upon which the discussion turned present a peculiarly clear illustration of the workings of the ecclesiastical law. Was the girl's consent—it was asked—extorted by threats and deception, or by persuasion and argument? If she acted under the influence of force or fear, was she in this state of mind right up to the time when she entered into the contract? Again—granted the invalidity of the original celebration—was not a valid marriage constituted by subsequent acts of free consent during the two years of her married life? All these questions, it should be observed, the framers of the York Report would brush aside as irrelevant. In their judgment upon a recent case[14] the 'impediment of force or fear' is deliberately disregarded.

Even more intricate than the cases of fraud or pressure are the questions which arise when consent is vitiated by 'error' or by 'intentions contrary to the true purposes of marriage.' These are questions which may any day be forced upon the notice of an Anglican clergyman by a decision of the Divorce Court judge and subsequent proposals for re-marriage. We have all heard, for example, of marriages contracted in a spirit of utter levity, as when a man has married a woman, and for a brief period lived with her, for the purpose of winning a wager. Again it has happened that a youthful bride has married in a state of entire misconception as to what, in one of its aspects, married life signifies. Or we may take the case—which has led to

[12] *Summa Theol. Supplement.* Quaestio xlvii. Art. 4.

[13] 'Diu itaque inter eos hac de re certatum fuit, repugnante adeo acriter Puella, ut de mentis etiam potestate exierit. Sed tandem Pater et Patruus, tum blandis tum acerbis verbis, tum minis, aliisque artibus . . . perfecerunt ut Puella ad eorum sententiam accederet.' See *Thesaurus Resolutionum Sacrae Congregationis Concilii quae consentanee ad Tridentinorum pp. Decreta aliasque Canonici Juris sanctiones prodierunt, in causis in eodem Supremo Tribunali propositis ab Anno 1730 usque ad totum Annum 1732.* Tomus Quintus. Urbini MDCCXL. p. 303.

[14] *Divorce: York Report.* Second edition, p. 39. The marriage had been set aside by the Roman tribunal on the ground that the bride, from fear of her mother, was not a free agent.

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proceedings for divorce before now—where a guileless youth has been entrapped into marriage by a woman who is the mistress of another man, and has every intention, if occasion serves, of continuing that relation. If, in the case last mentioned, the lady carries out her intention, the husband may obtain divorce on the usual grounds. If he does so, and subsequently seeks to be married in Church to a respectable woman, it is more than likely, in the light of past experience, that a knot of distinguished Anglicans, clerical and lay, will interrupt the service on the ground that he 'has a canonical wife still living.' Indeed with regard to all such cases the severity of Anglican opinion often stands in odd contrast with Roman and Mediaeval leniency. The Roman Church will acknowledge no marriage unless there existed on the part of bride and bridegroom an intention to transfer to one another marital rights—rights which in their essence are exclusive and perpetual.[15] The existence of any such intention in the three cases just mentioned is obviously very doubtful.

And here we are led into a region of fine distinctions. It is a common opinion that the subtleties of the Moral Theologians have been invented chiefly to enable men to evade their plain obligations. Those which belong to the present subject tend for the most part in the opposite direction. But they undoubtedly add to the intricacy of the problem. A distinction, for example, is drawn between the intention to violate marital rights and the absence of an intention to grant them. 'If,' says Father Slater, 'nothing against the substance of marriage is expressed in the contract, but one or both of the parties intends to do something which is against the essence of marriage, such an intention will vitiate the contract or not, according as it excludes marital rights or only implies a determination to abuse them.'[16] Again a distinction is drawn between the merely abstract opinion that marriage is dissoluble and the intention to contract a dissoluble union in one's own case. 'If any one erroneously thinks that he can afterwards for a definite cause dissolve the marriage bond, yet does not positively intend this, but has a prevalent will to enter upon a true marriage, his marriage holds good.'[17] Again, 'error' is distinguished from simple ignorance.[18] 'If a woman thinks that marriage is a mere

[15] Lehmkuhl, *Theol. Mor.* Part ii. p. 688 (the reference is to the paging of the margin): 'Si ne voluntatem quidem saltem implicitam haberet *ius* exclusivum idque in ordine ad rectum matrimonii usum alteri parti tradendi, matrimonium contraheret nullum.'

[16] *Manual*, &c., vol. ii. p. 272; cf. Ballerini, vol. vi. p. 207: 'Valide sed illicite contrahitur cum intentione negandi debitum, vitandi prolem, vel etiam non educandi, moechandi, &c., nisi tamen talis intentio in pactum deducatur, idest nisi adiiciatur tanquam conditio obligans ad aliquid contrarium essentiae matrimonii. Unde invalide contrahit, qui vinculum matrimonii vult tantum durare per annum, vel reservat sibi potestatem adulterandi, vel non reddendi debitum debite exigenti.' No. 452.

[17] Lehmkuhl, Part ii. p. 688.

[18] P. 692 of the same volume. 'Eo ipso quod homines baptizati *verum matrimonium* inire volunt, id totum volunt quod Deus instituit, et ita volunt, ut a Christo

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union of friendship between the parties . . . the marriage is invalid.'[19] If she is simply ignorant on these subjects it will stand good.

The main difficulty with regard to such distinctions arises of course when we come to apply them. In real life ignorance shades off into error, a false ethical view into a wrong intention. But even the merely abstract statement of the law—if conceived as the Moral Theologians conceive it—is a matter of almost endless complication. There are so many things to be taken into account. In any given case, for example, the matrimonial consent may have had an annexed condition which may or may not have been fulfilled.[20] Again, there may be error connected with considerations which have wrongly been allowed to have decisive influence on the matrimonial choice. Thus, 'if a woman thinks she is marrying the eldest son of a peer, and only intends to marry the eldest son, who she thinks is present, the marriage will be null and void if the bridegroom is not the eldest son of a peer.'[21] Again, there may be intentions which are mutually contradictory. A baptised person may want to be married but not to receive the sacrament of matrimony: and it may be doubtful in this case which intention is 'predominant.' Again, there may be intentions contrary to the 'secondary purpose' of a marriage—that is, the proper up-bringing of the children who are its issue. If a degraded couple[22] had married on the understanding that they should meet expenses by insuring the lives of their children and then putting them out of existence, can they be said to have intended 'marriage'—a state of life which essentially involves 'rights and mutual obligations in order to the begetting and bringing up of progeny'?[23] The difficulty here lies in knowing where to draw the line. Suppose the condition were that the children were to be put out to nurse, or were not to be fed at the mother's breast. Some have held that the former condition at least would invalidate marriage. *Probabilius est* (says Sanchez) *neutram conditionem esse contra substantiam matrimonii, quia non est omnino contra prolis bonum.* It seems, indeed, so far as we can see, that scruples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely.

ordinatum est. Imo etsi sacramentalem matrimonii characterem ignorant aut se ipsos ministros esse nesciumt, nihilominus, &c.'

[19] Father Slater's *Manual*, vol. ii. p. 318; cf. Casum ap. *Acta S. Sedis*, vol. v. pp. 551–554: 'Rosa, annos 19 nata, nuptias contraxerat nesciens, ut aiebat, talem turpitudinem (copulam) matrimonio iunctam esse; et debitum recusavit asserens se usum corporis neque suo neque ulli alteri viro praebituram esse. Matrimonium non fuit declaratum invalidum, quia non satis constabat de tali errore, sed dissolutum est utpote ratum et non consummatum, vetito mulieri transitu ad alias nuptias, inconsulta S. Congregatione.' Quoted by Tanquerey, *Synopsis Theologiae Moralis et Pastoralis*, vol. i. p. 582. Third edition, 1906.

[20] Gury. Vol. ii. 750.

[21] Father Slater's *Manual*, p. 318.

[22] On the condition 'Si prolem neces' annexed to matrimonial consent, see Sanchez, *De Matrimonii Sacramento*, lib. v. Disp. ix. 12.

[23] Lehmkuhl, p. 688.

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There is no doubt that upon the modern English mind this long array of ethical puzzles has a peculiarly unpleasing effect. And yet, though it is easy to accuse the theologians of needless subtlety, it is less easy to show how the questions they have raised can be avoided by any one who starts from the accepted principles of the Western Church.

II. Thus the past history of matrimonial theology seems to point a moral. It is clear, on the one hand, that we must accept with caution the guidance of those teachers who have misinterpreted the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage by taking it out of its context. A theory of marriage which ignores consent—which even ignores the 'impediment of force or fear'—can be defended neither by authority nor by reason. Yet the very complexity of the questions which can be raised makes the need of guidance urgent. If the Church of England can do nothing to bring order into the existing confusion of ideas, it will fail in a great trust.

Now our practical problems arise mainly from the 'hard cases' mentioned above. In spite of the criticisms of brilliant writers, popular faith in monogamous marriage as an institution is not yet seriously shaken. It is pretty generally recognised that society is in its healthiest state when, as happens among the rural poor, divorces and declarations of nullity are alike unknown. Yet we can hardly expect that more highly organised communities can enjoy the same freedom from matrimonial problems as exists in country villages, and that there are some 'marriages which are no marriages' must be admitted even by the most rigorous. Thus it would seem that what we chiefly need is a recognised list of exceptions—exceptions to what on any tolerable theory must be the rule, namely, that those who come together as man and wife (in the wide and popular, not in the restricted and theological sense of those titles) should maintain this relation for the term of their joint lives. In other words, we need for the Church of England something roughly analogous [24] to the Moral Theology of the Church of Rome.

And yet obviously we cannot accept the Roman system. As a great intellectual achievement, as a serious attempt [25] to deal with problems which no Christian Church can safely ignore, the Roman matrimonial theology compels our admiration. But no Anglican who thinks what he is saying will profess entire satisfaction with its principles. For, in fact, the marriage law of the Western Church fails us just where we have been most strongly tempted to seek its aid.

[24] Authoritative decisions such as are usual in the Church of Rome are of course contrary to the Anglican spirit.

[25] The provisions connected with the terms *Revalidatio* and *Sanatio in Radice* must impress every impartial person as framed under the influence of a wise and kindly common-sense. The details of a striking case are given in *Analecta Ecclesiastica* for July 1900. Annus octavus. Fasciculus septimus, p. 305.

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We have wished to assure those on whom the marriage yoke has appeared to be sitting too lightly, that not in our private opinion only, but in the opinion of Western Christendom at large, the bond by which they are bound is indissoluble. Unfortunately in many cases such persons could retort with truth that, according to the principles of the Western Church, they were not married at all. The intention to form an indissoluble union cannot nowadays be assumed to be universal, least of all in the case of those hasty marriages which are the chief source of trouble. And yet, very often, the relations which have taken place during the months or years for which the union has lasted have been such as to constitute, in the eyes of every right-thinking Englishman, an obligation morally indistinguishable from the marriage bond, however imperfect may have been the original consent. In such cases a clergyman may do more good by an ounce of common-sense morality than by a pound of theological argument.

Indeed it is likely that the more we study the marriage problem in concrete examples, the less satisfied shall we be with any of the ecclesiastical solutions of it, Eastern, Roman Catholic, or Anglican. Ecclesiastical formulas, even in the hands of consummate masters, are inadequate to the infinite complexities of human life. St. Thomas, as we saw, conceives it possible that serious doubts may arise as to which of two claimants is the lawful wife. He shows how in a certain case the man's true wife in the sight of God may not be the woman whom the Church assigns to him. Similar complications may arise with every conceivable minor variety of circumstance. A man, for example, may be so placed that while one woman can say to him 'You married me at God's altar: you introduced me to your family and friends: by the laws of England you are my husband,' another may say to him with equal truth 'You belonged first to me: our connexion was intended to be permanent and exclusive and has in a sense been unbroken: you seek my rival under social pressure only, whereas to me you come of your own free will: and finally it is I who am the lawful wife according to the principles of the Church of Rome.' The problem here is to weigh the claims of first possession against those which equitably belong to the wife who alone is recognised by society and the law. In relation to problems of this kind the hard and fast rules and definitions of the theologians afford us no real assistance.

Perhaps, then, one of our first duties is to challenge a familiar assumption. It is commonly assumed that the traditional methods of theology are the only legitimate methods for a Christian Church to employ. This assumption is sometimes made openly and sometimes tacitly. There is, perhaps, no real reason for making it at all. It is seldom noticed how revolutionary a change it would bring about in the views of some of our teachers, if they consistently applied to moral subjects the evangelical doctrine concerning the two 'Great Commandments' upon which 'all the Law and the Prophets hang.'

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If no law is binding upon a Christian, except so far as it is derived from, and subordinate to, the general duty of seeking God's glory in the spiritual, moral, and physical well-being of His creatures, then the hard and fast rule as such can have no place within the Christian system. If so, the doctrine of marriage needs a radical re-handling. Mr. Haldane, in another connexion, has spoken of the value of 'independent rethinking.' There is surely room for a good deal of independent rethinking here.

And thus on one point at least we seem to be within reach of a practical conclusion. If what has just been said is true, it suggests that there are few more useful tasks in which the clergy of our day could engage than the systematic attempt to apply the fundamental principles of Christianity, untrammelled by the traditions of Roman Law, to the problems of Marriage and Divorce. The completion of such a task would not be the affair of a year nor of a generation, and yet even at its very beginning the work could hardly be barren of results. The mere knowledge that any considerable section of the clergy were giving their minds to an undertaking of this kind must at once produce an effect for good upon the relations between clerical and lay opinion, since it would herald the abandonment of the dogmatic habit in favour of an open-minded consideration of difficulties.

It is to be hoped, then, that it may not seem to be an act of undue boldness to commend this subject to the reflection of English Churchmen of all schools. It is obvious that the suggestion in the preceding paragraph could never be successfully carried out without the help and approval of the High Church party, and that in particular it would be an immense gain if it could have the active encouragement of the English Church Union. By their zeal for the purity of domestic life, the members of the Union have earned the gratitude of many who are not in sympathy with their general policy. In inculcating the duty of independent but co-operative thought on the marriage question they would surely be turning their great influence to good account. If it be said that any abandonment of traditional ecclesiastical methods is opposed to the purposes for which the English Church Union exists, the obvious answer is that on a question on which the Church Universal speaks with divided voice, the appeal to authority is necessarily ineffective. In dealing with the laws of marriage we are entering the lists against the strongest passion in human nature. This on more grounds than one is an argument for preferring the appeal to reason. It must not be forgotten that many who would turn a deaf ear even to the unanimous anathemas of East and West may yet be ready to practise self-denial and self-restraint if they can be rationally convinced that these are necessary in the interests of morality and the public good.

CHARLES J. SHEBBEARE.

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FRANCIS BACON AS A POET

'He grows holy towards his end, and has versified some of the Psalms.' Such is a sentence from a letter written by John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, English Ambassador in Holland, dated the 18th of December 1624, in reference to a volume then lately published by Lord St. Albans.[1] It is interesting not only as the earliest extant criticism on Bacon's translations of some of the Psalms, but as the criticism of one who seems to have had an intimate knowledge of the author, and who wastes no words of commendation upon the work. Bacon's great biographer, Spedding, does not seem to have been aware of the letter.

No one can wonder much at a man of Lord Bacon's versatility turning for some hours at the latter end of his career to a form of literature for which he had shown but little concern during his earlier life. Public men with a taste for letters and a ready pen have frequently displayed a leaning towards versification. Cicero was perhaps the most signal example. Gladstone, amongst others that might be named, did the same in days nearer to our own; and neither was deterred by the fact that they were each the contemporary of at least one poet of the very first rank. The earlier versifier will, though perhaps undeservedly, be for ever linked with the scathing condemnation of the Roman satirist:

> Antoni potuit gladios contemnere si sic
> Omnia dixisset,[2]

while the Victorian Premier's admirers will continue to be largely oblivious of any of his efforts in the way of poetry. But while an intense admiration for the great poets was at all times a dominant force in the minds of both Cicero and Gladstone, there was no such literary bias in the case of Francis Bacon, so far as can be gathered from his extant works and letters. It was possibly in emulation of the Roman statesman and philosopher that Lord Verulam turned to the making of verses, though he knew as well as any how Cicero had fared under the merciless derision of Juvenal's lines. Perhaps

[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic.* James I. [2] Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 123.

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it was only the effort of a sorely harassed mind to find an intellectual occupation involving but little mental labour, a view which Bacon himself seems to confirm, as he describes the work in his dedication to George Herbert as 'this poor exercise of my sickness.' Whatever may have been the moving cause, it is the subject-matter of his translations that evokes our surprise, rather than the fact that he came to court a lyric muse in the hour of his distress. And yet for this a reason may be found when we remember that the literary illustrations Bacon makes use of in his principal writings are perhaps more largely derived from the Scriptures than even from the Latin Classics. He passes the English poets by in silence. He never quotes a passage from any of the mighty dramatists of his own great age, whether from ignorance of their compositions or for fear he should be taken to have lent his countenance to the theatre which he despised. Strangely enough Spedding is inclined to think that it was more with a view to help his embarrassed financial condition than for any other reason that Bacon published both his *Psalms* and his *Apophthegms New and Old*, both of which appeared at about the same date; but in reference to these two little volumes the Biographer adds: 'The only wonder is that he should have thought these worth *publishing*, while he had by him in manuscript so many things of more importance in every way.'

The one of these volumes which mainly concerns us here appeared in December 1624, and is entitled *Translations of Certain Psalms into English Verse*. It contains versions of the 1st, 12th, 90th, 104th, 126th, 137th, and 149th Psalms. The 90th, 137th, and 149th are similar in metre, being in six-lined stanzas, ending with a rhymed couplet; the remaining four are all different in form from this, and each is metrically different from the other.

To speak of these translations as poetry, considering the high standard of the time, is a thing we cannot do. It is true that every now and then there are lines that run trippingly enough, after a fashion. The same may, however, be said of the well-known but little praised translation of Sternhold and Hopkins, which had run through countless editions at the time when Bacon's volume was made public. Whatever their poetical value, these translations, as Spedding tells us, are 'the only verses of Bacon's making that have come down to us, and probably with one or two exceptions the only verses he ever attempted.'[3] His capabilities as a poet must be tested therefore by these few samples, but it is only fair to remember that in forming a judgment on work that is carelessly or hastily executed, we should look at the best parts and not at the worst for signs of what a man can do.[4] The following stanza from the 90th Psalm is quoted by Spedding as a proof that Bacon possessed 'a fine ear for metre,'

[3] *Works*, vii. 265.

[4] *Ibid.* 267.

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fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion':

> Thou carriest man away as with a tide:
> *Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high;*
> Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
> But flies before the sight of waking eye;
> Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
> *To see the Summer come about again.*[5]

After another quotation, from the 104th Psalm, the heroic couplets of which he thinks not unworthy of Dryden, the Biographer goes on:

> The truth is that Bacon was not without the 'fine phrensy' of the poet; but the world into which it transported him was one which, while it promised visions more glorious than any poet could imagine, promised them upon the express condition that fiction should be utterly prohibited and excluded. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets; but it was the study of his life to refrain his imagination and keep it within the modesty of truth; aspiring no higher than to be a faithful interpreter of Nature, waiting for the day when the 'Kingdom of Man' should come.

Amongst the best lines in the 104th Psalm are:

> The shady trees along their banks do spring,
> In which the birds do build, and sit, and sing;
> Stroking the gentle air with pleasant notes,
> Plaining or chirping through their warbling throats.
> . . . . . .
> The moon, so constant in inconstancy,
> Doth rule the monthly seasons orderly.
> . . . . . .
> There do the stately ships plough up the floods,
> The greater navies look like walking woods.

Bathos could, however, hardly go lower than the following couplet from the same Psalm:

> There hast thou set the great Leviathan,
> That makes the seas to seeth like boiling pan.

A poet's true rank must of course be determined in a great measure by a comparison of his work with that of his contemporaries—and a fair test of this kind is furnished by a short poem by Beaumont upon such a subject as is dealt with by Bacon in his so-called paraphrase of a Greek epigram. In this particular poem of Bacon's—one of the very few which he attempted outside the Psalms—it should be remembered that the writer was completely freed from the fetters imposed on him when he was *translating*, there being no approach here to anything but the poetising of an idea. The three best stanzas run as follows:

> The world's a bubble, and the life of man
> less than a span;

[5] The italics are Spedding's.

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In his conception wretched, from the womb
so to the tomb;
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
with cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,
what life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
to dandle fools.
The rural parts are turned into a den
of savage men.
And where's the city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three
. . . . .
Our own affections still at home to please
is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil
perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease,
we are worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born to die.

Now listen to Beaumont, rippling in the music of a born poet:

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Is it any wonder, for all Spedding's indulgent comments, that Bacon's 'poetry' has been passed over in merciful silence by the historians of poetic literature? Yet in the face of the few versified lines which Bacon wrote, and published in his name, and on the strength of some stray allusions to him as a poet by other writers, there are curious-minded persons to-day who have satisfied themselves that he was also the author of all that has long been known as Shakespeare's work! I have already dealt at some length with the Shakespeare side of this question,[6] but propose now to say something on the difficulties which are involved in believing in the Baconian authorship, looking at the matter solely from the standpoint of Bacon's life and works. Curious to say, this side of the question has been

[6] *Nineteenth Century and After*, March and April 1909.

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largely overlooked, possibly of set purpose, by the supporters of the so-called 'Baconian' party—always excepting those amongst them who rely upon a theory of ciphers which no one yet has been able to comprehend outside the initiated in their own ranks. Looked at from such a standpoint, the question is simply this: Can the Francis Bacon, with whose works and career many of us are reasonably familiar, be taken, by any miracle of literature, to have been the author of either the poems or the plays which are commonly ascribed to his Stratford contemporary?

The Bacon Society and its adherents do not apparently attach any undue importance to the conclusions of those who have made Bacon and his works the study of their lives. Outside this Society the universally recognised authority on this subject has for many years been the edition popularly known as Spedding's, and James Spedding, out of the fullness of a rich acquaintance with Elizabethan literature and with a knowledge of Bacon such as few have ever had, tells us that he doubted if there were 'five consecutive lines in either Bacon or Shakespeare that could possibly be interchanged, and not recognised at once by any person familiar with their styles.' When the Bacon Society has given us an edition of Bacon's works which can be put beside the now accepted standard edition, or when indeed some of its members have shown any genuine indications of a thorough-going and broad-minded study of his life, works, and language, the world may be reconciled to listen with patience to their arguments. Until then 'Baconians' cannot rationally complain of being laughed at by all serious students of both Bacon's and Shakespeare's writings.

I am far, however, from suggesting that even such a dictum as Spedding's, weighty though it be, should be accepted as finally decisive. I prefer to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and show that an intimate knowledge of Bacon's works in prose and verse, of his historical views, his philosophy and his literary methods, will at once furnish any ordinary reasoning mind with the most cogent proofs of at least this fact—that he, at any rate, cannot have been the author of Shakespeare's plays, whoever else may have been. Of his verse I have already treated. No one will to-day contend that there are half a dozen consecutive lines in the whole that can be said to raise him beyond the level of even a third-rate poet. His choicest stanza is best described in the words of shrewd old Holofernes (behind whom was a master who knew): 'Here are only numbers ratified; but the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*' [*it isn't there.*]

It is, in fact, only by shutting our eyes to the poverty of poetical form and expression with which Bacon's extant efforts in verse are so abundantly characterised that we can by any stretch of indulgent imagination class him amongst the English poets. It is true that,

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for reasons which we cannot rightly understand, Howes, the continuator of Stow the annalist, includes 'Sir Francis Bacon' in his list of 'our modern and present excellent poets.' Twenty-seven names are mentioned by this historian, but there are many remarkable omissions, such as Turberville, Sackville, Donne, Fairfax, Beaumont, Lodge, Barnfield, and Alexander, though we find such names as Chaloner, Sir E. Dyer, and Fraunce. Perhaps the most important feature of the passage is the fact that both Bacon *and* Shakespeare are mentioned, which shows that the suggested identity of these two writers was, at any rate, not recognised in their own time.

One or two other writers are also adduced to attest the fact that Bacon was a poet, Wotton and Waller amongst them. We are reminded too that Bacon referred to himself on one occasion as 'a concealed poet' and had 'prepared' a sonnet to Queen Elizabeth, but *obiter dicta* of so vague a kind and so inconsistent with all we know of the reality, can hardly be taken to outweigh the critical judgment of the literary world at large, which is after all the final court of appeal on such questions. Even if we accept such uncertain evidence as conclusive, what reason can be suggested for Bacon's not avowing the authorship of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, if he was really the writer?

There were many who after Bacon's death must have been sufficiently interested in the restoration of his tarnished reputation to have made an effort to credit him with the glories, rightly belonging to him, which had been so consistently associated with the Stratford player's name. The cold corpse in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, could have suffered no injury by the divulging of the mystic secret. The name of Verulam would have moulted no feather if England had been told and convinced of the truth of the astounding revelation. Bacon's descendants were in no danger of suffering persecution by reason of the disclosures—for there were none. If there were no other evidence in the case but Bacon's last will and a letter he wrote about the same date, the theory of Baconian authorship could be shown to be based upon nothing more substantial than fiction. The will is dated the 19th of December 1625, and is witnessed by Dr. Rawley, his confidential amanuensis and chaplain, and others. It contains *inter alia* the following passages: 'I desire my executors, and especially Sir John Constable, and my very good friend Mr. Bosvile, to take care that of all my writings, both of English and of Latin, there may be books fair bound, and placed in the King's Library.' The names of other libraries follow, including those of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. 'I give my brother Constable [*i.e.* brother-in-law] all my books.'

After the clause appointing executors, the testator continues:

And I name and intreat to be one of my supervisors, my most noble, constant, and true friend, the Duke of Buckingham, unto whom I do most humbly

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make this my last request, that he will reach forth his hand of grace to assist the just performance of this my will, and likewise that he will be graciously pleased for my sake to protect and help such of my good servants, as my executors shall at any time recommend to his grace's favour.[7]

A letter to the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Williams) was written by Bacon in December 1625, in which he says :

I find that the ancients (as Cicero, Demosthenes, Plinius Secundus, and others) have preserved both their orations and their epistles. In imitation of whom I have done the like to my own ; which nevertheless I will not publish while I live. But I have been bold to bequeath them to your Lordship, and Mr. Chancellor of the Duchy. My speeches (perhaps) you will think fit to publish. The letters, many of them, touch too much upon late matters of State to be published ; yet I was willing they should not be lost.

Added to all this, we find that when Dr. Rawley came to publish *The Resuscitatio* he appends what he describes as ' a perfect list of his Lordship's true works both in English and Latin,' and adds : ' As for other pamphlets, whereof there are several put forth under his Lordship's name, they are not to be owned for his.' [8]

Is it conceivable in the face of such evidence that there was some unknown and overriding condition of secrecy to which Bacon's most intimate associates were pledged in reference to other works of his ? If there had been, what earthly reason can be suggested for it ? The bewildering inconsistency of it all leaves us staggered at the unreasoning credulity of some of our fellow-men.

We are also asked to believe that Jonson edited the First Folio, knowing that Bacon was the author. But those who so confidingly appeal to our gullibility give no explanation of the editor's statement

[7] This appeal on behalf of his servants is notable as one of the few touches of genuine humanity to be found in all Bacon's writings. Had there been any truth in the ' Baconian ' theory, it is impossible to think that the testator would not have taken the same opportunity to appeal to some of his powerful friends on behalf of his dramatic offspring.

[8] Rawley's address To Readers (in the opening pages of the 1657 edition of the *Resuscitatio*) contains some valuable information concerning his intimacy with Bacon :

' Having been employed as an *Amanuensis*, or dayly instrument, to this *Honourable Authour* ; and acquainted with his Lordships Conceits, in the composing, of his *Works*, for many years together ; especially in his writing time ; I conceived, that no man, could pretend a better interest, or Claim, to the ordering of them, after his death, than myself. For which cause, I have compiled in one, whatsoever bears the true Stamp, of his *Lordships* excellent *Genius* ; And hath hitherto slept, and been suppressed ; in this present *Volume* ; Not leaving anything to a future Hand which I found to be of moment and communicable to the Publick ; save only some few *Latine Works* ; which by *Gods* favour and sufferance, shall soon after follow.'

He goes on referring to ' surreptitious copies ' of works which had ' employed the Presse, with sundry corrupt and mangled Editions, whereby nothing hath been more difficult than to find the *Lord St. Alban* in the *Lord St. Alban*. And which have presented (some of them) rather a Fardle of non-sense than any true expressions of his Lordship's Happy Vein ; I thought myself, in a sort, tied, to vindicate those Injuries and Wrongs done to the *monuments* of his Lordship Penne——'

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that the author was dead at the time, while we know that Bacon was then alive. Are we also to believe that Ben Jonson's reference to the author's 'small Latin and less Greek' was intended for Bacon?[9]

On Bacon's views on the writing of history we have information of a clear and ample character, a considerable portion of the *Advancement of Learning* being devoted to the subject. These views are of high importance when we are considering the possibility of his having written Shakespeare's historical plays. He has given us, too, in his *History of the Reign of King Henry the Seventh*, an example of what he was himself capable of in this interesting direction. He has no good word to say of the writers of English history before his time. The subject as treated by them is one that he ranks with 'the deficient.' He therefore was not a writer that would be likely to adopt literally the erroneous statements of earlier chroniclers, and incorporate them in any work of his own which was intended for the better instruction of mankind. But this is exactly what he must have done if he was the writer of the historical plays of Shakespeare. Here are some striking examples of errors—and there are many more—which it is altogether impossible to believe that Bacon could have made at any period of his career as an historian.

In *Henry V.*, v. 2, Exeter, referring to the articles of agreement between France and England, addresses the English king: 'Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands, that the King of France . . . shall name your highness in this form . . . in French, *Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, et haeres Franciae*.'

Shakespeare's source here was Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*.

But the Latin for *tres cher* is not *praeclarissimus* but *praecarissimus*, the word actually used in the original Treaty of Troyes, and Malone states that the same mistake was made by all the old historians that

[9] The author of *The Shakespeare Problem Restated* mentions a new interpretation of Jonson's lines:

> 'And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
> From thence to honour thee I *would* not seek
> For names, but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,' etc.

'suggested by a learned German, Dr. Konrad Meier,' who informs us that 'the conditional word *would* points to the *unreal* alternative, which is to be taken as the opposite of the actual fact,' and so the sense becomes 'even had it been true that thou hadst but small Latin and less Greek, even so I should not, etc.' This is not a bad example of the kind of light thrown by anti-Shakespearians on the reading of Elizabethan English, though it lack the directness of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Lord Chancellor, who in a well-known case, having pointed out that 'the subtleties of the legal mind were equal to the emergency,' solved a serious difficulty arising on the construction of a scroll by the insertion of a simple *not*.

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he had seen. It is hardly conceivable that Bacon could have blundered so, author as he was of the following passage :

> Examples which have reference to laws should not be sought from historians, but from public acts and the more careful traditions. For it is a misfortune, even of the best historians, that they do not dwell sufficiently upon laws and judicial acts ; or if by chance they use some diligence therein, yet they differ greatly from the authentic reporters.[10]

Another error is found in the same play :

> CANTERBURY. Also King *Lewis the tenth*,
> Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
> Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
> Wearing the Crown of France, till satisfied
> That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
> Was lineal of the Lady Ermengore,
> Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorain.

Here again Shakespeare trips through following Holinshed. He should have written Lewis *the ninth*.[11] In Hall's Chronicle the mistake does not occur. It was perhaps a printer's error which Shakespeare would not stop to correct. It is not likely to have been adopted without correction by Bacon.

I have referred in an earlier article [12] to Shakespeare's long and closely reasoned exposition of the Law Salique in *Henry V.*, i. 2, so strongly relied on by 'Baconians' as showing the playwright's lawyer-like knowledge of an out-of-the-way legal subject, which is taken *verbatim* from the pages of Holinshed's *Chronicles*. How can we imagine Bacon, profound lawyer that he was and author of such learned legal treatises as *The Jurisdiction of the Marches*, the *Argument in the Case of the Post-Nati of Scotland*, and the *Maxims of the Law*,[13] going to Holinshed for his law, and taking it absolutely word for word (including an historical blunder) without the addition of a single new light from himself on the constitutional jurisprudence involved in so important a case ? No one familiar with his writings could propound an hypothesis so antagonistic to his ideas or so belittling to the personality and erudition of the Chancellor of James the First.

As bearing in an important way on the question of the authorship of Shakespeare's historical plays, Bacon's *Life of Henry the Seventh* is deserving of critical consideration. It is the one work of all Bacon's writings in which one would expect to find some reliable clues to the solution of the point at issue. In the first place it deals with *history* ; in the next, so far as the speeches are concerned, it is distinctly

[10] *Aphorism* 29. Spedding's translation.
[11] *Gentleman's Mag.* liii. pt. ii. p. 588.
[12] *Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1909, p. 642.
[13] 'The representative of a work by which Bacon hoped to obtain reputation as a lawyer rivalling with Coke.'—*D. D. Heath apud Spedding*, vii. 302.

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dramatic in form. Spedding's comment on the latter feature, in connexion with a speech of the Chancellor Morton, is worth reproducing:

> The speech itself, however, is of course to be taken, not as a report of what the Chancellor really said, but as a representation of what Bacon imagined that such a person, in such circumstances, with such ends in view, would or should have said. The same is to be understood of all the speeches in the book; the amount of invention varying inversely as the amount of actual information. If he had had a full report of the speech actually spoken, he would have given not a transcript certainly, but the substance of it in the best and fewest words; still keeping the form of the first person. Where he had no means of knowing more than the general tenour and purpose of what was spoken, he would fill up the outline from his own head, and *make* a speech of such tenour and purpose—the best he could. It is this which gives to these speeches their peculiar interest and value; they are so many statements of the case as Bacon conceived it, viewed from the point at which the speakers stood, and presented in a dramatic form.
>
> This, I need hardly add, is according to the old rule of historical composition, practised by all the classical historians, and distinctly explained and avowed by Thucydides, the best and trustworthiest of them all; and Bacon could never have imagined that his speeches would be taken in any other sense.[14]

Here there was an opportunity above all others in which Bacon might have displayed whatever of Shakespeare he had in him. Nay, more, the true Shakespeare, if ever in him, *must* have come out here in some tell-tale form. But of this there is no trace in either thoughts, language, or imagination.

Looked at from a purely historical point also, this *Life of Henry the Seventh* supplies us with some interesting evidence. Referring to the general accuracy of this work of Bacon, Spedding observes: 'He succeeded so well that he has left later historians little to do. . . . Those who have aspired to correct his work have only turned a likeness into a caricature and history into invective,' though at the same time drawing attention to the fact that here and there Bacon has made statements which the wider investigations of later times have proved to be errors. But these errors differ in their very nature from the errors made by Shakespeare in his 'Histories.' They are the errors of two different writers, not of one. Bacon's are trivial, and of a kind that might be made by any historian, such as giving Christmas instead of Easter for an early date, failing to describe the exact route of the King from Norwich, or the exact period of time for which a truce with the King of Scotland was to last. He misdates the Siege of Nantes by eight or nine months, and calls the great Council held in 1488 a Parliament. In other respects he shows that he had consulted original sources of information, and where necessary he differs from the recorded views and statements of his predecessors, for whom he had on more than one occasion expressed a contemptuous

[14] *Works*, vi. 75.

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opinion—just such a course as we should expect to be taken by one who supplied in his own hand several pages of corrections of Camden's *Annales*. The blunders of Shakespeare, such as those already mentioned, are never Bacon's. The latter would never have held himself out to the world as a debtor to Hall and Holinshed and the rest of them. But this is what the writer of the historical plays did; and one has but to look at such a work as Mr. Boswell-Stone's *Shakspere's Holinshed* to see the source of practically every scrap of the history, early and late, foreign and domestic, which is in the Plays.

But there is yet another class of inaccuracies by which the same Plays are copiously marked. Classical blunders, such as no careful student of the classics would think of making, are only too frequently to be met in many of them. One of the most curious of these is a mis-quotation from the *Eunuchus* of Terence found in *The Taming of the Shrew*,[15] 'Redime te captum, quam queas, minimo.' There is no such line in the original Latin, but it is so given in Lilly's Grammar. Is it likely that a classical scholar of Bacon's attainments would have copied it from such a source? In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Octavius refers to Antony's doings in Alexandria:

> Unto her
> He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
> Of lower Syria, Cyprus, *Lydia*,
> Absolute queen.—(iii. 6.)

Plutarch in the original Greek had written *Libya*, but North's translation, from the French of Amyot, runs:

'First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and the lower Syria.' North was a good enough authority for Shakespeare; but would Bacon have been content to take his statement without verification?

In *Julius Caesar*, in a well-known passage, Antony tells the people the terms of Caesar's will, and of his gifts to the Roman citizens:

> Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
> On *this side* Tiber. . .

Theobald with characteristic eagerness rushed in to correct the playwright: 'Our author,' he says, 'certainly wrote "on *that* side Tiber"—"Trans Tiberim . . . prope Caesaris hortos."'[16] And true enough, Plutarch, who was the authority that Shakespeare followed, used the phrase πέραν τοῦ ποταμοῦ, *beyond* the Tyber. Numerous editors of the Plays ignorantly adopted Theobald's too hasty emendation, but they would not have done so had they remembered that the dramatist read his Plutarch in the English dress of the old translator, and what North had written was: 'He left his gardens

[15] i. 1.

[16] Horatius, *Sermones*, i. 9.

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and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river of Tyber.'

It is in truth impossible to get over the hard fact that the Plays are full of just those classical errors, those inaccuracies of history and of archæology, those anachronisms and instances of imperfect learning which one expects to find in them if Shakespeare was the author, but the occurrence of which emphatically protests against the notion that a classic of Bacon's comprehensive scholarship can have had either hand or part in their composition.

As against the argument based on such examples as I have quoted, the 'Baconians' will probably reply that there are innumerable misquotations from the classics to be found in Bacon's works. It is undoubtedly so. Lord Byron prided himself on finding ten,[17] and others since his time have made considerable additions to the list. It is not, however, the number but the *nature* of such errors that counts for anything in such a discussion as the present. Spedding presents us with as rational a view on the habit of inaccurate quotation by Bacon as can well be imagined by anyone, when he tells us that the fault was at times his memory, but more frequently for the sake of presenting the substance in a better form, or a form better suited for the particular occasion. The Biographer, however, takes care to qualify this view by adding: 'In citing the evidence of witnesses, on the contrary, in support of a narrative statement, or an argument upon a matter of fact, he is always very careful.'

We know also that a good many of the Plays were founded on older dramas, the plots and language of which were adopted with more or less variation—as appears by a comparison with such of the earlier works as have still survived. Can anyone who is even superficially cognisant of Bacon's life and modes of thought imagine *him* taking some old drama that had worn out its welcome on the boards and adapting it? To procure such a work for purposes of revision would, to begin with, have been a matter of much difficulty for anyone unconnected with the theatre, and what shred of evidence is there to suggest that he was ever connected with it? It will be said, perhaps, in answer that he was continually occupied in the production of masques. It is even said that he took part in the writing of works of this quasi-dramatic character, but there is no affirmative evidence on the subject; and if he ever did any such writing it must have been as poor as the rest of his efforts in poetry, for Ben Jonson, who had much to say in his praise in other directions, in 1619 omitted even to mention him as a masque-writer to Drummond, saying that 'next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask.'

But even if, without enquiring too curiously, we grant that Bacon was a poet of a much higher rank than his recognised works would seem to proclaim him to have been, it by no means follows that we

[17] *Don Juan*, canto v. note.

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are therefore justified in believing that he could either have constructed or written a drama for the stage. It is not on the strength of his dramatic works that Tennyson will go down to posterity.

No one will deny that the actual composition of the thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare occupied a considerable period of time—in fact, many years. It would therefore be interesting to hear how Bacon, of all men in his age, could have found time for their production. The art of stage-craft is not learned in a day, and the period for a course of successful study of it must be added to the time occupied in composition. Spedding, who, as we are aware, was no believer in the notion that Bacon was a playwright, writes as follows :

> When we consider the delicacy of his constitution, his frequent illnesses and the number of hours that must have been daily absorbed by official or professional business which has left no trace, it is wonderful to think how much work he got out of himself. This was mainly due,no doubt, to his natural gifts—the quickness of his apprehension and the tenacity of his memory, which enabled him to carry his library in his hand and pursue his studies in every vacant interval.[18]

Bacon's own words on this subject are not altogether unimportant either. The Epistle dedicatory of *The Great Instauration*, addressed to James the First, begins :

> Your Majesty may perhaps accuse me of larceny, having stolen from your affairs so much time as was required for this work.

Can any satisfactory answer be made to the difficulties presented by the 'Baconian' case here, bearing in mind the fact that the production of the Plays continued practically through the whole period of Bacon's professional and parliamentary career ? There are some sane people who are amazed that any *one* man could have produced Shakespeare's writings even in a lifetime ; but throw in by way of addition all that Bacon has left us, in work as well as writing, and if it does not 'make Ossa like a wart,' I do not know what will.[19]

Before concluding I should, perhaps, refer briefly to Mr. G. Greenwood's reply,[20] to my previous articles on 'The Defamers of Shakespeare.'[21] He starts with two pages of what I can only describe as quibbles upon the meaning of that title. But, in Don Armado's phrase, 'Let that pass.' Next follows an expression of surprise at my including him amongst 'Baconians' after receipt of a letter in which he had pointed out the error of which I had been guilty. He is,

[18] *Life of Bacon*, vii. 565.

[19] Some notion of the laborious nature of Bacon's own work may be gathered from what Mr. Aldis Wright mentions in his edition of the *Essays* : 'So sensitive about accuracy and finish was Bacon, that he transcribed, altering as he wrote, his *Novum Organum* twelve, and his *Advancement of Learning* seven times.'

[20] *Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1909. [21] *Ibid.* March and April 1909.

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however, careful to suppress all mention of my reply to that letter, a reply which I am aware he received, and in which I had noted all the passages in his book which justified me in assertions I had made as to his real attitude.

Another quibble follows on the subject of Shakespeare and Shakspere, with a statement that he does not rest his case on the spelling of the name. This announcement, if it takes a practical form in the case of future editions of his work, should effect a considerable reduction in its size. Next, I am told by this supersensitive iconoclast that I accuse him of deliberately stating what he knows to be false, an assertion based upon my having said that 'he does not seem to have come across' a record connected with the spelling of Shakespeare's name, to be found in the accounts of Lady Southampton. The construction he puts upon my simple English may be ranked with some notable misinterpretations which he has before given of passages from the works of more distinguished writers than myself.

We are then presented with a curiously characteristic piece of reasoning. In one of my articles I had contested the view of the Cambridge editors as to the existence of any *suggestio falsi* in the preface to the First Folio, and in doing so had referred, *in a foot-note connected with a different point*, to Dr. Sidney Lee's admirable Introduction to his Facsimile edition. My 'audacity'—such is the delicate substantive—offends this master of courtly phrases, and all because Dr. Lee happens to take the same view as the Cambridge editors on a point quite unconnected with the foot-note in question. Apply the same logic to some of Mr. Greenwood's contentions and curious results will follow. For instance, he relies largely on the opinions of the late Professor Collins as to the classical learning of the Poet. Therefore he is bound to accept all the other opinions of the same authority on the subject at large. And here are the opinions of the Professor on what he himself terms *The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania*:

> Its supporters have no pretensions to be considered even as sophists. Their systematic substitutions of inferences for facts, and of hypotheses for proofs, their perverted analogies, their blunders, their misrepresentations, their impudent fictions, and their prodigious ignorance of the very rudiments of the literature with which they are concerned, could not, for one moment, impose on anyone who with competent knowledge and a candid and open mind had taken the trouble to investigate the subject.

The boomerang of bad logic has at times a nasty way of recoiling upon those who use it without a knowledge of its surprising properties.

Mr. Greenwood proceeds to justify Ben Jonson's connexion with a lying preface, dwelling with indignation—*more Buzfuziano*—on what I did not say, and airily giving the go-by to what I had very emphatically asserted. It is not the only occasion on which he resorts to a method of fencing-play which was as transparently ineffectual in

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the age of Master Shallow as it is to-day: 'I remember at Mile-end green,' remarks that observant Justice, 'there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce,* would 'a say; and away again would 'a go . . .'[22] What I did say was this: The preface to the First Folio states that the author of the Plays was dead in 1623, while we know that Bacon was then alive. If Ben Jonson knew that Bacon was the author, he has, if responsible for the preface, told us a deliberate lie which no wrigglings of casuistry can get over. If there be any lying connected with the matter I prefer to think of 'honest Ben' as being on the side of truth, even though the whole host of 'Baconianism' and their camp-followers were marshalled upon the other side.

And now to dismiss a small point which is 'postered' in very large capitals by Mr. Greenwood. He suggests, with the object of misreading a very plain piece of English in the preface to the First Folio, that the words 'published according to the true originall copies' must refer to manuscripts that came from Shakespeare's hand. He skips nimbly, as others have done, over the one important word in the sentence—the word 'copies.' I cannot see any reason to construe the phrase 'originall copies' to mean anything more than copies of the first order, but still copies—whether made by Shakespeare or by another being a matter on which we have no information.

Then we have trotted out (p. 1049) the Petition of the Burbages in 1635 to the Lord Chamberlain, in which Shakespeare and others are described as 'these deserving men' and 'men players,' without any added eulogium on the writer of the Plays. This is tantamount in Mr. Greenwood's eyes to an admission that Shakespeare was not the author! A practising barrister might surely know that an official document such as a petition is not usually made the vehicle for a puffing biography, and still less so when both parties are already fully cognisant of the facts. When Ben Jonson writes to Cecil from gaol and mentions his fellow-prisoner Chapman, does he expatiate upon his works? He mentions him merely as 'a gentleman whose name may perhaps have come to your Lordship, one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man'; and yet there are persons who still believe that Chapman wrote Chapman's works. So, too, in Bacon's own case. On the 30th of June 1624, when he was not yet pardoned, he addressed 'An Humble Petition' to King James requesting an advance of three years' payment of his pension. In it he mentions 'his services past and necessity present,' but beyond these words there is not a syllable of self-commendation.

Referring to Leonard Digges' verses in the First Folio and the volume published in 1640, Mr. Greenwood, forgetful that the whole point of my observations was the date and not the size of the book,

[22] 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2.

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treats me to a passage profusely punctuated with notes of admiration—fairly carried away with amazement at my mention of a 'Folio of 1640.' I will borrow just *one* of his some what superfluous notes of admiration to add a fitting emphasis to the fact that in a hasty and regrettable moment I took the 'Folio of 1640' straight from page 535 of his own work!

I am next reminded that the Stratford name Sly occurs in the Induction to the old play *The Taming of a Shrew* as well as in Shakespeare's comedy. Its appearance in the latter play is therefore of no 'evidentiary value.' As my opponent mentions the old play he might have told us an interesting and somewhat valuable fact, viz. that Shakespeare changed the name of every character named in that old play with the one exception of the Stratford name, Christopher Sly. It was an opportunity which the man of Stratford was unlikely to neglect.

I have now answered all the points raised by Mr. Greenwood which seem to call for anything in the nature of a reply, but I should like to add an observation or two as to the trivial character of his general arguments. One looks in vain through all that he has written for any big or broad-minded consideration of the question at issue, and only finds querulous complaints of the manner in which his curious views have been dealt with. Surely one who has used the word 'dishonest' even remotely in connexion with the statements of such Shakespearians as Sir Theodore Martin, Dr. Dowden, Dr. Sidney Lee, the late Professor Collins, and Professor Bradley; one who does not hesitate to charge the more extreme advocates of 'Baconianism' with 'putting forward wild, ridiculous, and fantastic theories'; one who barbs his shafts of controversy with such courtesies as 'extravagant infatuation,' 'nonsense,' 'flagrant and self evident absurdity,' 'the sort of stuff that does duty for argument,' and such like, is not quite the person to 'come here to whine' for sympathy when he gets 'knocked about the mazzard' in a contest which he has himself provoked. He closes his article by announcing that he has much more to say to me, but it must be reserved for another occasion. When that occasion arises I trust he may call to mind the shrewd and useful dictum of Sir Nathaniel: '*Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.'[23]

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

[23] *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2.

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A LAST WORD TO MR. GEORGE GREENWOOD

In attempting a short reply to Mr. Greenwood's rejoinder[1] to my analysis of his arguments in 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated,' I must apologise to him for the delay in doing so. I have been busy in a later century and could not leave the task I was engaged upon until the printers had their copy. I owe him an apology also for mistaking his position in regard to the question at issue. From reading his book I judged him to be a Baconian, who wished not to raise the question of his own faith till he had exposed the folly of the orthodox heresy, but as in his second book he disavows the Baconian creed altogether, I can only express my regret at having imputed it to him under a misapprehension. I do not intend to waste words on Mr. Greenwood's controversial vocabulary. As he assures the world in an Appendix to his second book that he is unconscious of any slip in manners in his extraordinary references to my friend Mr. Sidney Lee, he will no doubt be equally surprised if I should object to his charging me with 'economy of truth' and wilful misrepresentation of his arguments. I, therefore, say nothing on this head. But I must say something about his method of conducting a controversy.

In the first place he seems to have a constitutional objection to looking at facts and arguments for himself, and making up his own mind. I suggest, for example, a certain interpretation of a passage in the preface to the First Folio. Mr. Greenwood does not show me where I am wrong, as I try to do in his case when I disagree; he calls my explanation 'an unhappy attempt to explain away an obvious meaning, quite after the manner of a Biblical harmonist,' and produces *dicta* from 'the Cambridge editors' and 'that highly and deservedly respected critic, Dr. Ingleby,' who take another view. In reply to my argument from the Lucy coat-of-arms I am told that 'the learned and industrious Mrs. Stopes' is sure that Shallow was not intended to represent Sir Thomas Lucy, and I am referred to her works. If I happen on any point to take a different view from any recognised authority—Malone or Halliwell-Phillipps—they are quoted against me. No progress can ever be made by a method of this sort. Again,

[1] *In re Shakespeare, Beeching* v. *Greenwood*: *Rejoinder on behalf of the Defendant.* (John Lane.)

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in deprecation of Mr. Greenwood's statement that Shakespeare's writing is illiterate I point out that on two consecutive days he signed his name in two different scripts, and I suggest the inference that the Stratford player who signed these documents was also the dramatist, because we know from manuscripts of plays still extant in the British Museum that dramatists employed two scripts, one for the text and one for the stage directions. I place facsimiles of the two signatures side by side in my book for comparison, and more I cannot do. I cannot stand by Mr. Greenwood and point to the differences in the *h*, the *a*, the *p*. As a matter of fact they are quite differently formed. But what does Mr. Greenwood do? The observation that the scripts are different does not seem to have been made by any of his learned authorities, and so he waives it aside with the remark that the value of my argument 'may properly be represented by a *minus* quantity.' I understand a rudeness in the words, but not the words.

My second objection to Mr. Greenwood's controversial method is that it seems impossible to reduce his case to categorical propositions. If I attempt to condense his airy suggestiveness into definite statements I am charged with misrepresentation; and I fare no better if I quote his actual words. 'True it is'[2] that he said so-and-so, but he 'makes no point of it.' He never intended it for an argument. But does a lawyer of Mr. Greenwood's eminence expect to be credited with mere expansiveness? Does he talk just for talking's sake, like a shy person at a dinner party? As Mr. Greenwood charges me, again and again, with wilfully misrepresenting him, I must, at the risk of being tedious, give an instance of what I mean, and I will take the first that comes. I scheduled as Mr. Greenwood's first argument against the Shakespearean authorship of the plays that 'the town of Stratford was insanitary,' gathering that to be the significance of the following paragraph:

> We are accustomed to think of Stratford as a delightful haunt of rural peace, 'meet nurse for a poetic child,' and fancy pictures have been drawn of a dreamy, romantic boy wandering by the pellucid stream of the Avon, and communing with nature in 'a populous solitude of bees and birds.' Far different was the real historical Stratford. A dirty, squalid place was the Mecca of Shakespearean pilgrims in the sixteenth century. 'At this period,' writes Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (the most industrious and not the least trustworthy of the many biographers of the player and reputed poet), 'and for many generations afterwards, the *sanitary* condition of the thoroughfares of Stratford-on-Avon was to our present notions simply terrible.' . . . [Half a page more follows to the same effect.] The inhabitants of this rural Paradise appear to have been as illiterate as they were dirty.

Now I took the argument here to be that as environment affects character it was impossible or improbable that a poetical genius should be born in Stratford, and I venture to say the solemn appeal

[2] This locution 'True it is,' or an equivalent phrase, following on a flat contradiction of something I have said, is quite mark of style in Mr. Greenwood's book.

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to the trustworthiness of the chief witness, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, justified me in doing so. But Mr. Greenwood is hurt. It seems he was only chattering. He meant nothing by all this talk about dirty Stratford. He was only stating, at immense length, a fact of obvious unimportance. I quote from his rejoinder:

> All this is quite beside the point. Stratford may have been a dirty, squalid place (I never said it was 'insanitary'—that word has been put into my mouth by Canon Beeching), and yet the Stratford player may have become the world's poet. I have never advanced 'dirty Stratford' as an argument to the contrary. 'Dirty Stratford' is just one of the few known facts of Shakespeare's life, just as the illiteracy of his parents, and of his daughter Judith, are similar facts. Canon Beeching knows this very well. He knows that I have never put forward this fact as being of itself an argument in the case. How he justifies to himself his assertion that I have done so it is not for me to explain.

Now on this reply of Mr. Greenwood's I must make a few remarks. First of all, though Mr. Greenwood is within his right in saying he did not himself call Stratford 'insanitary,' the reader will observe that he quoted Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as a trustworthy witness to the fact that 'the *sanitary* condition was terrible.' Is there any real difference between this statement and that which I attributed to him? In the second place, Mr. Greenwood states that I knew very well that he was simply cataloguing the known facts about Shakespeare's life, whether they were or were not relevant to his argument. How was I to know that? Mr. Greenwood did not call his book *Loose Meditations on the Facts of Shakespeare's Life*, but *The Shakespeare Problem Restated*, and I took for granted that his reflections were directed to prove his case. That the argument was a bad one did not distinguish it, in my judgment, from most of the others; so that I should not have been justified in passing it by on that account.

I must now give one instance of Mr. Greenwood's manner of replying to an argument, and I will choose one which can be appreciated by a reader who knows nothing of the controversy, and which is also of first-rate importance to Mr. Greenwood's case, as will appear presently, though he includes it among his irrelevancies. Mr. Greenwood, in his first book, quoted Ben Jonson's ode on Bacon's sixtieth birthday:

> Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
> How comes it all things so about thee smile?
> The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
> Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst.
> Pardon, I read it in thy face. The day
> For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
> And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
> Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here;
> Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
> Fame and foundation of the English weal.
> What then his father was, that since is he,
> Now with a title more to the degree;
> England's high Chancellor; the destin'd heir,
> In his soft cradle, to his father's chair:

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Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

He then proceeded to comment as follows :

Here there certainly seems to be some esoteric meaning which it is not easy to grasp. Why does the genius of the place seem to stand as if he were doing some mystery ? What was that mystery ? What was 'the brave cause of joy' of which Jonson writes 'let it be known, for 'twere a narrow gladness kept thine own' ? Not the mere fact that this was Bacon's sixtieth birthday, for that was known to everybody and was being publicly celebrated. What, then, was the secret 'cause of joy' which the genius of the spot was implored not to keep to himself, but to publish to the world ? What was the mystery which was being performed ? The Baconians assert that here is an allusion to the secret Shakespearian authorship, a secret known to Jonson, and which he hoped might soon be published to the world. The Stratfordians, of course, reject this interpretation with scorn ; but they are unable to give any plausible explanation of Jonson's meaning, and the mystery remains a mystery still (p. 490).

This ode of Ben Jonson's figures so prominently in Baconian literature that I took the opportunity of its 'incidental' quotation by Mr. Greenwood to solve the Baconian difficulty. I pointed out that there was no reference to any 'secret' in the passage; that the phrase 'to do a mystery' was only a Latinism for 'to offer sacrifice'; and that it was not Bacon himself who was 'doing a mystery,' but the genius of the house. I really thought I had pricked this particular bubble for good, and that we should hear no more about 'secret Shakespearean authorships' based on this passage. And to do Mr. Greenwood justice he silently drops in his new book all the nonsense quoted above about 'esoteric meanings' and 'mysteries.' But with a coolness which should stand him in good stead in his profession, he pretends that I was not interpreting the line about the 'mystery' but the passage 'let it be known' thirteen lines lower down. I had said : 'Jonson is addressing not Bacon but the genius of the house, whom he sees celebrating the "mystery" of Bacon's sixtieth birthday ; and to the happy rite he joins his own prayers. That is all.' Mr. Greenwood rejoins :

Does the Canon really suppose that Jonson, having come, doubtless with many others, expressly to celebrate Bacon's sixtieth birthday, solemnly invokes the genius of the place to let that 'be known' which was known to everybody? *That* seems to me a truly ridiculous supposition, and it further seems to me that the Canon has entirely missed the point of my remarks. . . . No, the Canon has suggested no plausible or reasonable explanation of what it was that Jonson meant when he wrote 'let it be known' ; but I will venture to suggest one. The lines conclude—

Give me a deep crown'd bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

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This was on January 22nd, 1621. On January 26th Bacon was created Viscount St. Alban. He probably knew of his coming promotion, and had, perhaps, confided it to Jonson, whereupon the latter cries, 'Let it be known . . . in raising him the wisdom of my King.' I make Canon Beeching a present of that suggestion.

One should not look a gift horse in the teeth; and so I will only say that Mr. Greenwood's suggestion is as gratuitous as his present. There may be 'wisdom' in making a wise man Chancellor, but not in making him a Viscount. Also I am quite sure that 'let it be known' is explained by the line that follows and means simply that the birthday of a Lord Chancellor and such a Lord Chancellor is more than a private event. I have made these two quotations at length in order to excuse myself from giving any further detailed reply to a gentleman who thinks it worth while to confuse issues in this manner. It would take many more pages of this Review than the editor would allow me to point out how consistently this has been done throughout Mr. Greenwood's second volume. In what follows I shall content myself with examining any genuine arguments I can find directed to the points really in dispute. And I will begin with the most important.

(1) Mr. Greenwood asked for evidence 'to establish the identity of the player with the poet and dramatist.' In his second book he emphasises the word 'establish'; and declines to be content with evidence that contemporaries believed in the identity. He does not tell us the sort of evidence he would accept, and it is not easy to see what kind of evidence, other than the unbroken consent of contemporaries, he could expect to find. His own theory is that the player and the dramatist were different persons, and that the dramatist borrowed the name of the player because it made a good '*nom de plume*' or 'pseudonym'; but in support of this hypothesis he cannot show us that the idea ever crossed the mind of a contemporary, and until he can show us that, he cannot expect it to be taken very seriously. Indeed the basis on which he rests it, that the name Shakespeare makes a good pseudonym, is manifestly untrue. The name Shakespeare, however spelt, and with or without a hyphen, would in 1593 suggest to contemporaries a definite person, the Stratford actor; and so would be no better or worse a pseudonym than the name of any other actor. If, as seems likely, the contemporary pronunciation was Shaxper, it could hardly be the meaning of the name that would attract; and the meaning has no literary associations, and no sort of appropriateness to the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, on the title-page of which it was first used. But Mr. Greenwood does not confine himself to the suggestion that the name would make a good pseudonym; he says it actually was so used. 'That it was so used, in Shakespeare's time, by many writers who published works in that name, is a simple fact of history' (p. 19). This statement sheds a queer light on the sort of reader Mr. Greenwood expects. The fact of

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history to which he refers is that the name of the dramatist had so great a market value that fraudulent publishers used it for their inferior wares. That is to say they did not use the name Shakespeare as a pseudonym, but as the name of a particular person. If the name had made a good pseudonym, they would have avoided it.

But let us take a modern parallel. Let us suppose that Mr. Greenwood succeeds in establishing his case, and three centuries hence a dispute arises as to his identity. Let us suppose that he had omitted his parliamentary and other titles from the title-page of his *magnum opus*, so that it becomes possible for a clever person to start the theory of two Greenwoods, one the lawyer and parliament man, and the other the discoverer of the real Shakespeare. Let us suppose that he supports his theory by pointing out how admirably contrived the name Greenwood is for a pseudonym (being suggestive of fertility in new ideas) and then challenges the world to *establish* the identity of the two Greenwoods, refusing to be put off with mere contemporary identifications. It is not likely that Mr. Greenwood's correspondence with his publisher will survive in three hundred years' time, and short of that evidence under his own hand our hypothetical clever person (if he followed Mr. Greenwood's own example) would claim that no one had a right to assume the identity of the two Greenwoods. I do not think that posterity would be much impressed with such doubts. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

(2) I proceed then to ask whether Mr. Greenwood has invalidated the few items of positive evidence which I adduced tending to identify the poet and player.

(*a*) The first was that 'Richard Field, who published the *Venus and Adonis*, was a native of Stratford.' I say Richard Field, who was of Shakespeare's own age, did not leave Stratford till he was fifteen; and their fathers were acquainted, for John Shakespeare, when Henry Field died, attested the inventory of his goods and chattels. To most people this will be strong corroborative evidence that the poet of *Venus and Adonis* and the Stratford youth were the same person. To destroy the force of this evidence Mr. Greenwood is driven to suggest (1) that Field was not publisher but printer only, with whom the poet therefore would have no direct communication, but the 'Stationers' Register' proves that he was the publisher; (2) that the 'Henry ffeilde of Stratford-uppon-Aven in the Countye of Warwick, tanner,' who was the father of the printer, is not proved to be the same person as the 'Henry Fielde of Stratford, tanner,' whose goods were valued by John Shakespeare; so that the two William Shakespeares require the support of two Stratford tanners called Henry Field. I do not think I need argue this probability.

(*b*) My second piece of evidence was that 'the poet, player, and playmaker are identified in *The Return from Parnassus*.' I cannot reproduce all the references here. The most important one is the

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saying of the actor Kemp, which identifies the player and playwright: 'Few of the University pen plays well: they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why, here's *our fellow*, Shakespeare, puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson, too.' Mr. Greenwood's objection is that the University dramatist is laughing at Kemp and his ignorant boasting; and there I partly agree with him. He is certainly laughing at his want of education; he may also be laughing at the commendation of Shakespeare over the University men and Ben Jonson. But there is nothing in the text or context to suggest that he was laughing at the ridiculous idea that Shakespeare's plays could be written by a player.

(*c*) The third passage I quoted was an epigram by John Davies of Hereford, 'To our English Terence Mr. Will. Shake-speare.' The implication here is too clear to be disputed, and Mr. Greenwood does not dispute it. But just as in his first book he attempted to discount the importance of his admission by some incoherent remarks, on which I commented, so in his second he points out that as Davies salutes Shakespeare as 'an English *Terence*' only, being not much 'struck by such trifles as *Hamlet* and *Lear* and *Othello*,' he did not know much about the matter. Whether Davies thought more highly of Shakespeare's 'wit' than of his tragic power we do not know; but there is an obvious reason why he speaks only of his wit in the epigram. The point of the epigram was, in plain prose, that had Shakespeare not been a player, he would have been the most popular of courtiers with the King: and kings do not choose their companions for tragic power. As Mr. Greenwood disallows John Davies's knowledge of affairs, it may be worth while to point out that it would be hard to find a more competent witness to the point in question; for he knew all the men of letters of his day, and most of the aristocracy, to whom he gave lessons in writing. He was just the man, therefore, to hear of any 'mystery' in which Shakespeare and a noble peer were concerned.

(*d*) The last point under this heading concerned the relations of Shakespeare the actor with Lord Southampton. Mr. Greenwood had said that there was no 'scrap of evidence' that the man of Stratford was patronised by the Earl. I replied that, oddly enough, against all reasonable likelihood, there was just 'a scrap' of evidence in the tradition that Southampton gave Shakespeare money; because the tale comes to us on the authority of Davenant, who was the Stratford player's godson. Mr. Greenwood now admits that the story would be 'probable enough' of the author of *Venus and Adonis*. I think so too. If, then, we have Rowe's emphatic assertion that 'he had been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant,' and that otherwise he 'should not have ventured to have inserted it'; it looks very much as if Shakespeare the author of *Venus and Adonis*

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was Shakespeare, the godfather of Sir William Davenant. I do not think much importance attaches to the fact that 'Davenant died some five years before Rowe was born.' The tradition does not therefore become, as Mr. Greenwood calls it, 'hopeless hearsay' or a 'fifth-hand fable'; because, as Mr. Greenwood remembers, when it suits him (p. 46), 'Rowe tells us [this and other things] from the information of Betterton, who . . . had very early opportunities of inquiry from Sir W. Davenant.'

There is, however, one contemporary passage better known than these, which more pointedly identifies the dramatist with the man of Stratford; I mean the famous apostrophe of Ben Jonson to the 'Sweet Swan of Avon' in the poem prefixed to the First Folio. I looked with peculiar interest to see what Mr. Greenwood's second thoughts would suggest by way of commentary upon this greatest of all the stumbling-blocks in the path of his attempt to dethrone Shakespeare. I find he merely repeats the view of his first book, that 'honest Ben' was telling a 'justifiable falsehood.' It occurs to one that the falsehood, whether justifiable or not, was quite unnecessary. Why drag in the Avon? 'Sweet Swan of Southwark' would have scanned as well. I observe that Mr. Greenwood would have omitted any reference to the Avon if he had been in Jonson's place, and held the views which he attributes to Jonson. 'It was not really player Shakspere,' he says, 'whom he had in mind when he writes of the "*Sweet Swan*," whose reappearance upon the Thames he so much desires.' Jonson tells another lie, on Mr. Greenwood's hypothesis, in the Preface to the Folio in saying that the author was dead, when really he was alive; and another in the *Discoveries*, where he implies that the players were given to boasting about their fellow's facility. Mr. Greenwood seems to think he has a perfect right to call a dead man of genius a liar, provided he adds that he may have thought his lies justifiable. I can only repeat here what I said before, that Mr. Greenwood has no right to impute particular lies to anyone unless he can produce evidence that lying was his habit; and why Mr. Greenwood calls this objection of mine 'futile' I am at a loss to understand. I should have thought it an elementary principle of manners and morals. Has Mr. Greenwood, then, any ground for his scandalous imputation upon Jonson, besides the misinterpretation of his *Ode on Bacon's Sixtieth Birthday*, which I have already exposed? The only thing I can find in his book is the charge of making a false statement about the Shakespeare manuscripts in the preface to the Folio which he is supposed to have drawn up for Heminge and Condell. But even if there were a *suggestio falsi* in this matter, it would not be Jonson's but the editors'. The facts about the text of Shakespeare's plays were known to them, and not to Jonson, and all he could do for them would be to put their information into literary form. What right

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has Mr. Greenwood to say that 'Jonson was a party to a statement *which he knew to be false*,' and that 'he is convicted of a deliberate *suggestio falsi*, to use the mildest term'?

I do not myself think that there was any *suggestio falsi* in the case. When the editors say 'what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received *from him* a blot in his papers,' I conceive they were praising their author's inspiration. I cannot see in the words any suggestion, the *suggestio falsi* referred to by Mr. Greenwood, that they were setting up the Folio from the author's copy; because Shakespeare had been dead seven years, and they speak of receiving the papers 'from him.' But I will not argue that point, as it does not touch the question at issue, which is the character, not of the editors, but of Jonson.[3] It would not have been safe for Mr. Greenwood to call Jonson even a justifiable liar when he was alive. It is safe now, but it is not a pleasing exhibition of manners, and it shows little insight into the character of one who 'of all styles loved most to be named "honest."'

I must now draw to a conclusion. There are a few new points raised here and there by Mr. Greenwood which I must be content to leave. Questions take much longer to answer than to ask. But I do not think I have passed over anything crucial. I need not go into the question of Drayton's education, because I withdrew, in the second edition of my book, the parallel I had instituted between him and Shakespeare. I do not believe Drayton was ever at the University, but I cannot prove that he was not; and I do not believe his education under Sir Henry Goodere's tutor was any better than Shakespeare's at the Stratford Grammar School; but again I cannot prove that it was not, for although Drayton has told us what he read, we only know what Shakespeare read by inference. One thing Drayton's mild tutor did not teach him, and that was to write a decent hand. I must, however, take notice of the charge Mr. Greenwood brings against me of ending a quotation from his book just before a critical sentence. It occurs in the section headed 'The Silence of Philip Henslowe.' As Mr. Greenwood thinks my silence as significant as Henslowe's, I will quote here the sentence I am supposed to have found troublesome: 'It is quietly assumed by the Stratfordian editors that Shakespeare commenced his career as a dramatist by writing plays for this very

[3] I cannot spare time to discuss over again with Mr. Greenwood the meaning of the passage about Shakespeare in Jonson's *Discoveries*. I am sorry to have misunderstood his translation of *sufflaminandus erat*. But his revised version is equally impossible. Jonson applies the phrase not to speech, whether on the stage or in a tavern, but to writing. Indeed, he gives an example of what he means in a passage out of *Julius Caesar*. And Mr. Greenwood himself, in another place, points out the parallel between this passage, 'He had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped,' and the passage quoted above from the preface to the Folio: 'What he thought he uttered with that easiness *that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers*.'

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Henslowe who so completely ignores his existence.' I omitted this sentence for the simple reason that there is no such body of persons as 'the Stratfordian editors;' and that the facts of the relation of Shakespeare's company to Henslowe are accurately known, and are not affected by any assumptions of any sort of editors. Mr. Greenwood's horror of arguing a plain issue without reference to authorities, whom all the time he despises, is a characteristic on which I have already remarked, but I have no intention of allowing him to persuade me to follow him. The problem of Henslowe's silence about Shakespeare is a very simple one indeed. Shakespeare's company acted at Henslowe's theatre only during certain months in the years 1592–4. It follows that if a play of Shakespeare's was produced during those months, it would be produced at Henslowe's theatre, and as a matter of fact 1 *Henry VI* (which Shakespeare renovated) was so produced, and the appropriate entry is made in Henslowe's diary. As his diary makes no mention of *The Comedy of Errors*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,[4] we know that, though they were probably produced within that period, they were not presented during the few months—five and a half in all—during which Shakespeare's company acted at Henslowe's theatre. If Mr. Greenwood can discover that these plays or any other early play of Shakespeare was presented at the Rose Theatre while Shakespeare's company occupied it, and that yet there is no entry in Henslowe's diary, then he will have a problem, but not before.

H. C. Beeching.

[4] The exact dates are: February 19 to June 27, 1592; December 29, 1592–February 1, 1593; June 3–15, 1594.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND UNIVERSAL SERVICE

THE recent debate in the House of Lords has brought the question of Universal Service prominently before the country in a concrete form. A definite issue was put before the House, and the debate which it produced helped to clear away many of the misconceptions, and some of the misrepresentations, with which the subject has been surrounded. The inaugurators of the discussion have, I think, every reason to be satisfied with the result, which produced an amount of success far beyond their most sanguine expectations. To have been beaten by the small majority of twenty in a full House, in face of the official opposition of both Front Benches and the lukewarmness of leaders who always want to be pushed on from behind, testifies to the progress which this question has made during the last few years, and I think the result must be highly satisfactory to the members of the National Service League.

That the Bill is not a perfect one I am not prepared to deny, but the opportunity which its discussion gave of affirming the principle that it is the duty of every able-bodied man to take part in the defence of his country was of the greatest value to the cause. To those who feel, and feel strongly, that the present state of the defensive forces of the country is inadequate to assure its safety, it gave a chance of expressing the views in public which they have long held in private. Many of the stock objections which have done duty for so many years were trotted out for the occasion: the country was opposed to compulsion of any kind; it was the Englishman's birthright to allow others to defend his hearth and home; the barrack-room breathed an immoral atmosphere, and discipline was distasteful to the majority of the voters in the country. These not very lofty ideals were brought forward in opposition to the Bill by its detractors, and the cardinal question, 'Do the present arrangements absolutely ensure the safety of the country from disaster?' was passed by with a light-hearted, and sometimes even a flippant, disregard of the warnings put forward by some of the best thinkers of the day. If we are safe, the details don't much matter, and, if we are not, the whole principle on which our

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defence rests must be changed. These are the vital questions, and it is no exaggeration to say that by many speakers they were lost sight of altogether. The arguments employed were directed more to the fact that the country would not have these proposals than to the fact that its safety was bound up in their acceptance. It was not a question of what was right or what was necessary so much as what a self-indulgent population would stand. I admit that this attitude is for the moment practical and even sensible, if we argue that our duties must always be subservient to our inclinations; but that it represents a high ideal or a standard on which to base a people's safety I altogether deny. While at times the debate reached quite a high level, at others it relapsed into what might colloquially be called 'begging the question.' It resolved itself, as I have said, into a question not of what was necessary from the point of view of security, but what amount of service could be dragged from an unwilling population. There was little appeal to the patriotism or the higher instincts of the people (perhaps such appeals are out of date in a commercial age), and the real point at issue, as to whether the country was safe under existing conditions, scarcely made itself felt in the speeches of many who took a prominent part in the debate. To this question the soldiers emphatically said 'No.' The politicians shilly-shallied and discussed details. Details are no doubt important, but nothing matters if the security of the country is not assured.

The amendment on which officialdom, present and prospective, rode off, not perhaps quite triumphantly, but still with a sufficient majority to save appearances, was, if I may say so, somewhat of a red herring drawn across the line. It obscured the issue and sheltered the front benches behind the military advisers of the Crown, who had no option as to voluntary or compulsory service, but who have to do their best to make an army under existing conditions. If these advisers had been asked a plain and straightforward question as to which form of service they preferred, the answer would, I venture to think, have been quite different. If not, the opinions of the officials at the War Office are absolutely at variance with those of nearly every officer of standing in the country. The fact is, such questions are put before these officers in a way which renders their position very difficult. They are told, for instance, that only a certain amount of money can be allowed for a certain specific purpose, and are *then* asked their opinion as to certain measures. They know that the course proposed to be pursued is inadequate to produce the best results, but that it is better than nothing, and so, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread, they accept only a portion of the sum which they know to be necessary, rather than run the risk of getting nothing at all. It is for such reasons that the views of experts, which are quoted with such confidence by Ministers, must be accepted with considerable reserve.

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One of the chief arguments put forward against compulsory service is that we can get all the men we want without it. I absolutely deny this statement, and it is chiefly on the grounds that we cannot get the numbers adequate for the defence of the country that I base my objections to the voluntary system. The freedom of our country from invasion in the past makes it difficult to bring home to the people all that the presence of a foreign foe in our midst would really mean. Every other Continental nation has had experience of this nature, and is determined to guard against its recurrence by every means in its power. I maintain that the change in the balance of sea power makes the possession of an adequate land force by this country imperative in the interests of national security. The Territorial Army does not supply this force. Lord Roberts has told us that even if the Territorials were to reach their establishment of 315,000 men, the force would be utterly inadequate for the defence of the country against invasion. The Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men would, by the end of the first year of a big war, have absorbed every man we possessed outside the Territorial Force, and we should be left with nothing to defend the country beyond the 260,000 Territorials, 62,000 of whom would be under twenty years of age, and short of officers by over 2000. They would be armed with a gun which is more or less obsolete, which would be hopelessly outranged by an enemy, and they would only be able to get in one shot to every three fired by their opponents. It may not be generally known that there are in the whole British Army 115,000 men under twenty years of age, while in Continental armies there is not one, and it must be remembered that it is the young men who get enteric and die like flies or fill the hospitals, while the older men are far less liable to be affected by climatic conditions and the hardships of a campaign.

Lord Roberts has shown that the requisite number of men to provide garrisons and local mobile forces, as well as a strong central mobile force, is 600,000, and I cannot see how, under the present system, anything like that number can be arrived at. Under the most favourable conditions, and under the most severe pressure, all that we have been able to get at present is 263,000 men, and this we have done with much difficulty. The fact is, the task set the War Office is an impossible one. Why, otherwise, should its administration be always regarded as a failure, no matter what Government is in power or what Minister is at its head? It has been, and is at the present moment, administered by one of the ablest and most eminent statesmen, yet it is impossible to hear a good word said of it. The reason is not far to seek. The task is an impossible one. The conditions under which the War Office has to act make success impossible. Under the voluntary system they have to make bricks without straw; they have to make an army without men. The Foreign and Colonial Offices and other State Departments do not suffer under this liability.

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At least they have a run for their money: the War Office does not. The deadweight of the voluntary system handicaps it so severely that failure is a certainty.

Remarks as to the disadvantages of young men living in barracks and associating with undesirable companions were common during the debate. I would point out that under compulsory service the moral tone of the barrack room would be raised in proportion as the better educated and more cultured classes were included in the ranks. The tendency would be towards levelling up, and the undesirables would gradually become merged in the more reputable portions of society. It showed a curious inversion of *rôles* when the official representatives of Radicalism deprecated the mixing of classes, and used this as an argument against universal service. There is nothing of the nature of class legislation in this Bill. As Rudyard Kipling would say, cook's son and duke's son would associate in a common bond for the protection of their country.

I know that I shall be told that the country will not have any form of compulsory service at the present moment; that it is the Englishman's birthright to let other people defend his home, and that it is no business of his. This is not a phase on which I would dwell were it not that I honestly believe a change is coming over public opinion in this matter. I do not find the idea of compulsory service scouted now as it was a very few years ago. Even among the Socialists Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman have been doing their best to bring before their comrades the fact that they ought to be able to do something for their country. They recognise that, however they may differ from the methods of government at present recognised by the majority of the people as most suitable to our needs, still we enjoy a measure of freedom which would be quite unknown under the rule of a foreigner; and they further recognise the danger we are running owing to our apathy and the want of patriotism of many of our countrymen. Personally, I am convinced compulsory service of some kind is bound to come sooner or later. All I hope is that it may come before and not after a disaster, and that those awful words 'Too late' may never re-echo on our shores.

Another objection to universal service is a fancied danger from what is sometimes called Militarism. I venture to say that there is no greater fallacy than the idea that liability to universal service has a tendency to foster an aggressive spirit in the country. Nothing can be further from the fact. There is nothing which provides so strong a guarantee of peace as the liability of every man to serve. There is nothing so antagonistic to a spirit of Jingoism as the feeling that those that make the wars will be the first to take part in them. The light-hearted 'Mafficker' and music-hall hero will think twice before supporting a policy which will put his own precious carcase in the firing line. As long as he can do his fighting by proxy the sobering

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effect of personal service is absent. A professional army and a more or less irresponsible electorate are far more likely to drift into war than a nation in arms, every man of which will be called on to serve the moment hostilities commence.

A fleet alone can never bring a war to a conclusion. The results of Trafalgar and the Nile would have been comparatively valueless without Waterloo; and the Japanese could never have brought their war against Russia to a successful ending if they had not had a well-drilled and well-disciplined army to complete the work of the fleet. We must have a second line army, strong in numbers and efficient in training, to relieve our fleet of the duty of what Lord Milner, I think, called coastguard duties, and to enable the expeditionary force to justify its *raison d'être* by carrying the war into the enemy's country.

I am not one of those who hold that because we have been badly beaten of late by other countries in the field of sport therefore we are a decadent race. When nobody else went in for these things this country was no doubt *facile princeps*; but conditions have altered, and it is incumbent on Britons 'to wake up.' Just as Napoleon taught other nations how eventually to beat him at his own game, so have we taught other nations to excel and outstrip us in directions in which we thought we should always exercise a monopoly. We are trading too much on our reputation, and are leaving too much to chance. Foreigners have long been treading on our heels. They are beginning not a little to tread on our toes. Patient preparation, industrious combination, and the steady application of scientific measures are among the means by which our competitors are robbing us of our superiority in a field we always claimed as our own. A generation ago Englishmen thought themselves the only real and invincible sportsmen in the world. We thought we alone could ride. Tod Sloan, with his hideous but effective seat, imposed the American method of riding on the race-going fraternity. Later the American polo team and the Italian officers showed us that we had no monopoly in this direction. Anyone who saw the Australians and New Zealanders ride in South Africa over the roughest of country must acknowledge we have much to learn from them. The Belgians have shown us how to row, and the Australian cricket team is 'taking tea' with our best elevens. The days of our somewhat aggressive insularity are gone, and we must not be too proud to learn from our rivals and to assimilate some of their methods if we are to hold our own as an Empire Power.

I hope the reader may pardon this digression. I merely wished to emphasise the fact that the days of muddling through are past, and that if we want to retain our position either in sport or in war we must no longer rest content with measures which were good enough for our fathers, but which can only lead to disaster in the continual

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and strenuous struggle of the survival of the fittest. This is the lesson we want to drive home to the people—viz., that unless they take up this question of universal service and prepare themselves and, above all, discipline themselves, the day of trial may find them wanting, not in the qualities of courage and endurance, but in the scientific application of these qualities to the problems of national existence. Numbers and training constitute the bed-rock of national defence. Without compulsion we cannot get the numbers; without compulsion we cannot get adequate training. The Territorial Force cannot possibly give the time necessary to make themselves efficient soldiers, as long as they have to compete in the market with those who recognise no responsibility to the State, any more than the employers of labour, however patriotic, can give their men sufficient leave, as long as they in their turn have to compete with those who are not prepared to make similar sacrifices. Under universal service these conditions will disappear, and the willing will no longer be handicapped in competition with those who shirk their responsibilities.

The question of the advantage of universal training on the character and physique of the nation was admirably put by the Bishops of Exeter and Bath and Wells, and by Lord Meath. The latter specially dwelt on the need of discipline among the rising generation, and showed the benefit which many a young hooligan would derive from a little wholesome restriction of liberty, which, may it be said, frequently only means interference with the liberty of others.

I will not enter into the question of finance, seeing that the estimates of the experts vary from three to twenty millions, according to their different prejudices and their skill in the manipulation of figures. All I can say is that no price is too great if we can secure the absolute security of the country; and that anything short of this is a waste of public money. Lord Milner, in stating somewhere about four millions as the increased price of the Army, made an excellent point in comparing this sum with the amount over-estimated in the Budget for the current year's expenditure. Altogether, I think the debate has done good in focussing the public mind on the question, and in placing a concrete proposal before the people of the country in a way easy to be understood. The question is no longer outside the sphere of practical politics. People no longer pooh-pooh it; they argue it. The recent Debate has cleared the air. This is an advance which it is difficult to exaggerate. It is evident that the British public is becoming accustomed to the idea. One step further and it will become reconciled to it, and will eventually regard it as a matter of course. Its conversion, though gradual, perhaps too gradual, will be complete. Of this I am certain. I only wish I was equally certain it will not come too late.

ERROLL.

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FAULTS OF THE LONDONER

THERE is a stage in affection where only perfectness can be recognised, where any spot or tarnish escapes the observation. I fell desperately in love with London, and I can remember how one felt when, on return to the country for a day, one had to listen to adverse criticisms of town, difficulty in finding the way about, curtness of those who were asked questions, risks of becoming splashed, head to foot, on muddy days, intolerable hurry on the part of everybody, dangers of accidents, ruinous prices; my indignation was similar to that experienced on overhearing the family's views of a first sweetheart. This rapturous mood has gone, and it seems possible now to regard town with something like impartiality; the bias in its favour due to the fact that it is associated with many pleasant years may be balanced by the frankness which can be exhibited between friends.

The first charge to be brought against the town of the Londoner is that it has made itself the home of the loafer. In no other town of considerable size will you find, in proportion, the amount of brazen indolence that here thrusts itself upon you. I have seen the crowds in northern towns going to a Saturday afternoon football match, but these bear obvious signs that they have but just finished work; the folk to be met on any summer week-day watching cricket at the Oval and explaining how players ought to play, seem never to do anything else. The men who rest elbows on the parapet of London Bridge and regard the loading and unloading of steamers below have apparently no other occupation. Public meetings, especially those held out of doors, constitute an attraction, and here the loafers show, under a variety of influences, unexpected vivacity; the speaker must sometimes feel inclined to express a preference for the listener who cheers but is not inebriate. For the women leaning against open doorways in the minor streets, with garments insufficiently furnished with hooks and eyes, there is assuredly domestic work, but this they studiously ignore, giving preference to the claims of debate. Members of the same sex who stroll about leisurely at private views, inspecting everything but the pictures, are obviously engaged on nothing better than chasing the hours, which for busy women fly too quickly. For members of clubs yawning over morning and evening papers and at intervals

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gazing out of the window at St. James's Street, the clock is always slow. No class in London has a monopoly of loafing; perhaps those at the middle have the best claim to exemption. With the middle classes, life has to be determined and strenuous in order that an income, just sufficient, may be obtained; at the extremes this necessity does not appear to exist. There can be no mystery in regard to those at the top, for some ancestor (who was not a loafer) has provided for them; at the other end, the riddle of their means of living is difficult to guess. They are sometimes supported by involuntary contributions, but this, as an explanation, does not cover all, and I am beginning to despair of inducing any one of them to sanction an audit of accounts. What they prefer to speak of is the want of good luck they have ever and always experienced (it may be noted that their belief in chance is so great that any successes made by acquaintances are never to be credited, in their opinion, to anything so base and vulgar as industry). They can be exceedingly acrimonious in regard to relatives who are 'in work,' and the fact that these have given assistance once or twice increases resentment when supplies are stopped. In a slightly higher grade, the loafer makes a considerable demand on your interest by alleging that he was a contemporary at school with most of the public men of the present day; he manages to convey that even then he compared favourably with them; his wits were sharper, his abilities more conspicuous. The loafer of town lounges through life scarcely knowing the day or the month, and at the end, when he is missing, nobody misses him.

A much finer type, and one to be considered with greater respect, is the criminal of town. Here again there are many grades, and you may find him living in Jermyn Street West, by Fanshaw Street, Hoxton, near Sirdar Road, Notting Dale; I daresay it would be possible to discover him in Melody Road, Wandsworth Common. He, at any rate, does make a fight for it. Assuming that he is not mentally defective—and those who break the law on this account ought not to be punished, but to undergo a process of cure—he knows the odds are heavily against him; from a course of reading at the public library—he believes in public libraries, but wishes the authorities did not black out the betting news—he ascertains that captures are frequent; rarely does a man set upon the task without making one blunder, overlooking one detail, and the amount of crimes where the author remains anonymous must seem to him deplorably small; nevertheless, this is the work to which he sets his hand, and he knows he will have to use the best of his ability. It is a sporting life, and there is something to be said in favour of those who take part; if it could only be practised without causing detriment to others, it would be credited with all the virtues of ingenuity and ambition. One has to admit, however, that crime inconveniences the placid composure of the many, and its discouragement should be assisted by all

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honest folk. Also, it must be conceded that London breeds criminals. It huddles its people so closely together in certain quarters that the young, being first of all imitative, see and copy the defects of their elders. No boy growing up in a certain street known to me (not far from Shoreditch Church) can remain ignorant of the doings of mature folk residing in every room of the house; the talk is of nothing else; a single triumph means for him fried sausages and liver and bacon; he knows from the moment he begins to speak that he must never betray secrets, understands that the helmeted man out in the public streets represents an enemy to be dodged or discomfited; the police station to him is what the corner of a room used to be to us in days of imperfect youth, the large building in Caledonian Road a place where a rest cure has to be undergone by those who have extravagantly overtaxed themselves. The wonder is not that a child in such surroundings grows up a nuisance to society, and a costly one; the astonishing thing is that sometimes he develops, by the sturdy help of outside influences, into a decent member. The mere pulling down of houses does not arrest production of the London criminal. Some years ago a district in the East End, notable on account of its inhabitants, was cleared, excellent model dwellings erected, and a new and superior class of inhabitants came; the reformers slapped each other on the back and said 'That's all right!' But the expelled only went a couple of miles out, and you can find most of them living within a small radius, carrying on the same profession, reconstituting their environments on the old plan. The right way to check the inordinate amount of criminality in London is to snatch away, with increased energy and a greater freedom, the children from doubtful surroundings, or from surroundings that have no element of doubt, and give, by a change of living, the decent life that is open to other youngsters. Two-thirds of those who enter the gates of a prison have been that way before. A twentieth part have been convicted twenty times. It is officially stated that in a recent year the proportion of crimes known to the police per hundred thousand of the population was 299; that for the whole country 277. To be quite fair to London, and to give no more than is due, it should be added that four towns in England give figures higher than these, and I have no hesitation in saying that London has to thank the immigrant alien for what may be considered a fairly good position in the list. The new arrivals who come to work in the East End appear so genuinely grateful to London for taking them into its service that they model behaviour on strict lines, give themselves no time for the committal of misdemeanours; their deportment forms a startling contrast to that adopted by some visitors who drift in a westerly direction with the frank intention of doing no work at all. London has for so many years been taking new servants with no references that something of the kind was sure to happen. There they are at any rate, in Soho and near Tottenham

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Court Road, and it is satisfactory to know they are kept well under observation, that any details of their careers which the police require are readily furnished privately by closest friends. To remain for half an hour in one of their clubs and give ears to their conversation is to wonder indignantly why they are allowed to enjoy freedom; the experts amongst the detective force will remind you, first, that their bark is a great deal worse than their bite; second, that it is convenient to be able to say, without any doubt, where they can be found if wanted. These undesirables do not as a rule drink to excess, but this need not be credited to them as a particular virtue. A police sergeant remarked to me one night in Little Compton Street, 'It's an economical habit to be able to talk yourself tipsy.'

In definitely outlined districts such as those just mentioned, surrounded on all sides by valuable shop buildings, overcrowding is bound to exist, and you will see the brass bell knobs at the side of doorways of the foreigners' houses almost as numerous as the stops on an organ. The one-roomed lives exist also in other neighbourhoods, where a market or some like centre for labour makes it indispensable the worker should live near. The enormous improvement in transit effected in recent years has loosened the bonds, but the swiftest electric cars form no inducement to those who, having grown up in restricted surroundings, desire nothing better. No power yet discovered will help the mature Londoners who do not wish to be helped, and any effort of the kind causes them to put on the brake at once. I could take you into houses in Bethnal Green, for instance, where you would say the top note of discomfort had been reached, and these are the dwelling-places not of indolent people, but of folk who work about ten times as hard, every day of the week, as any of those of us who count ourselves energetic. The women there are engaged on some such task as the making of fancy boxes, artificial flowers, costumes; a strong odour of glue pervades the entire house; in some of the rooms the clatter of the sewing-machine rarely ceases. A separate family in every room from basement to top floor, and each family fighting hard to earn just enough to keep themselves alive, and to provide more than enough to keep all the parties who deal subsequently with the products of their labour somewhere between comfort and luxury. You might declare these would welcome with enthusiasm any attempt to improve their environments; I can assure you no greater mistake could possibly be made. The world has whipped them so often that their fear is any change can only mean that it will whip them more severely. They honestly prefer to be let alone. They are no more inclined to move further out where they can see God's sky than they are to open their window and get the nearest approach that Bethnal Green can offer to fresh air. Kind-hearted people speak with tears of miners who labour underground for eight or ten hours a day for an excellent weekly wage; I wish

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they would bank some of their sympathy for these home-workers of London; I wish good women would help to organise a system whereby the articles produced by adequately paid labour bore a special mark, that purchase might not involve a sacrifice of precious health. One difficulty in bringing the case impressively before the public view is that the home-workers carry on their industries as units, and carry them on secretly; but the greatest obstacle is, as I have said, that they have reached the stage when hopelessness clutches and refuses to let go.

The average Londoner is in urgent need of a pair of spectacles. He suffers greatly on account of imperfect eyesight. At long distances he is good, and he can take a clear interest in large political questions, although it may be doubted whether, even here, he is equal in intelligence to his contemporaries in large provincial towns. He has, at any rate, his own views about them, views generally coinciding with those expressed in the particular journal he buys, and he can speak on the subject with great volubility. But the objects against which he is daily rubbing his shoulders do not arouse this animation. You ask him why he does not give some of his attention to local affairs in the borough where he happens to live, and he first stares intently to discover whether you are serious, then laughs as though the subject is really outside the limits of reason. 'I leave all that,' on realising that the question is not meant to be humorous, 'to the jerry builders and the publicans. Don't ask me,' he says, appealingly, 'to mix myself up with that lot!' Yet he is the first to complain when things are not managed perfectly; his criticisms as he goes to the City in the morning are loud enough to stop the train. Either he does not see, or wishes not to see, that as a citizen of no mean country it is his duty to take an active part in the control and to offer whatever intelligence he may possess to the considerable work of guiding local affairs. For instance, the schools. In many quarters of London it is a difficult matter to persuade local men to accept the not very onerous duties of school managers, necessitating only an attendance at a committee meeting once a month and occasional visits to the class-rooms; as a result, members have to be brought from other parts of town. In every borough, societies exist for the assistance of hard-up folk, and the Londoner will occasionally contribute to these; wild horses are of no avail in the endeavour to persuade him to take a more active interest.

London is deficient in patriotism. This does not mean that it cannot sing 'Rule Britannia,' that it has no flags to exhibit in back gardens on the King's birthday, or that it does not take off a hat when the National Anthem is played. A Londoner is proud of belonging to Great Britain, satisfied with being an inhabitant of town, but he cannot even pretend a show of exultation in being a resident of (say) Stoke Newington. Now Stoke Newington has a good area, a large population, is attended with a fair amount of prosperity. If, by a dexterous

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operation, it were cut out and placed somewhere in the country, local patriotism would at once begin to grow, and men born there would proudly give themselves a nickname, and say, 'I myself am a Stoker!' with the air of one who had been awarded the Order of Merit. But in London, with a neighbourhood surrounded by half a dozen others, a man may live in that neighbourhood all his life, his father and grandparents may have been associated with it, and his sons may intend to stay there, and the family will only speak of it in excusing, deprecatory tones. By studiously refraining from cultivating local patriotism the Londoner misses a precious joy that the intelligent habitant of a provincial town enjoys and deserves. He also escapes the chance of assisting those less favourably situated than himself, but this deprivation he probably bears with equanimity.

London cannot be called a generous-hearted town. Most of its well-to-do people are too intent upon their own careers to give thought to anything else, and those who have the desire to give are frequently the people without means to do so. The generosity of the streets comes mainly from those but a few degrees higher than the applicants. Churches and chapels can sometimes, by herculean efforts and a suggestion of blackmail, extract from the Londoner contributions towards some object counted worthy, and an event of magnificent importance may induce him to open his sovereign case; but for the rest he is indifferent, soothing his conscience easily by assuming that others will give. With all this, the Londoner should be thrifty. He is not. He should buy a mackintosh for a rainy day. The fates, when they decide to be cruel, find him unprepared. There exists scarcely any class which can plead not guilty to the charge of wastefulness, from the family in Gee Street, Somers Town, putting its parcel away at the corner shop on Monday mornings, and retrieving it on Saturday nights, to the household in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, never paying a tradesman's account until a summons has been issued. Folk in enjoyment of an exact and precise income, with precise and exact disbursements, might be reasonably expected to draw up with the aid of compound arithmetic a financial scheme that would prove satisfactory; these frequently discover themselves in straits identical with those encountered by people who have to rely upon fluctuating receipts or upon whom disaster frequently calls. Junior clerks, paid monthly, begin to borrow from each other before the tenth; seniors lunch at Lyons's after the fifteenth. Pay-day is looked upon as a miraculous event, and the impression seems to be that a second miracle may cause the proceeds to vanish unless they are distributed without delay. In many quarters the haste is the result of a desire to be royal for a day. On the 'Easy come, easy go' argument, this can be understood when a sudden and unexpected discovery of gold is made, but it seems unpardonable in ordinary circumstances, and the only excuse to be offered is that those who concentrate magnificence into the first few days are

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at any rate the same people who are willing to endure strict economy during the remainder of the month, and the punishment is therefore self-applied. All the same, it could be wished that the literature found in the home of the Londoner included more often a Post Office savings book.

He reads a good deal, but his studies are mainly devoted to the morning and evening newspapers, and for this one need not blame him; it is at least evidence of an interest in the world. His womenfolk read fiction, and more than once I have met in town the one-novel-a-day lady. It is generally her proud boast that she possesses the useful facility of dismissing the entire matter from her thoughts—plot, characters, name of author, title of book—so soon as the last page is reached, and it seems likely that she may, at times, by inadvertence read the same volume three or four times over. What I complain of (but this is possibly a prejudiced view) is that the Londoner makes at the bookshop no purchases exceeding the amount of sixpence. He does not add to the contents of his bookcase in the manner of a provincial. Recently he has been tempted to buy the cheap edition of a copyright-expired work, and I find this on his table with page six turned down, and he tells me that some day, when he has plenty of leisure, he intends to have another go at it. Men who deliver lectures in London and in other towns are unanimous in announcing a preference for audiences provided by the latter; they declare the provinces furnish an intelligent and a sustained attention which London can rarely offer. In every gallery of every serious theatre in the West End you will every night find someone describing regret and disappointment at finding that they have enticed themselves into the place under the impression that a musical comedy was to be performed; this is the attitude of the omnibus driver who, seeing the announcement of *Much Ado about Nothing*, remarked to a passenger on the front seats, 'Rummy titles they do make up, to be sure, nowadays.' In the variety halls the entertainment is often of such an inferior nature that the sensitive might well look upon it as a studied insult; some of the vulgarity has gone, but ineptitude has taken its place, and you may sit through several turns, all obviously meant to be determinedly amusing, without experiencing the slightest temptation to laugh. Here the Londoner is not to blame. The fault lies with the management. The management, in anxiety to give nothing above the heads of the audience, plays unfairly and hits below the belt. The audience is there, wishing eagerly for better things, and when these come giving enthusiastic signs of gratification; but nothing apparently persuades the management that a touch of refinement is welcomed, and week after week the same dreary round is provided of Trollope and Scott, the celebrated American comedians (these are fond of selecting well-known distinguished names, under the apparent impression that distinction is thus added); Miss Violet Maydue, with her views on the present

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Government; Professor Clatter and his knockabout pupils' sketch *My Wife and the First Floor Lodger*. When one sees the long lines of people waiting to go into the second house at a music-hall, it is not easy to avoid a feeling of annoyance at such a deplorable waste of good opportunities. In the outlying theatres greater intelligence is displayed, but even there the 'Why Women Scream' style of melodrama is too frequently announced.

The good temper of the Londoner can be referred to later in considering his merits, but there is a quality in this connection which has to be counted amongst his faults. He is fond of proclaiming, in regard to certain grievances, that he will put up with them no longer, and having said this, continues to put up with them. His lack of ambition and his indisposition to fight make him endure things which he should never tolerate. He likes to grumble, and a perfect world would for him be deplorably imperfect, in that it would give him no excuse for grumbling; to-morrow is his favourite date for undertaking some important step. Priding himself greatly on his sense of humour—always a dangerous claim to make—he is lacking in the humour which should above all prevent one from becoming conceited, and he is unwilling to admit that vivacity exists elsewhere; he counts the inhabitants of other towns as dull dogs. In truth, his own animation is but a lacquer that often wears off in home life, and his smiling behaviour to the world finds a variant in an air of sulkiness adopted within his own walls, where he insists on the right either not to speak or, if speaking, to use only the language of flat contradiction, with a touch of acidity which he reckons as satire. More effusive than a Scotsman and less immediately gracious than an Irishman, he, not infrequently, falls disastrously between the two methods, and has to suffer from being misunderstood. The most deplorable thing in this regard is perhaps that he does not understand himself.

W. Pett Ridge.

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RODDAM SPENCER-STANHOPE, PRE-RAPHAELITE

A YEAR ago this month, amid the romantic scenery of his beautiful villa on the hills of Bellosguardo, overlooking Florence, there passed away in his eightieth year Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, a man who, in accordance with a modern acceptance of the term, has been called one of the last of the pre-Raphaelites. In March a small but representative collection of his pictures was exhibited in London, and there filtered to the Press comments, appreciative or unsympathetic as the case might be, of the life-work of the man thus commemorated.

Yet looking thus at the sum of his striving, perhaps coldly appraising the measure of his success, there were possibly few in a position to read the personality of the worker in the consummation of his work. Let us glance briefly at his life.

Born on a bleak January day in the year 1829, in an old house in Yorkshire where his ancestors had lived for many generations, Roddam Spencer-Stanhope was the second son and one of the six children of John Spencer-Stanhope of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire. His father, a man of exceptional intellectual endowments, was a fine classical scholar, a celebrated antiquary, and an explorer, in his youth, of the then almost unexplored land of Greece. He was, however, a man who disliked and had little stamina for the fret of public life, and who thus never occupied the position either in the literary or the political world to which his mental capacity entitled him. His wife, the youngest daughter of the famous 'Coke of Norfolk,' first Earl of Leicester of the second creation, came of a race that, through the generations, had exhibited an appreciation of Art which has rendered its house and its possessions one of the treasures of England. She and her sisters in their girlhood had been pupils of Gainsborough, and in certain of their work it has been hinted that it was difficult to distinguish the brush of the master from that of the pupil. Be that as it may, Roddam Spencer-Stanhope from his maternal parentage was entitled to an inherent love of the beautiful, while from his father and grandfather he inherited an originality of outlook, and an indifference to preconceived opinion, which, throughout his life, remained his strongest characteristics.

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Yet the age and the surroundings into which he was born were scarcely conducive to the development of strong individuality. His home was perhaps typical of the social atmosphere of that date—an old-fashioned country house of unpretentious antiquity and good solid comfort, but, save for the few antiques which his father had brought back from his explorations in Greece, containing no treasures of Art, and devoid even of the straining after effect which, whether meretricious or otherwise, forms a prominent note in modern houses. For in that early Victorian era the cult of the Beautiful in daily surroundings was more often the toy of the *nouveau riche*, originality in men or methods was apt to be looked at askance, Bohemianism was a thing apart from good society, and genius, though an excellent asset for the needy, was superfluous, nay, inconvenient for a gentleman. It is perhaps difficult at this date to realise the different social atmosphere which prevailed in days when, besides politics, there were but four careers open to the man who wished to retain the magic *entrée* into a small social clique who held themselves rigidly apart from their fellows. The Church, the Army, the Navy, or the Bar were the professions for a gentleman. Save in rare instances, all beyond these were beyond the pale.

As a younger son, it might have been expected of Stanhope to select which of these careers he was prepared to follow; but the force of inheritance was stronger than that of association, and the passion for Art which was in him would not be repressed. He was little more than a schoolboy when he first showed the bent of his inclinations. 'He is full of his Art!' wrote his mother apprehensively. 'I am afraid it is a sad waste of time, but he is happy, and it is at least harmless.' That was the tone rapidly adopted by those who surrounded him; he was disposed to fritter away valuable time on a hobby, but it was at least 'harmless,' so they let him be.

From Rugby he went to Oxford, and there he gradually drifted into a sense of his destiny. Yet as his work became more consecutive and his aim more definite, he was filled with a tormenting misgiving of his own capacity. The force within him would not be denied, but he had the humility of the man who worships the unattainable. More and more conscious of his own limitations, he was handicapped by that knowledge.

'I begin to be afraid,' he wrote to his father from Christ Church, 'that I am doomed to swell the large army of that portion of the world who, with a desire to do something or another in their generation, somehow or another *don't*.' But with the torture of doubt came the decision that if he could not give adequate expression to that which obsessed him, he would recognise and accept failure without flinching.

Whether I am destined to be an artist or not cannot be determined till I have perfected my education in painting and drawing, and if not, good-bye to the Arts, for I aim at more than the actual power of being able to represent Nature.

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And still through his alternations of hope and distrust there recurs the complaint of the man who is forced by the stress of custom away from his natural bent, and who finds himself expending the most priceless portion of his life in work which is uncongenial, and, to him, an irretrievable waste of time.

The enticing allurements of drawing seduce me from the dull, useless, and unsatisfactory pursuit of University studies. What a pity it is that a man is not allowed to follow that which his natural inclinations prompt him to, but is forced against his will, by a senseless, pot-bellied set of old Dons, who consider men who make grammatical mistakes no better than heathens, to pretend to study the course of education established by the monks of the olden times in order to be able more easily to cheat our simple ancestors, who preferred remaining in blissful ignorance. . . . I do not wish utterly to condemn classics, but in these times of railroads and sciences a man ought to be allowed to study that which he has the greatest inclination for—making all other studies subservient to that one; by which means Horace, Homer, and Virgil would still be equally appreciated by the lovers of the beautiful, and there would not be half the number of pale students nodding over their literal translations of the *Poetae Scenici* the night before the Collections, smoking cigars and drinking strong beer.

As I have at last come to a full stop, I will not venture to begin again, but will tell you the reason of this philippic against the University, or rather its system of education. It is owing to some satires I read in verse upon the subject which are excessively clever. I should like to get a copy of them for you, but as there have only been a limited number of copies published, they are difficult to get Mr. Winter describes them as being

> A glorious error and a grand delight,
> Grotesquely Gothic, blunderingly bright.

His description of education is capital:

> Yes, this is all their sons are taught to do,
> In school at six—in school at twenty-two,
> Happy and proud if having passed their time
> They know at least a reason from a rhyme,
> If having learnt Greek trimeters to scan,
> That first grand glory for which God made man.

. . My pictures look very well, and my rooms are considered the most brilliant in College. It is very amusing to hear the remarks men make upon the pictures. They have no notion of Art, and I think honestly prefer oleographs to Old Masters. In fact, the greater number of them seem more attracted by the frames than anything else.

It was amid such discouraging surroundings that he first developed the knowledge of his aim in life, and with that knowledge developed too the spirit of perseverance which was likewise part of his inheritance. This, however, can perhaps be better illustrated by his attitude towards a question apart from Art. He was at that time afflicted with a loss of nerve when riding, and in a letter to his father, which is dated only by the boyish tone in which it is written, he speaks with *naïveté* of this timidity, and of his method of conquering it:

Whenever I am particularly afraid of a big leap, I mean to go at it *at once*. always think of some French general at the time of the last Revolution, who,

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in his first engagement, made a determination (and kept to it) that if ever he felt a disinclination, from natural timidity, of facing a hot fire, he would go into a part of the battle where there was most danger to force himself into it. He did this till he obtained an unflinching moral courage, so superior to natural brute courage. He expressed himself as always particularly satisfied whenever he conquered his nervousness, and I always felt the same if I forced myself to go over a leap that I funked. I suppose the Duke of Wellington gained a complete mastery over himself in the same manner, and he was a fine specimen of the superiority of moral over natural courage, if ever a man was.

And it was this spirit in which, throughout life, Stanhope faced endeavour. That which in his boyish phrase he 'funked,' at once became for him that which he must conquer; that which was laborious of attainment was that which must be grasped, even if this could only be accomplished by the slow patience of the devotee. Yet it is impossible to dwell on this trait without touching on that which made every effort harder for him than for the average man. For Stanhope did not set out on his quest quite as do men who are ably equipped for the struggle before them. Very early in his career, even in the days of his boyhood, he had to accept the knowledge that all his days would be darkened by a handicap against which neither patience nor courage could avail. Those who have suffered from asthma alone can know how it saps the spirit of a man, how its depressing influence stultifies energy and hope. And the form of this complaint with which Stanhope was fated all his days to grapple was of a peculiarly virulent kind. It may be said to have darkened his whole existence, it forced him from place to place in hope of relief, it perpetually blighted enjoyment, it made work and even life itself an uncertainty. Naturally of a joyous temperament, full of irrepressible humour and of a very quaint wit, in which to the end of his life his friends delighted, the shadow of that eternal struggle with suffering is apparent even in his earliest correspondence. 'It is hard,' he wrote to his father, when as a youth his health had condemned him to leave Oxford for an exile among the Welsh hills, 'that the two places where I most want to live are the two places where I never can live—Oxford and Cannon Hall.' Again and again one is forced to read the tragedy underlying the casual mention of a night of sleepless suffering, after which he found himself incapable of work or of effort—even of connected thought.

I had a bad time of it again last night [he writes to his father at the age of twenty-one], and to-day I am good for nothing. It is all such a loss of time. . . . You ask me why I was depressed in my last letter. There is no particular reason, but I suppose, like all people of a buoyant temperament, when I do go down, I do it thoroughly. Never fear, I shall bob up again fast enough when I get to work. It is the idleness which I find so depressing.

And this was in the fulness of his young strength and enthusiasm, when it was purgatory to know that days must be wrested from his life-work in that profitless fight with an ill which, even then, he

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recognised with dismay might never leave him but with life itself. And if it is but just to weigh the odds against which he fought, it is worthy of note that the morbid element inseparable from his complaint never marred the evenness of his temper in daily life, any more than it dimmed the glad fantasy of his work.

It was in the midst of these early struggles with alternate enthusiasm and despondency that he first met Watts and became his pupil. This involved his introduction into the circle at Little Holland House, where Watts had then established a joint *ménage* with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep. To realise what a change this effected in Stanhope's life, it is necessary to contrast the social conditions which prevailed among his new acquaintance with those which then found favour elsewhere.

Mrs. Prinsep, who had been used when in India to entertaining on an extensive scale, had introduced into her new home a cosmopolitan and liberal spirit to which people at that date were little accustomed. Few facts, indeed, mark more strongly the divergence between that past and the present than the recognition that conditions which would now rouse no comment were then unique. In the delightful garden at Little Holland House, amid surroundings planned to enhance its natural attractiveness, she received her guests on Sunday afternoons; and something of the atmosphere which had once animated Holland House in the days of its pre-eminence revived in its beautiful Dower House, shorn of the narrowness of that bygone age. At a time when, it cannot again be too strongly emphasised, genius was tolerated as an eccentricity rather than courted as a divine asset, when an *artist* and a *gentleman* were terms held to be antipodean, men met there on a footing which had the attraction of novelty. Statesmen, men of letters, painters, poets, strivers who had not as yet blossomed into achievement, there found themselves in a society where each was received upon his individual merit, and intellect was the only rank. A breezy Bohemianism prevailed. That time of dread, the conventional Sunday of the early Victorian era, was exchanged for the wit of cynics, the dreams of the inspired, the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers of the age. Whilst those without that charmed circle spoke sneeringly of 'Mrs. Prinsep's tea-gardens,' of the parties where she and her husband—her 'dog Toby' as he was facetiously termed—entertained a medley of cranks, among the *habitués* of Little Holland House were Carlyle with his rugged genius, Tennyson with his dainty fantasies, Thackeray with his mighty imagination, Dickens, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Browning, and a score of others whose names now enrich the sum of England's greatness.

To young Stanhope, fresh from the University, ripe to receive impressions, and suffering, perhaps unconsciously, from the restrictions of a conventionalism with which he was out of harmony, the atmosphere of that magic circle came as a revelation. For the first time

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he found himself in surroundings which were congenial with his aspiration and which roused in him a new spirit of emulation. Here Art was no longer a senseless hobby; it was the loadstar of ambition, the goal of endeavour. Here he met Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Woolner, Holman Hunt, and others who were to influence and to complete his life. Subtly, and at first unrecognised, light as froth on the restless flow of those idle fancies and interchange of young ideas, there was yet forming amongst those eager spirits a movement which was to broaden the outlook of society and to revolutionise modern Art.

The young painters who now drifted together, some of whom were to form that celebrated pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, were all nearly of an age. Men of an origin which was diverse, of a youth which, in the case of each, had been subjected to dissimilar conditions, it is remarkable that they met thus early in life, to become linked by a bond which the years could not slacken. From the first they gravitated to each other as kindred souls; laughter-loving spirits, schemers of the unattainable, modern knights of the Round Table who were to regenerate the social and mental outlook of their generation.

But as yet the movement was in its infancy. The striving of Art came before its fruition; and a letter from Stanhope to his father at this date, giving an account of the system pursued by Watts, his new master, is full of interest:

> As I thought you might like to know that I have nothing to tell you I write with that intention! I am undergoing what Watts terms the discipline of drawing, which I ought and should have done at first starting had Bridges impressed me with the importance. I am at work now upon a towel, scattered in a picturesque way upon the floor, and which Watts has enjoined me to draw with as hard a pencil as I can get, and shade with the finest lines possible, in order to study and imitate everything I see upon it, even to the blacks. He says the first object is to acquire power and facility in representing any object whatsoever upon paper in black and white, and this is the surest and quickest way of arriving at that facility. After that has been obtained, the rest is comparatively easy, anatomy, study of form, &c., being most necessary; and painting may follow close upon that. He recommends me to draw lots of outlines as well, carefully and decidedly, and without rubbing out; but to avoid drawing even from the antiques indiscriminately, as he says it is a sure way of spoiling one's taste for form. He seems to me to approve of but few besides the Elgin Marbles as lessons to study from.
>
> I find this accurate drawing has improved my eye immensely in seeing forms, and I am sure, had I studied the same way sooner, I should by this time have acquired a tolerable facility in drawing.

Those were, in short, golden days, when everything which fell from the lips of the master was greedily absorbed by the pupil. Daily he went to Little Holland House, leading otherwise a solitary life in his father's town house in Harley Street.

> I have to go to the Prinseps' every day, to work in the afternoon with Watts; and, as it is three miles off, it comes expensive both in time and money. . . . I will tell you how I spend the day. I breakfast at a quarter

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past seven and get to Watts' studio soon after eight, where I spend the morning in drawing, resting myself by taking an occasional lounge into Cozens' room. About one I find myself at Little Holland House, where I do a little in the way of luncheon, and, after that is cleared away, Watts and I set to work, which we carry on till nearly dark, when I make my way home to dinner; after which I indulge in the varieties of sleeping, walking, drawing, going to the theatres half-price, or eating a dozen oysters at an oyster shop, or sometimes doing a mixture of all. I enjoy myself very much. Watts, now I know him, is a glorious companion, and the Prinseps are very jolly people.

Watts has some grand projects in view, and, if all goes well, in the course of a few years he will be tolerably well known. He was telling me that he had made several propositions to the heads of the Academy with a view to encourage *real* Art (High Art), that they would not take his advice, and since then he has determined to bring forward his opinions himself, and he is now preparing to do it. He is anxious to get one or two who will steadily assist him, and he will put *low art* to the blush.

I suppose that the drawing-rooms (in Harley Street) are to be left dismantled till you come? If you will leave them unpapered for another year I shall be able to try my hand on them, and, if I should not succeed, they will then be none the worse for papering. Watts is very much pleased with the idea of my painting the Elgin Marbles on the library walls, and says I must work very hard with that view. He has taken up a crusade against bare walls, and intends painting everything that comes in his way.

In his next letter he again refers to his anxiety to try his hand at this new scheme of decoration:

. . . As to the boudoirs which want fitting up here, there is a great tongue of paper hanging down the wall. I have not studied the premises closely, having only just seen the tongue of paper *en passant*, and thought it looked decidedly what young ladies would call picturesque, which, in that acceptance of the phrase, means ruins and rags. If I had my way, paperhangers should hang in their own papers, and all other corrupters of public morals should be treated in the same way. The reason of these observations will be more apparent when I tell you what I have been doing at Little Holland House.

Perhaps you have never seen Flaxman's illustrations of Dante? They are simple outlines, figures with no light and shadows, but first rate in every respect. Watts, as an experiment, for amusement, practice, &c., &c., is decorating the walls of one of the rooms at the Prinseps' with a series of these designs. He is carrying the principle throughout, making the painting quite flat and the outline the principal feature. The ghosts, of course, are no end transparent. *I* have the drawing of the figures on the wall and the easiest part of the painting, which I enjoy, and also find excellent practice, as it opens my mind very much. The effect, I think, will be excellent, as the spirit of the poem has been caught in Flaxman's designs and in the colouring. Watts has kept to it most carefully. When this is done he will set to work at Little Holland House, where are a good many bare walls, and I shall get plenty of work there.

After that I hope to do a little in that way on the walls of the staircase, attics, &c., here. Why I mentioned about the drawing-room in my last letter was that I am sure by the winter time I could decorate the rooms in a more satisfactory way than any paperhanger would, for by that time I shall have had lots of practice, and should probably get Watts to assist me in doing them. But *ce n'est égal*, for I feel confident that if I live I shall do them some time or another, and prove that houses decorated like the Prinseps' are more satisfactory than whitewashed ceilings and chintz-covered walls.

Upholsterers at present are the directors of taste with respect to the decora-

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tion of houses, and they prove themselves worthy of their intellects and education. Alas! poor Snobs! If some energetic house miscreant were to whitewash heaven and hang the walls of it with red-flock paper you might have an opportunity of judging whether the alteration of colour improved it or not. Mind, I am only speaking with regard to colour . . . (I have just gone and dipped my pen in the coffee, which has improved the flavour very much). I had another ride with Watts to-day and lots of jumping, some of it rather stiff. . . . By the way, Watts wishes me to keep secret his paintings in illustration of Dante at present. So please don't mention it.

His letters are all undated, which makes their sequence difficult to ascertain, but he appears about this time to have paid a visit to Yorkshire, for after his return to London he writes:

I saw Watts yesterday on my arrival in town, and he has been kinder than ever, as he has undertaken me more regularly than he has ever done before. I showed him one or two of those fine pencil brick drawings, for which I got patted on the back no end. If I can only get on, he will find me plenty of work, for he talks of my working with him at Oxford and other places; but he has more confidence in me than I have in myself. He has just finished a drawing of Lord John Russell for the Duke of Bedford, preparatory to making a painting of him. It has been much admired, and several people came in to see it to-day, amongst others Lord Eastnor, who seems a very nice fellow.

To his mother he wrote about this same date:

Watts is not going to Liverpool this year, for he has to fresco the House of Lords. He has taken much more notice of me lately, which I flatter myself is owing to my rising in his opinion. He is going to fresco the Governesses' Institution in Harley Street this week, and he has invited me to go there and make drawings of the Elgin Marbles, of which he has casts there, promising to give me all the assistance in his power—a proposal I have gladly closed with, as I expect to get a good deal of good from it.

I am more and more convinced every day of his great powers, so my father must never venture to say again before me that we have not talent in England, for we have an artist of the highest order, and this I am confident time will prove. His works when they get spread about will place him high amongst the masters of Art; and in the meantime it is a satisfaction to feel that I have got as a master the first artist in England.

But Lady Elizabeth was not to be beguiled by the enthusiasm of her son:

Roddy [she writes about this date] is bent on studying under Watts. I hear he is clever, and a man likely to make his mark, but I mean to satisfy myself when I go to town what is his influence, *moral as well as artistic.*

And the first result of this investigation she describes with, perhaps, unconscious humour after her arrival in town, in a letter dated the 16th of April 1852:

I found Roddy at his High Art this morning before breakfast. He is crazy about Flaxman, and has been riding in the park with Mr. W. Russell, Lord William Russell's son, who is as crazy as himself. Walter[1] thought Watts' things at

[1] Sir Walter Spencer Stanhope, K.C.B., of Cannon Hall, brother to Roddam Spencer-Stanhope.

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the studio splendid. I mean to judge of them myself by walking down there with Roddy to-morrow. . . . I questioned him closely about Watts last night. He thinks most highly of his *character*, and I do not think there can be much harm in him. When we arrived from Yorkshire yesterday he had made an illumination ready for us, on the mantelpiece, of five hand-candles and two others, and was as pleased with it as any schoolboy. Obviously *he has nothing on his conscience!* I hear there is a merry-go-round in the garden at Little Holland House, and three Prinsep boys and their tutor, with Roddy and Watts, go round and round on it till they are quite exhausted. *Very innocent!*

Reassured by the significance of that impromptu illumination in her honour, and of the merry-go-round at Little Holland House, Lady Elizabeth made no objection when her son suggested a new project:

The front drawing-room [she writes on her next visit to London] is turned into a perfect studio, as Watts is established there painting a fresco; and, as he has given up his studio and has got nowhere to draw in, Roddy is very anxious he should be here entirely, and after his kindness it cannot be refused. He can sleep in the boudoir, and is very quiet painting all day with Roddy. . . . The latter is getting on, as there is a drawing of his own composition in the drawing-room, 12 feet by 4: *Light Rising out of Darkness.* Watts much pleased with it.

In another letter she adds:

Watts is as quiet as a mouse, working from morning till night, and not an expensive guest as he drinks nothing but water. He comes *this* evening to a six o'clock dinner with Roddy, but another day he will dine with us at luncheon-time. Though Roddy has done wonders, I have still my doubts, as his drawing is decidedly wrong, and so is Watts', with all his genius. I wish you could see the horrible, naked, mutilated figures from the Elgin Marbles with which he intends to *decorate* the *Governesses' Institution.* There is one as large as life, I think it is the Theseus—enough to frighten them all out of their wits. I hope it will not end in poor Roddy, having spent so much of his time, not to succeed at last.

But into the mind of her son there now entered no misgiving. In September of 1852 he wrote:

Watts has got on with the fresco, and will, I expect, soon finish it. I have a faint hope yet that he may go to Oxford, I shall try to persuade him, as it will be an advantage to everybody, and myself especially. He has not seen what I have been about lately. . . . You see, what I have done in the way of study has been all original and without the aid of masters. I think Watts is right, he is very fearful of influencing me in any way, and never makes a comment upon anything I show him, but only urges me on and gives me good advice about keeping in the right way. Talking about the right way, I have got into it, and I hope that about a year's study more will fix me in it firmly. I am gradually able to understand the principle of Photographs and the Elgin Marbles, and let a man have this principle once fixed in his mind he cannot go far wrong. For one is the actual stamping of Nature *as it is* on a flat surface, where it remains permanently for everybody to peruse. The other is the personification of ideal Nature—*i.e.* Nature as it *ought to be.*

This same letter, however, closes with a boyish anti-climax:

I have seen nothing of the Prinseps lately. I have none the less got on very happily with the assistance of gentle Will Shakespeare, whom I read regularly at

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breakfast and dinner, when I find it act as a first-rate digestive pill. Indeed, when I get to the grand parts, I flourish my bread and butter, and ladle the gravy about in a manner that would take your breath away. London is quiet. The Duke (of Wellington's) death has been a perfect Godsend to the trade, and decayed tradesmen are raising their streaming eyes to heaven in an ecstasy of gratitude. A pious and subdued hilarity pervades the world, and Wellington boots are getting quite brisk again, in spite of the defalcation of straps.

Last Saturday I went down to Brighton. What a horrid place it is for extempore preachers. The description I heard of one was, 'He is not much of a *Theologian*, but the most *brilliant orator* I ever heard. It is quite an *intellectual treat* to go to hear him!' Heaven preserve me from going to church for an 'intellectual treat!' I would sooner stop at home for a raspberry-jam one!

Yet the system which Watts pursued with his pupils may be open to criticism. 'He is very fearful of influencing me in any way,' wrote Stanhope, and therein lay the keynote both to the merit and the failure of Watts as an instructor. Fearful of bruising ever so slightly the delicacy of an original inspiration, of marking with his own personality the individuality of effort, Watts did not sufficiently insist on the drudgery of Art and the study of classical models. Hence his pupils lacked in a knowledge of technique, from which many of them suffered all their lives, and strove to fly ere they had learnt to walk.

It was shortly after this that Stanhope painted his first picture, a small but powerful study, which he called *Thoughts of the Past*. He had at the time of painting it a studio in a block of buildings immediately below the studio of Rossetti, and the influence of his fellow-worker is perhaps traceable in this conception, which differs curiously from his later work. A woman, in a wrapper of dark, rich purple, stands by the windows of, presumably, a London lodging, brushing out her long auburn hair. Through the torn lace of the casement curtains one sees a glimpse of the busy life without—the river, with its boats and barges, the streets, a bridge, the multitudinous buildings of the great city. Within, the half-sordid details of the room are pitilessly reproduced: the cosmetics on the dressing-table, the coral necklace which strikes a bright note of colour hanging out of an untidy drawer, the recently opened letter tucked in the glass, the man's stick fallen upon the floor. The force of a great despair is in the woman's face, even the strenuous grip of her hand upon the brush bespeaks the torment of remembrance. Rich in colouring, realistic in rendering, and powerful in its hint of suppressed tragedy and passion, it has none of the mystic fantasy of Stanhope's later conceptions.

Meanwhile, Rossetti proposed that Stanhope should take part in the ceiling decoration of the Oxford Union Debating Hall (now the library). This it was intended to cover with frescoes in tempera, illustrative of the romance of King Arthur; and associated with Rossetti in this enterprise were also Morris, Burne-Jones, Arthur Hughes, Valentine Prinsep, and J. Hungerford Pollen. Holman

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Hunt's name was on one of the spandrils reserved for his work, but owing to various circumstances he was never able to undertake this.

On the space set apart for Stanhope, the latter painted *Sir Gawaine at the Fountain*, and next to him worked Burne-Jones, his acquaintance of Little Holland House, with whom his friendship was thus more firmly cemented. 'As time went on,' he wrote, 'I found myself more and more attracted to Ned. The spaces we were decorating were next each other and this brought me closely into contact with him . . . he appeared unable to leave his picture so long as he thought he could improve it, and as I was behindhand with mine we had the place all to ourselves for some weeks after the rest were gone.' Unfortunately, the technique of fresco painting was then little understood in England, the artists employed in this instance were all young and inexperienced, the walls on which they worked were new and not properly prepared—not even flattened. The tempera process adopted was little more than water-colour painting, and the pictures ere long flaked off, becoming first a phantom of what they had been, then a mere confused blur of fading colour.

Stanhope's work withstood the obliteration of time better than the frescoes of his colleagues, but the glory has died from both colour and form, and to-day, trying to trace the all but vanished production of those once eager workers, one cannot help picturing the busy group who worked upon it—Burne-Jones with his mirth-loving nature, Stanhope with his handsome person and ready wit, Rossetti with his gorgeous fancies, and a brilliant young undergraduate who came to watch and to jest with the workers—Algernon Charles Swinburne. And one thinks—the pity of it!—with what completeness has also vanished the laughter, the dreams, the young enthusiasm which went to the creation of that dead work.

'What fun we had in that Union! What jokes! What roars of laughter!' writes Mr. Prinsep. For even the very jests in which they indulged were, in sheer foolishness, but part of the young life in them which would not be denied. Stanhope used to relate how Burne-Jones, posing one day for a colleague at the foot of a ladder, dressed as a medieval knight, arrested the attention of his companions. Something in the heroic attitude of the knight and his complete absorption in the character he was personating stirred their merriment. One of them made a significant gesture to Stanhope, the temptation was irresistible, promptly from Stanhope's hands there descended upon the romantic model a bucketful of dirty water, drenching his gorgeous clothes and bringing him back with a rude shock to the present. It was typical of Burne-Jones that no one laughed more heartily at his own discomfiture than did he himself.

Bitten with the cult of Medievalism, the workers lived in the life which they were striving to portray. They affected it in their speech, in their mannerisms, when practicable in their dress. On

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one occasion Morris laboriously and with considerable ingenuity fashioned for himself a complete suit of chain armour. His friends admiringly helped him into it, and with some difficulty induced it to meet round his ample frame. The effect exceeded Morris' expectations, and for a time he strode about in his new equipment, exceedingly pleased with it, until, finding it rather tight, he desired to remove it. Then arose a difficulty. Burne-Jones pulled, Stanhope pulled, Rossetti pulled, but without result. The overstrained links had interlaced, and clung obstinately together. The medieval knight panted piteously in his wire cage, while his friends feared it would be necessary to file the metal in order to save him from suffocation. Fortunately, however, the links gave way in time to avoid disaster, and Morris issued from his instrument of torture, minded for the future to be content with the less picturesque but more agreeable raiment of modern days.

This was not the only occasion, however, when Morris' somewhat unwieldy proportions furnished food for merriment to his fellow-workers. It appears that he was exceedingly perturbed at his tendency to grow stout, and was in the habit of constantly measuring himself to ascertain whether he had or had not put on flesh since the last similar investigation. Stanhope and Burne-Jones, aware of this weakness, one night after he had gone to bed stole his waistcoat, and laboriously sewed a big tuck up the back. They then quietly restored it to his room, and in the morning, stationed outside his door, they awaited developments. These were soon apparent, for when Morris discovered that his waistcoat would no longer meet by two inches, and concluded that in *one night* he had increased so alarmingly in size, the vigour of the language in which he indulged far surpassed all the expectations of the delighted conspirators.

Yet the men who with serious work could mingle the spirit of a merry schoolboy were none the less greatly in earnest. That light-hearted fraternity of eager strivers was already rousing comment. People scoffed at their extravagant new School of Art, incomprehensible, yet compelling. It warred with all the preconceived standards of that age, it was surely ridiculous, yet it held and stirred—those restful mellow tints, that wealth of strange colour, that haunting grace of form, that mystic blending of Poetry and Art. The pre-Raphaelites were mad, so their contemporaries said, but they were at least arresting. Prophets of a new creed are apt to meet with rough handling, but the early Victorians merely mocked. They were amused, yet they looked; and, looking, by and by they learnt.

Stanhope's connexion with the pre-Raphaelite movement was no doubt cemented by his work at the Union; and perhaps to this too, in some measure, may also be due his subsequent preference for painting in tempera, the early Italian system of using as a medium the yolk of eggs, a method laborious in the extreme, and which requires the most

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delicate care and patience, but of which he was one of the first pioneers in England, and in which he produced his most striking results of colour. Although he sympathised with, he never associated himself with the designing of artistic furniture or house decoration, which was originated by Holman Hunt and others of the fraternity before Morris more particularly identified himself with it; yet he took a keen interest in the attempt, and in one of his early pictures is introduced a chair of quaint design which had been planned by Holman Hunt, from whom it was then borrowed, and in whose possession it still exists.

Meanwhile, one summer, Stanhope went abroad with Watts, to devote himself to the study of the early Florentine painters; and later, both Watts and Stanhope went with the expedition to Halicarnassus under Newton of the British Museum. In the winter of 1856 Stanhope writes from Rome:

> The other day I tried, by way of an experiment, a fresh kind of canvas, which is, in reality, nothing but prepared calico. Watts used it always; but I have been afraid to try it as yet, as it is so fine I was frightened of getting into a muddle. However, I find that I can paint ten times better on it than on anything else that I have tried, and I can give what my pictures so much want, finish and delicacy. My other studies look very bad by the things that I have done on this new stuff, so much so, that I shall try to paint fresh ones of some of the finest heads.
>
> The more I see of Art, the more convinced I am that Watts is a very great man, and one of the first of his age. . . .

Of the year 1859, three years after the date of this letter, Holman Hunt relates the following story:

Debarred by their work from taking active exercise during the day, he and Val. Prinsep used to go to a boxing-master in the evening to have a little invigorating sparring. One evening Stanhope accompanied them and watched their match with keen interest, criticising their performance meanwhile rather freely, and pointing out to them every mistake they made in a manner which rather nettled them. 'Why don't you put on the gloves, sir, and have a turn yourself?' urged the master, and they seconded his suggestion, but Stanhope excused himself firmly, saying that that evening he did not want to spar. A second round took place, and again Stanhope expressed his criticism, till finally Holman Hunt threw down the gloves and told him that, since he knew so well how the thing ought to be done, he had better give them a practical illustration. With obvious reluctance Stanhope accepted the challenge, but before he had had a couple of rounds, Val. Prinsep, who had been put upon his mettle, gave him a violent blow in the eye. This swelled up, and Stanhope appeared greatly perturbed at the accident. Holman Hunt and Val. Prinsep were that night returning to dine with him in Harley Street, and *en route*, at intervals, the victim of Prinsep's prowess paused under the gas-lamps and begged his friends to examine the damaged eye and

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tell him if it was likely to swell much, or to turn very black. Arrived at home, he at once consulted the butler anxiously on the same subject, and by advice of the latter put raw meat upon the bruise; but not content with this, he sent for a hand-glass, and throughout the evening kept lifting the raw meat to inspect dolefully the progress of discolouration and swelling.

'Why are you so deadly anxious about your appearance?' questioned Holman Hunt, mystified at such an unwonted display of vanity. 'Oh, you see,' replied Stanhope gravely, 'the policeman at the corner has till now always looked upon me as the very pink of propriety, and at last I shall forfeit his good opinion!' It was not till afterwards that Stanhope's friends learnt that he had contemplated proposing to his future wife on the morning following that unlucky boxing-match, and that the black eye had been bestowed at a singularly inopportune moment!

Despite this *contretemps*, however, that year Stanhope married Elizabeth, the daughter of John James King, Esquire, and widow of Captain Dawson. Subsequently he lived for some time at Cobham, in a house built for him by Mr. Philip Webb. There, in 1863, Burne-Jones visited him, and the two painters worked together and discussed the future of Art with renewed optimism. The keen sense of humour which characterised each was a link between them which never slackened. 'They were always very happy together,' writes Lady Burne-Jones; 'and who can forget Mr. Stanhope's laugh who had once heard it? Most things at which other people grumbled made him laugh. He remained a boy at heart so long as I knew him. He would come into the studio at The Grange sometimes after hours of acute suffering, and with a jest tell how he had "nearly died in the night," yet seeming perfectly happy, working and laughing. . . . My husband, together with many others, considered his gift of colour transcendent, and said that men would be born, one after another, who would rejoice in it.'

'His colour is beyond anything the finest in Europe,' Burne-Jones had stated early in life; 'an extraordinary turn for landscape he had, too—quite individual. Rossetti was in a perfect state of enthusiasm about it—that was how he got to know him.' And Burne-Jones ungrudgingly remarked that that same rare gift developed by Stanhope had influenced his own appreciation for richer and less sombre tints than he was naturally disposed to adopt. Moreover, that verdict which he pronounced at the beginning of his career he confirmed with almost his latest breath. On the last day of his life he had a conversation with Stanhope's niece, Miss Freda Spencer-Stanhope, which she immediately transcribed in her diary. In this he dwelt on the fact how a genius for colour and a vivid imagination can only with extreme difficulty be made subordinate to accuracy of detail, and may be crippled in the attempt. 'Stanhope,' he

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concluded, 'is the greatest colourist of the century. If he had but studied drawing more, what a great artist he would have been! But accuracy of technique never goes together with great colourists and great draughtsmen. I always let the drawing go! You only want an outline to hold your colour.'

Meanwhile, to the Academy of 1859 Stanhope sent *Lynmouth, North Devon*, and his first picture, *Thoughts of the Past*. In 1864 he completed his picture, *I have Trodden the Winepress alone*, perhaps the finest work he ever executed. This has been compared to Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, but the resemblance which critics profess to discover between the two is disclaimed by Holman Hunt himself; and Stanhope's picture, though not finished till many years after Holman Hunt's masterpiece, was actually conceived and designed many years previous to it, and at a time when Stanhope was far removed from the influence of its painter. It was during a visit to Varennes in his youth that, watching the treading of the wine-press by the French peasants, he evolved this design, which he did not complete till the year of Watts' marriage, when, as he was working at it in Watts' studio, Ellen Terry, the bride, came into the room and placed herself in the attitude represented by the figure in the picture.

Fourteen other pictures, which it is impossible to mention in detail, were subsequently executed by Stanhope, who also painted the fine frescoes in the Chapel of Marlborough College, Wiltshire. Every year after the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery he was an exhibitor there. During these years he had various homes, being eventually driven from each by a capricious visitation of his old complaint. For some time he was at Hill House, in Yorkshire, near his old home; and to this house, which was little better than a farm when he took it, he soon gave an air of picturesqueness that it had lacked, while a bare field on a sloping hillside before it he transformed into a charming medieval garden, intersected by quaint walks between tall box hedges and clipped yews.

There he passed some years, steadily working in a studio attached to the house; and for a time, also, he lived at Campden House and Lancaster Lodge in London, two houses which he made into one delightful whole. At this latter place Burne-Jones, who often worked with him, painted his famous *Love among the Ruins*, and there, too, narrowly escaped a sudden death, for, as he was leaving the house one day, a tree fell, crashing across the spot which he had but that instant quitted. In 1880, however, the stress of Stanhope's complaint drove him abroad for relief, and he finally took up his abode on the hills above Florence. Villa Nuti, the ancient and historic house which he purchased there, had formerly belonged to Prince Strozzi; and still, where they had hung for many generations, red-robed Cardinals and old-world Princes made a splash of colour against its grey stone walls. High up on Bellosguardo its windows looked out on Monte Morello

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and the Vallombrosan hills, faintly purple against an Italian sky. Below lay outstretched the great Vale of the Arno, with the domes and spires of Florence piercing the sunshine, and the music of that city of bells eternally in the air. The nearest villa, slightly higher upon the hill, was that where the Brownings had once lived and worked; and whence, looking out upon that same view, Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote her wonderful description of

> That valley of Arno (holding as a hand
> The outspread city).

'Yesterday,' wrote Burne-Jones to his little son from Florence in the year 1873, 'I walked up a hill to see Mr. Stanhope, who has a pretty house that looks all over Florence, and you go up to it by a long wall of roses in full flower showing over the top, and trees that you have never seen the like of all over the country, and there are Apennine mountains at the back.' Villa Nuti, indeed, both within and without, was calculated to appeal to the fancy of an artist. Before long Stanhope bought the *Podere* adjoining it, which with its vineyards and olive-trees furnished wine and oil for his table; and gradually, as he became, perhaps, more reconciled to his enforced exile, his Italian home, beneath his supervision, grew transformed. In rooms which, by reason of their height and proportion, lent themselves to artistic decoration a gorgeous scheme of colour prevailed; stencilled walls, rich brocaded hangings, pictures glowing with the vivid tones of the tempera painting which he loved, all combined to produce a whole of rare charm; the most striking items of which were two clocks and a cabinet of his own decorating, masterpieces in colour and design, with their radiant dancing figures and hues of blue and gold.

His villa became the rendezvous for all who visited the city, or who lived there, amongst the latter being his niece, Evelyn De Morgan, also a prominent artist, and her husband, William De Morgan, whose name as a designer of *faïence* wars with his name as a writer of novels. There, too, as guests came many of Stanhope's old friends besides Burne-Jones—Holman Hunt, Morris, Alfred Austin, G. F. Bodley, the architect, often his coadjutor in ecclesiastical decoration, and others of whom space will not permit a mention, but who again and again visited him, certain of a warm welcome in a house where, according to the best traditions of its owner, each man was received on his own merits.

Meanwhile Stanhope's brush was never idle. Apart from the work which he did voluntarily for the English Church in Florence, supplementing this with a liberality that requires no comment, in his studio, to which he went daily, picture after picture shaped itself and grew from his fertile brain. In a preface to the catalogue of the loan exhibition Mr. De Morgan points out that this range of work extended over a period of nearly sixty years. 'Such an untiring devotion,

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adds Mr. De Morgan, 'to a laborious and often disappointing occupation, prolonged through so many years, against the discouragement of a terrible physical affliction, and not practised under the stimulus of any necessity, can hardly be accounted for by the catchwords commonly employed in suchlike cases.' Stanhope, in truth, was no trifler, no mere dilettante in his labour; he strove with Art for Art's sake, and if his love of retirement militated against his celebrity, it never slackened his absorption in an ideal, as disinterested as it was whole-souled.

It is possible that after his life in Italy the influence of the southern atmosphere gave to his work a greater brilliance, a finer translucence. In the grouping, for instance, of his large canvas, *The Waters of Lethe*, with its keen and sombre suggestion of pain and pathos, there is yet a blending of joyous colour which bespeaks the clarity of an Italian clime. In other of his works the contrary is visible—in the dull rich tones of *My Lady of the Water-gate*, with its hint of medieval romance; in the tragic and majestically divine figure of *The Winepress*, before mentioned, and in the dun colouring and restful charm of *The Mill*, beloved by Watts. In these we seem to trace an atmospheric influence apart from his later pictures, where the roses and cypresses of the South replace the russet and green of an English scene; where little pink-winged loves—surely Florentine in their very essence—sport among olive trees blue against an amethyst sky; where Quattrocento angels with passionless faces are defined in a glory of gold and rose. The poetry of Italy had entered into a mind attuned to it, and the clear light of the South blended itself with the radiance of his dreams.

And what of the name which he was meanwhile fashioning for posterity, and which must now stand the searchlight of criticism?

Stanhope must be regarded primarily as a unit of a great whole, a supporter of a movement which was epoch-making in the latter-day history of Art, and far-reaching in its issues. Previous to the formation of that so-called pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as we have seen, the spirit of idealism in England was practically extinct—the ugliness of that early Victorian era has become a byword. Into the lethargy of that age, into its dead idealism, these men brought the glow of their revivifying enthusiasm, the purity of a lofty inspiration. Against its petty conventions they tilted with their buoyant youth. Mentally and socially we owe to them a revolution which has made the world more beautiful, more healthful for us who came after. The men of their day might at first refuse to take seriously the dreams of the Brotherhood; the men of our day, in a temporary reaction towards a cruder ideal in Art, may strive to minimise the achievements of those pioneers, but to their life-work alone do we owe it that Art is still a living and a beloved force among us, while that influence has extended into channels which, though curiously divergent from their source, yet owe to it their very existence.

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Of Stanhope as an individual artist it is more difficult to assign the just status.

He, it must again be emphasised, lived in an age which produced also a Watts, a Rossetti, a Millais, a Holman Hunt, and a Burne-Jones. These men were his associates, his fellow-workers, his fellow-dreamers, the train of his thought flowed and mingled in the channel where flowed theirs. Partly from choice, partly owing to the handicap of health, he spent his life in a quiet backwater of existence, unlike theirs, in the full light of publicity. It was perhaps inevitable that as his fame is overshadowed by the fame of these his friends, so should the influence of their personality be said to overshadow his work. It is noticeable that wherever there can be traced a similarity of aim and expression in those of a profession, at once the parrot-cry is raised that he who is less known to fame is but a copyist of him who stands more prominently in the world's ken. 'Stanhope was not an originator, he was an imitator,' complain certain critics, and because Burne-Jones was Stanhope's lifelong friend, and because the same ideal actuated both, in Stanhope's work, wherein these critics have already laboriously traced the influence of all his contemporaries, they finally discover a replica of Burne-Jones.

It may at once be said that men who, for a moment, seriously maintain such a statement, show not only a lack of perception but of knowledge. It is true that a similar ideal appealed to both Burne-Jones and Stanhope, but the work of the former is essentially Greek in character, that of the latter is Florentine. It requires but a superficial knowledge of Art to appreciate the divergence between the two. Equally obvious is it that in Art, as in Literature, throughout the ages, the breath of inspiration has resulted in a certain phase of thought obtaining during a certain period, and during that period enfolding all who came within its scope. Those who in a bygone age have breathed the inspiration of their day from some quiet byway of life, have not therefore been accounted a mere reflex of those who stood in the highway. Rather was each man held to be the individual expression of the *Zeitgeist* which obtained during the age wherein he lived.

Against this it may be argued that, in our own times, the same decade has produced men so at variance in achievement as a Millais and a Burne-Jones. But while again and yet again we may trace how a similar breath of inspiration during a similar epoch swept over and absorbed each member of that linked band of workers, we see, all the more strikingly, how its influence, vented diversely by all, was imitative in none.

And to all who can read the man in his Art, Stanhope's work is essentially illustrative of his peculiar individuality. Varying phases of thought may assail him, but, to those who knew him, the rare personality, which charmed all who came under its influence when living, breathes still in his glowing canvas. He may echo the music

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sung by kindred souls, he may interpret the Zeitgeist of his age, but the stamp of a unique personality dominates each mood, its expression is full of a witchery all his own. And, above all things, he is sincere. A conscientious striver after an imagery as pure as it is bewitching, to the last he was the interpreter of a lofty ideal. His colouring may have exceeded his accuracy of technique; his faults may have been the faults of a man who expends the force which is within him upon one talent to the detriment of another. But the ephemeral school of the Impressionist, which, under the trickery of a name, now hoodwinks an ignorant public to its crudeness of outline, its absence of grace, of poetry—its impertinent flouting of even the rudimentary elements of drawing—had no part in Stanhope's creed.

Among the criticisms which appeared upon his work this year was an article, the writer of which showed an insight into the mind he reviewed that bespoke an unusual affinity of outlook. The keynote of his comment was struck in the title with which he headed it—'A Painter of Dreams.' In these words were epitomised the essence of Stanhope's work, the trend of his strivings and his hold on the mind of posterity. From that still back-water of life where he dwelt he sent to the world without his voiceless poems. His pictures breathe the quietude of the recluse; there is about them a curious restfulness. They are like music which sings in the silence. Where they meet with a brain attuned to their fantasy, they can grip the imagination with a vigour all their own; but in their strange beauty there is no straining after effect, no appealing to the appreciation of the multitude. The world into which he transports us is the world which the pre-Raphaelites visioned, it has the daintiness of a fairy tale, the mysticism of an idyll, and it has the unfettered originality of a mind saturated with the joy of its own imaginings. 'Men will be born one after another who will rejoice in it,' pronounced his great contemporary; and no matter what genius may arise out of the mists of futurity, the glory of Stanhope's colouring, the rare magic of his inspiration will remain unique and supreme. From the days of his dawning enthusiasm to that summer morning on Saturday, the 2nd of August 1908, when he laid down his brush for the last time, he was eternally a Painter of Dreams—and the world is richer for his dreaming.

Thus he lived and worked even to that last day of his life. On that final day of labour he finished a large canvas, *The Plagues of Egypt*, at which he had been painting for many months. He spent the remainder of the day as usual, but in the evening he complained of being tired and went early to rest. He slept; and when Sunday morning dawned they knew that his sleep had deepened. His life was closed, as it had been passed, in a world of dreams.

A. M. W. STIRLING.

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THE 'SLUMP' IN MODERN ART

I AM afraid there is no doubt about it—I have the misfortune to belong to a decaying profession.

It is true that more pictures are produced now than ever before in the history of the world, but every year there seem to be fewer people found to buy them. The painting of pictures will always persist as a delightful occupation, but no profession can be said to be flourishing which is not on a sound money basis. From the point of view of the artist, this money basis is of supreme importance; after all we have to live. (I hope no one will be unkind enough to remark that he does not see the necessity.) What makes this state of things the more distressing is that large sums are still spent on pictures, but almost exclusively on the works of deceased painters. That this shows that the art of painting still meets with some appreciation is but a poor consolation to us who are not yet deceased, and indeed are struggling hard to keep alive.

The great problem set before the modern artist is how to divert this golden stream into what he regards as its legitimate channel, *i.e.* his own pockets.

Various devices have been suggested for this purpose, amongst others the one adopted recently by the Royal Academy—that of substituting for their usual winter exhibition of old masters a collection of modern works. This particular device has met with much hostility in the Press—an hostility to my mind quite undeserved, as the exhibition was one of exceptional interest and should have been welcomed by every genuine lover of pictures; but I am afraid it had but little effect on the picture-buying public.

Then there are all sorts of societies continually being formed with a view to promoting the interests of artists, amongst others a gigantic scheme for a society which will include all existing ones and will band the artistic world together in one last struggle with a hostile Press and an indifferent public.

From all these endeavours I derive but little hope, but I have a pet scheme of my own which I think goes to the root of the matter.

It is, stated briefly (and very crudely), that artists should endeavour to paint pictures which the public will want to buy.

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Of course this statement will at once evoke a howl of indignation. 'What?' it will be said. 'You want artists to pander to the depraved taste of the public?'

My answer is that I do not believe that the taste of the public is a whit more depraved than the taste of the average modern artist. I am inclined to think that it is less so, and I am quite certain that it is much less depraved than the taste of the average modern critic.

The fact is that artists and art-critics are surfeited with art. There are so many exhibitions—far too many—and they all contain too many works, and we feel bound to see them all—the critics because they have to do so, and the artists because they want to see what the other men are doing.

Naturally the poor critics get the most acute indigestion from this Gargantuan feast; wholesome victuals become to them an abomination, nothing but the spiciest and most bizarre morsels will tickle their jaded palates.

The artists, too, get sick of pictures—they must have novelty to be in any way interested. Some new method of handling their material, some ingenious and extremely inconvenient way of putting on paint, is what chiefly rouses their enthusiasm. They are always talking of work which they do not like as being 'Vieux jeu,' or some such contemptuous phrase, without pausing to consider whether the old game may not be better than the new one.

It is all very natural, but it does not make for sound judgment.

The public fortunately is much less liable to this indigestion; it does not frequent exhibitions nearly as much and it often has the sense to go away when it has had enough of them, so it still retains a certain appetite for plain and wholesome artistic food.

The mischief of it all is that an ever-widening gap is thus created between the artists and the public—a gap that the critics only succeed in widening still more by endeavouring to cram down our throats the works of the most extravagant section of the painters. They are continually telling the public that the kind of work for which it has a natural liking is too shocking for words, and that what it ought to admire is the stuff from which the natural man turns in loathing. So the poor public, too modest to judge for itself, and too wholesome to swallow the sort of fare recommended by the critics, either turns away from art altogether or else falls back upon the old masters, for whom, at least, it can indulge its taste without being scolded for its philistine propensities. The public wants what the artists will not give it—at least, not those artists whom it finds most belauded in the Press.

Let us consider what it is the public wants.

In the first place it wants beauty—especially human beauty.

Is this so very wrong? Certainly most modern artists seem to think so.

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There have been 'fair women' exhibitions held recently that positively made one shudder. The New English Art Club and the International Society seem to revel in the most gruesome presentations of humanity. Even the Academy is following suit. Indeed, the Academy is almost morbidly sensitive to what is called the modern movement. It has a quite unfounded fear of being thought antiquated and unprogressive.

Of course, the desire of the public for human beauty is liable to degenerate into a taste for mere trivial prettiness, but that is only the defect of the quality. I strongly maintain that a preference for the representation of a beautiful human being over that of an ugly one is eminently sound and wholesome.

Then the public likes a certain measure of finish. The natural man cannot understand coarse work; he hates rough blobs of paint and handling so loose that to see its effect one has to stand away the whole length of a room. He likes to look at pictures at a comfortable distance—even to look into them at times.

It should be remembered even by those critics who blame him most severely for this tendency that his rooms are not usually very big, and that it is extremely disappointing to see in a small private house a picture that has been painted exclusively to produce an effect in a large public gallery.

Also the natural man likes detail; having an unaffected love of nature he enjoys careful painting of even the subordinate parts of a picture. It worries him to have costumes and accessories merely indicated. I need scarcely point out how seldom the modern artist gratifies his taste in this respect.

No doubt the public often carries this love of detail too far; it is so pleased with the elaboration of trivialities that it forgives the scamping of essentials, such as the general truth of proportion and of light and shade. It was as a protest against this habit of losing sight of the wood by looking at the trees that impressionism arose. It has had its uses, but surely the protest has gone far enough. May we not look a little at the trees again?

Surely this love of detail is quite wholesome. How charming can be the play of light and colour on quite common things! And if these common things are charming in real life, why should it not be worth while to paint them carefully? Again, the delight in landscape to most people is largely dependent on the beautiful delicacy and intricacy of form and colour that are so characteristic of all vegetation. How can these delicate forms be adequately rendered by blotches and smears? Even if the blotches are true in tone and colour they must fail to render a great deal of the charm of nature. I am sometimes inclined to think that the one person who has no reverence for nature is the modern artist.

And this brings me to the fourth requirement of the natural man,

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and that is a certain simple realism. He likes things in a picture to look to him more or less as they look in real life. He is not at all anxious to have them changed into something rich and strange in their passage through the personality of the artist—to tell the truth, he cares very little for the personality of the artist; he prefers his representation of nature simple and unadulterated.

Here, again, I am a good deal in sympathy with the vulgar public. I think that except in the case of a genius (and artists of real genius are very rare) this personal element is a good deal overdone. I maintain that a somewhat humble attitude towards nature is mostly a becoming one for us painters; at any rate, by adopting it we should please the public more than by letting our not always interesting personalities sprawl at large over the fair field of nature.

There is another point. We are so bent on making our works conspicuous at exhibitions that we paint them much too big. Of course this has a bad effect on sales. People with moderate-sized rooms do not want big pictures, or, if they do buy them, their rooms soon get filled up and they want no more.

I have been a bad offender myself in this respect. I like painting large pictures; but it is a vulgar liking, and I will endeavour to correct it.

Lastly, the public likes cheerful pictures—at least, as permanent possessions.

Here, also, I have been at fault. I have an unfortunate hankering after domestic tragedy. Subjects of this kind interest me, and I think they also interest the public, but the public, alas! does not in the least want to buy them.

I cannot blame the public. I am all in favour of cheerfulness, except in my art. I think people are quite right to prefer to live with cheerful pictures, only, as it happens, I do not want to paint them.

To sum up: the public would buy modern pictures if they were less ugly, less coarsely painted, less weirdly unlike nature, less dismal, and, above all, if they were smaller. It is surely possible to paint pictures which would fulfil these requirements without any sacrifice of artistic conscience. I should like to urge my brother-artists to see how far they can go on the road of concession.

And I should like to urge all people who care for pictures to have the courage of their likes and dislikes. They are no doubt far from infallible; they may mistake sentimentality for sentiment, prettiness for beauty, smoothness for finish, trickiness for truth to nature, but their errors are not likely to be as vital as those of the poor bored and surfeited critics, who have hardly a wholesome taste left—and small blame to them.

Against one prevalent vice of modern criticism should they be especially on their guard.

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Every picture should be considered on its merits. The sole question to be asked about it is whether it is good or bad. Whether it is painted in an old or a new style is quite irrelevant. If a critic talks of a picture being old-fashioned and condemns it as such, never listen to him again.

There should be no question of fashion in art. A new method may be a good one, although it is a little difficult to invent better methods than those used by the great Masters; but it is not good because it is new, nor is a method bad because it is old. Nor should the public pay too much heed to the opinion of the artistic world. There is, unfortunately, a great deal of mere fashion even amongst artists. We also are bored and surfeited, so novelty and eccentricity have an undue charm for us.

No, people who really love pictures must think for themselves. They should study the acknowledged masterpieces of the great painters and so build up a standard by which they can judge sanely of modern art; and, above all, let them keep their wholesome love of nature and let them mistrust profoundly all those works which most widely depart from it.

JOHN COLLIER.

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THE MISSING ESSENTIALS IN ECONOMIC SCIENCE

THIRD ARTICLE

I

In the two preceding articles of this series the following points were elucidated :—

(1) The root principles or assumptions on which Socialism based itself as it developed into something which purported to be a scientific theory, and which took the form of a critique of the capitalistic system of to-day, entirely ignore or exclude the central and vital factor to which alone that system owes its efficiency, its development, and its continuance. The theory here in question—namely, that elaborated by Marx—according to which the wage-paid labour of the modern world is the sole human agency concerned in the production of modern wealth, offers no explanation whatever of what all Socialists admit to be the unique result by which capitalism, as a productive system, has been distinguished from all systems that the world has ever known before—namely, the enormous increase of wealth which has resulted from and kept pace with its establishment.

(2) The real cause of this increase is the fact that modern capitalism, with its division between employer and employed, is, in its distinguishing essence, not, as Marx declared it to be, a mere separation of the labourer from capital or the instruments of labour, but a division much more profound—a division of productive effort, new not indeed in kind, but in its completeness ; manual effort or labour being allotted to one class of men, and the business of directing this labour to another class, small and separate, and specially gifted in point of knowledge, talent, and energy.

(3) The error of Marx in failing to recognise this fact did not originate with himself. He derived it from the economists who are commonly called ' orthodox,' and of whom Mill in this country is the most widely known representative.

In the present article we will put the foregoing criticisms to a more exact test by applying them to a problem on which we have already touched in passing—namely, the specific problem of value as expounded both by Marx, the Socialist, and the orthodox economists

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such as Mill, who are generally regarded as the spokesmen and the apologists of capitalism.

II

In any state of society, says Mill, in which production and consumption depend prevalently on the processes of purchase and sale, 'the question of value is fundamental. The smallest error on that subject infects with corresponding error all our other conclusions; and anything vague or misty in our conception of it creates confusion and uncertainty in everything else.' Marx might have taken these words as his motto. They indicate the course of his whole train of reasoning. Let us consider briefly why the question of value possesses this special importance.

Most people—even those who have given little attention to economics—know what, in its economic sense, the word 'value' means. It does not mean value as estimated by the moralist, the artist, or the philosopher. When the economist says that a commodity possesses such and such a value, he means its exchange value, or the amount of other commodities which the people who produce or possess these will give for it. And the reason why, in civilised societies generally, the value of any one commodity is thus measured in terms of others, is as follows. Quite apart from that special division of effort, comparatively recent, which has been here exhibited as the secret of modern capitalism, the economic progress of the world, as everyone is sufficiently aware, has been accompanied by and depends on a growing division of industries. Hence it comes about that each group of workers produces some commodity of which they themselves consume only a fraction, the larger portion of their output being to them absolutely useless except for the purpose of handing it over to their neighbours, and getting from their neighbours a variety of other products in return. And this arrangement, which arises spontaneously even in societies of the most primitive kind, becomes, as civilisation advances, more and more complete.

Such being the case, then, the question for each producer in the modern world, so far as his own wealth is concerned, is the question of what regulates the amount of other men's products which other men will give him for such and such an amount of his own.

The answer to this question given by Marx is, that commodities interchange in proportion to the amount of labour embodied in them—or, to speak more precisely, in proportion to the amount of labour required on an average to produce them in the existing stage of the arts and implements of production. Here we see the meaning of his doctrine that labour produces all wealth. It means that labour is the measure of all values. It is from this doctrine of value, seemingly so innocuous, that Marx deduces his whole gospel of revolutionary Socialism. If labour produces all values, the labourers—*i.e.* the

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classes who at present subsist on wages—ought to receive all values. We will come back to the argument of Marx presently; but first let me show the reader that this theory of value is neither more nor less than a reproduction of that of Mill, and of all those respectable economists who supply us with our economic text-books.

If we put aside, says Mill, that very small number of things 'which cannot be multiplied at pleasure' (such as pictures, rare wines, gems, &c., the value of which is determined solely by taste or fancy on the one hand, and the limits of supply on the other), the value of any commodity depends on 'cost of production,' or on what he calls its 'natural cost,' to which, in spite of momentary deviations, it must, he says, in the long run, conform. In short, the value of things, he proceeds, 'which can be increased in quantity at pleasure'—and the great bulk of commodities consists of such things as these—'does not depend (except accidentally, and during the time requisite for production to adjust itself to circumstances) on demand and supply. On the contrary, demand and supply depend on *it*.'

By this he means, as he goes on to explain, that if we take any article which is capable of indefinite multiplication—let us say a copy of a book—we may always assume that there will, on the part of the public, be *some abstract desire of an average intensity to possess* it; but this desire or this potential demand will only become efficient in proportion as the sacrifice which must be made in order to secure the book—that is to say, the price which the producer asks for it—is not so great as to counterbalance the pleasure anticipated from the possession of it. Thus, if it cannot be offered at less than ten guineas a copy, the buyers will be comparatively few, and the number of copies produced will be small. If it can be offered at a couple of shillings, the buyers will be comparatively many, and the number produced large. Thus demand and supply alike depend upon price, the price of each copy being another name for its value; and the price or value depends on cost of production, for it is obvious that no kind of article can be permanently supplied to the public if each specimen costs more to the vendor than the buyer will offer him in return for it.

And now, says Mill, we come to the final question, What is it that determines the cost of production itself? The cost of the production of a commodity, he answers, depends upon two things. The first of these is the amount of labour which is, under existing conditions, generally necessary to produce it; the cost, so far as labour is concerned, being the cost of the subsistence of the labourers, which subsistence, under the existing system of production, comes out of the pockets of an employer in the form of wages. But the gross cost of production does not consist of the wages of labour only. It comprises also the profits of the man by whom the wages are paid, or in other words the capitalist; and the origin and nature of these profits Mill explains as follows. The labourers, if left to themselves,

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could only support their lives by the sale of their products when finished and ready for the market. But the production of finished goods is generally a work of time; and the labourers have as a rule no store themselves of the things which they require meanwhile in order that they may be kept alive; for their custom is to consume these as fast as they have the means of buying them. Whenever, therefore, they are set to work at any new task of production, they must have the necessaries of existence, as Mill puts it, 'advanced' to them for weeks, months, and in many cases for years, before they have anything in the shape of finished products with which to pay for them; and the person who makes this advance is none other than the employing capitalist. But how is it that the capitalist has, and the labourers have not, the stock of consumable goods out of which the advance is made? The capitalist, says Mill, has this accumulated stock because he, unlike the labourers, instead of spending all his earnings in the past, has systematically saved a part of them; and the amount of these saved means of subsistence which he has to make over to the labourers whilst they are producing any given commodity, constitutes, so far as labour is concerned, the sole cost of producing that commodity. But if the value of the commodity when finished, or the price at which the capitalist sells it, did no more than cover the cost of the food and other necessaries which the capitalist has advanced to the labourers, he would be merely getting back again, after so many months or perhaps years, what he had when the transaction began. His saving would have brought no gain to him; and if saving brought no gain to the savers, no saving would take place, and consequently there would be no capital. Hence in order that capital may exist at all, the capitalist or saver must make a gain out of his saving somehow; and this gain, which is called his profits, can consist of one thing only—namely, some portion of the price received for the commodity when sold, which is over and above the cost of the commodities which he has advanced as wages. But how does this surplus value, which expresses itself as a portion of the price in excess of what has been paid to labour, arise? Mill's answer is that this surplus value or profit, although it is something over and above what labour receives, is really a deduction from what labour produces. '*The cause of profit,*' he says, '*is that labour produces more than is required for its support;*' and the substance of profit '*consists in the excess of produce above what the capitalist advances.*'

Let us now go back to Marx, and consider somewhat more in detail how the case is put by him. In order that our presentation of the Marxian doctrine may be a fair one, we will avail ourselves of the words of Mr. Hyndman, who has recently restated it as follows:—

From the moment the capitalist buys the raw material, &c., for the purpose of production to the time when he turns it out to the market for realisation into money again, plus an increment, there is only one thing which can possibly add

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to its value, and thus give him his profit. Labour-power alone can bring about this change, upon which the whole capitalistic system of production for profit depends. All other goods bought may change their shape in the course of production, but they cannot of themselves change their value. Labour-power effects this transformation because it is bought as a commodity, like other commodities . . . but, in the course of its functioning as a productive force, this special commodity, labour-power, embodies in merchandise or saleable goods more social labour-value than its cost in wages represents. This surplus value, therefore, arising out of the unpaid labour of the workers, provides the capitalist with his surplus value in the shape of goods for which he has paid no equivalent, and which he converts . . . into gross profit by exchange.

This, as the reader will see, is, so far as it goes, simply Mill's theory and that of all the orthodox economists stated over again in a somewhat more incisive form. Marx indeed altered the theory of his predecessors only by providing it with an historical framework, and by exhibiting the possession of the capital with which the capitalist starts as the result not of saving or abstinence, but of theft—a process which historical events made possible, and perhaps for a time inevitable.

Now, however absurd may be the supposition that all the increased wealth of the modern world can be explained by attributing it either to mere abstinence or to theft, it is equally absurd to suppose that a succession of eminent thinkers could have formulated a theory which leads to such a conclusion, and that this theory could have met with such general acceptance, unless it embodied some element of indisputable truth; and in order to understand clearly how and why it is false, we must first realise clearly how far it is true. Mr. Hyndman's summary of the Marxian position will enable us to see at once what this element of truth is.

Mr. Hyndman starts with assuming certain raw materials, which possess a value determined by the labour involved in producing them, and expressed by the market price at which they happen to be purchasable. These, to take a concrete case, possess a value of, let us say, 4*l*. A purchaser buys them at that price from the producer, and could presumably, unless they deteriorated by being kept, sell them to another purchaser for precisely the same sum; but the crucial point on which Mr. Hyndman insists is that, if they remained unchanged, *they could not be sold for more.* In other words, there could be no enhancement of their value. Now thus far (certain special cases excepted), Mr. Hyndman is absolutely correct. We can see that he is so by taking a very simple example. The raw material in question is, we will say, an ounce of gold. If B. buys an ounce of gold from A., and having hidden it for a year in a box, offers it for sale to C., its value will be still 4*l*., and C. will give him 4*l*. for it; but nobody in his senses will give him a shilling more. Similarly, if a man spend 4*l*. on a canvas, brushes, and so many tubes of pigments, he cannot increase their value by leaving them untouched in a studio. The gold and the

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painter's materials can be increased in value only by having some work done on them—the gold by being fashioned into a ring or some other ornament, the painter's materials by being used so as to make them form a picture.

And, apart from certain commodities such as wine, which do increase in value by the mere process of being kept, but which, whatever their importance, we will here set aside, what is true of gold and pigments is true of commodities generally. No given materials can acquire any added value unless something is done to them by man which has not been done already; and if Mill, Marx, and Mr. Hyndman had declared that the only power which can accomplish this something is human 'effort,' there would be nothing to quarrel with in their theorem so far as we have yet considered it. But when they proceed to identify all effort with labour, and define labour as effort of that exclusive kind which is, under the existing system, bought 'as a commodity' by capitalists, and paid for or underpaid for in wages, the errors of their theory, as applied to existing conditions, begin.

As was pointed out in the first of this series of articles, in the primitive stages of society, and to a great extent up to comparatively recent times, labour, or the self-directed effort of the independent manual worker, was really the sole agency involved in the production of commodities—a fact illustrated by contempt for all the arts of production which was prevalent amongst the ruling and intellectual classes in the great civilised communities of the ancient and mediæval world. Such being the case, then, we may admit that the theory of value, founded on the assumption that labour is the one determining element, and that profits are an abstraction made rightly or wrongly from gross values of which labour is the sole creator, is true either wholly or largely with regard to societies whose industrial systems have differed from that which prevails to-day. It is, however, precisely as an analysis of value under this latter system—the system of modern capitalism—that the theory of Mill and Marx offers itself to the modern world; and what I shall now proceed to point out in detail is that, to whatever degree this theory may be true with regard to value under the industrial systems of the past, it so far fails to be true with regard to value in the modern world that it definitely ignores or denies the one essential factor by which industry in the modern world is, as a productive process, distinguished from industry in the past, and to which, in the way of material wealth, all the difference between the twentieth and the sixteenth century is due.

III

Let us go back to the beginning of things, and consider the root propositions on which the orthodox and the Marxian theories of value alike rest; and, stripping them clear of all accessory and irrelevant

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matter, ask ourselves how far, regarded as statements of fact, they correspond with the actualities of the system that prevails to-day. Bearing in mind that, according to both Mill and Marx, the distinctive feature of that system is the division of those connected with the process of production into two distinct classes—the employers who buy labour as a commodity, and the labourers by whom that commodity is sold—we shall find that the root propositions of Mill and Marx are these :

(1) The kind of productive effort which the capitalist employer buys—or, as Mr. Hyndman calls it, 'simple hand labour'—is the sole human agency by which materials are transfigured into commodities which are useful and possess value.

(2) The employer who buys this living force with wages is connected with the productive process solely by the act of buying. Just as in buying new wine he would leave it to mature by itself, so in buying labour he leaves it to 'function' by itself.

(3) Apart from this act of buying, the typical employer of to-day remains absolutely otiose, until labour, 'functioning' somehow—how, he does not inquire—at last presents him with a number of finished commodities, which he then sells for a sum twice, three times, or perhaps four times as great as that represented by the wages with which the labour was bought.

Now here we have three propositions on which, when once they have been clearly stated, the same criticism will be pronounced by every human being in his senses ; and this criticism is that, one and all of them, they are false. They are so obviously false, indeed, as applied to existing facts, that, if it were not for the eminence of the thinkers who have put them forward, they would be set aside as the mere ravings of a lunatic.

It will be enough for us here to deal with the second and the third, since the fallacy of the first repeats itself, and takes a clearer form, in these. These both assert that, so far as production is concerned, the part played by the modern capitalist employer consists solely in the buying of a certain peculiar commodity—namely, so much living labour-force, *considered as such, and not otherwise specialised* ; and to this assertion common knowledge and common sense reply that no capitalist employer, buying labour for productive purposes, does, ever did, or ever could buy it in this absurd and impossible way. No employer buys labour, considered merely as labour, any more than a purchaser of other commodities goes into a general store, hands to an attendant a cheque for a hundred pounds, and gives an order for a quantity of articles considered merely as articles. Even if an employer were to make so mad a demand of any labourers, he would be demanding a commodity which the labourers could not deliver. Labour-force, as a commodity bought, is a commodity which is not delivered until it begins to 'function,' or in other words, until

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the labourers begin to do something; and it is obvious that the labourers cannot begin to do anything until each is precisely instructed what it is that he has to do—how, and on what materials, his labour-force is to be exercised. Even if we take the kinds of labour to which the theory of Mill and Marx is least obviously inapplicable—such, for example, as pasting labels on match-boxes, which is prosecuted by the workers in their own homes without any outside supervision—the labour which is bought and supplied is not mere labour as such. If mere labour were all that the capitalist employer demanded and paid for, the labourers might just as well paste the labels on the walls of their rooms or on their own cheeks as upon the boxes. The labour which they are paid for, and which they supply, is of a strictly specified kind; it derives, moreover, its whole meaning and utility from the fact that it forms a part of a system of other labours strictly specified also, and so correlated as to constitute an organic whole; and the power by which these labours are thus prescribed and correlated does not reside in the persons of the employees who sell their labours. It resides in the person of the capitalist employer who buys them.

And if this is true of those kinds of simple labour which, when once their nature has been specified, are left to 'function' under the direction of the labourers themselves, and which under the modern system are the exceptions and not the rule, it is yet more obviously true of those industries which are typical of capitalism, and which constitute the overwhelming mass of the productive operations of to-day.

Let us take, for example, the case of a great ocean liner, or a steel bridge which is to be thrown across the Humber or the Mersey, or a submarine tunnel which is to connect France with England. Would Mill, or even Marx, have maintained that any one of these gigantic and elaborate tasks could be accomplished by merely getting together an army of mechanics or navvies, arranging to distribute amongst them every Saturday night an amount of 'saved' means of subsistence sufficient for the ensuing week, and leaving each member of these unfortunate multitudes to dig or hammer thenceforth at his own discretion? If ten thousand men were set down on the shore near Dover, and housed and fed for ten years out of the 'savings' of some employer—or, as Marx would have said, out of his previous thefts—and if this employer, besides 'advancing' to them their weekly means of subsistence, did nothing but inform them that they were to make a tunnel to Calais, can anyone suppose that such a tunnel would ever be made? Did the Parsons turbine engine come into existence merely because Mr. Parsons and others were enabled, by saving or otherwise, to pay wages to a certain number of mechanics who had previously been producing engines of a totally different type? One might as well suppose that Mill's *Principles of Political Economy* or Marx's treatise on Capital was explicable as the result of the simple purchase

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by the author of so many weeks' labour on the part of so many compositors, who might just as well, for anything that such an act of purchase would imply, have set up the Gospel of St. John as either of the works in question, or have merely arranged the types in an endless series of alphabets.

But it is needless to elaborate this point further. If Mill had been asked point-blank whether he really believed and contended that the increased productivity of industrial effort under capitalism, and the sustentation of this productivity when achieved, have been, and are still, due to nothing but the independent exertion of such labour as is to-day bought with wages, *plus* the savings which enable a minority of abstemious persons to 'advance' to the labourers their immediate means of subsistence, he would have been foremost in repelling the attribution of so nonsensical an opinion to himself. He would have pointed indignantly to various emphatic statements of his own, in the second chapter of his *Principles of Political Economy*, to the effect that the process 'of contriving an invention, such as the steam-engine, was as essential a part of production as that of the mechanics who built, and of the engineers who worked, the instrument'; and 'that no limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view, to the power of mere thought.' And in these passages, and in a large number of others, Mill does, it is true, exhibit a clear recognition of the fact that wage-paid labour on the one hand, and the mere act of paying wages on the other, are so far from constituting the sole factors in the industrial process under capitalism that they do not comprise or even suggest the factor which is most important. But such a recognition on his part is an occasional recognition only. The vital truth which he perceives and emphasises at intervals he wholly fails to incorporate in the main structure of his argument. In especial he accords to it no place whatever in his treatment of value under the capitalist system of production—in his treatment of that problem on which, so far as existing conditions are concerned, he declares that all other problems of practical economics depend.

It is so important that this point should be made clear, in order that we may realise the shortcomings of traditional economic science, that I will once more force it on the careful attention of the reader. Mill's theory of value—the theory of the whole orthodox school—depends (as all theories relating to the same problem must do) on a previous estimate of the forces—especially of the human forces—by which the various commodities possessing value are produced; and whatever other forces Mill may elsewhere occasionally recognise, the sole human force which, when dealing with value, he recognises as being in any true sense productive is labour, or that kind of effort which the capitalist buys with wages. The 'thought' of the great thinkers, and the 'contrivances' of the great inventors, 'to the importance of which,

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even in a purely productive and material point of view,' he declares, in scattered moments of insight, 'that no limit can be set,' disappear from his analysis altogether, not only in the sense that he omits to note that they produce anything, but in the sense that he definitely asserts that labour produces everything. All production, he says, is resolvable into one class of actions, namely, 'the putting physical objects in motion,' or 'the moving one thing to or from another,' or 'the checking them' if they are in movement already, so that they 'may be mutually acted on by their own internal forces.' This act, he says, human labour performs 'by means of muscular contraction, which creates a pressure on outward objects.' Human labour is the only agency which can perform it, and human labour can accomplish nothing else, this being the only operation 'which man's muscles are constructed for.' According, then, to this elaborate definition, this power of muscular contraction, which is common to all able-bodied men, is the only form of human effort which ever has been, or ever can be, involved in the production of wealth. Just as it alone produced the dug-out canoe of the savage, so, according to Mill's theory, it alone produces a *Mauretania* or a *Dreadnought*. The artisan who works to-day on one of these colossal structures differs from the savage on the banks of some prehistoric river only in the fact that, whereas the latter, when engaged on his canoe, had to stop from time to time to catch a fish for his dinner or breakfast, the former has his meals advanced to him out of the savings of somebody else.

One might well be tempted to ask whether the force of folly could go further; and yet the whole body of orthodox economic theory has hitherto been vitiated by the presence of this degrading ineptitude. The question, then, naturally arises of how men like Mill and Ricardo, and we may add men like Marx, could have become the systematic exponents of an error so gross and obvious; and the expositor of Marx, Mr. Hyndman, has often unconsciously supplied us with the only possible answer.

In order to lend authority to the Marxian theory of production, Mr. Hyndman has again and again boasted that, instead of being the modern invention of a paradoxical social agitator, it is simply the development of the theory formulated and held unanimously by all the economists who preceded him, from Mill, Ricardo, and Adam Smith back to Bellers and Petty—'old Bellers' and 'old Petty' as he calls them—who laid the foundations of economic science in the reign of Charles the Second. 'Old Bellers and old Petty,' he says, were no less uncompromising than Marx in laying it down as a fundamental proposition of this science that, apart from the forces and materials supplied by Nature, labour alone is the creator of all economic wealth. And Mr. Hyndman is here asserting nothing more than the truth. The doctrine of production which Mill and Marx enunciated in the nineteenth century is, in its essentials, merely a

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repetition of that which 'old Bellers and old Petty' had enunciated in the latter half of the seventeenth. But the inference which common sense will deduce from this admitted fact is something amusingly different from what Mr. Hyndman supposes. It is not that the doctrine of Mill and Marx is true: it is that this doctrine is now entirely obsolete. If Bellers or Sir William Petty had written a treatise on the transmission of mails, he would have laid it down as a primary and self-evident proposition that the available transmitting powers were solely those of post-horses and post-boys. Had he written a treatise on the textile industries of England he would have confined himself to the operations of the isolated hand-loom weavers of whom Silas Marner was a survival. But if anyone affecting to describe the England that exists to-day, with its mail trains and the steam-driven mechanisms of its factories, were to bespeak our confidence in his description by declaring that it contained nothing in his account of it which was not to be found in descriptions of it in the days of Charles the Second, we should be perplexed by the folly of such a writer, but we should see at a glance the reason to which the errors of his work were due. With the orthodox economists and Marx the case is precisely similar. Their theory of production is founded on a doctrine with regard to labour which was true enough two hundred and fifty years ago, but which every economic change between the seventeenth century and the nineteenth has tended to render increasingly out of accord with fact. This course of change has been gradual; and here we have one of the reasons why Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill failed to grasp its nature, and modify the theories of 'old Bellers and old Petty' in accordance with it; but for this fact there is another reason also. Though labour has, under the modern system, not only ceased to be the sole productive agency, but, relatively to the total product, has also been constantly growing less and less important, it still remains the primary essential—the necessary datum in the absence of which nothing would be produced at all; and the enduring character of this basic fact has obscured the changed significance with which changes of circumstance have invested it. In the days of Bellers and Petty it was true in a general way to say that labour was the sole creator of wealth, because those 'contractions of muscle' which 'brought pressure to bear on outward objects' were then prevalently directed by the minds of the labourers themselves. Under these conditions the efficiency of labour was limited by the fact that the directing intelligence in the vast majority of cases was of a very ordinary and comparatively ineffectual kind, whilst in the case of the minority, the quality of whose minds was exceptional, its effects were confined to the operations of the hands of these men themselves. The distinctive feature of capitalism, as it exists to-day, consists in the withdrawal of the men of exceptional intellect from the business of performing or directing any labour of their own altogether, and the

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concentration of their powers on the direction of the labour of others, the result being that the mental capacities of the few, instead of being confined to the task of guiding their own muscles, lends its guidance to the muscular operations of the many, so that in moving 'portions of matter to and from one another' the least intelligent workman employed by a Watt, an Edison, or a Marconi does precisely what he would have done of his own free-will had he been gifted with the profoundest knowledge and the rarest genius himself.

As applied, then, to the existing system of production, the fundamental error which vitiates the theory of Mill and the orthodox economists, and which descended from them to Marx, may be summed up thus. The action of man, says Mill, in the economic sphere, can accomplish one thing only—namely, the moving of matter by means of muscular contractions. There he stops. In order to make his analysis applicable to the modern world he ought to have added that, under the capitalistic system of to-day, human action can accomplish another thing as well. It can not only move matter. It can also move men. The mind of one man, through its control of the muscular operations of a thousand, can determine systematically and with the most elaborate nicety how and into what places innumerable portions of matter shall be simultaneously or successively moved. It is to the all-embracing development of action of this latter kind on the part of specially gifted men that all the enhanced wealth of the modern world is due.

Such being the case, then, with regard to the actual production of commodities, let us now consider how this process affects values.

IV

The most important of the practical deductions drawn alike by Mill and Marx from their own theory of value is, as we have seen, that the profits of all capitalists and employers consist of an abstraction from the gross values which labour alone produces, and the amount of which is in exact proportion to the amount of labour embodied in them. This theory Mill elaborates thus, Marx following him. 'If,' says Mill, 'the efficiency of all labour were increased so that all things without exception could be produced in the same quantity as before with a smaller amount of labour,' or an indefinitely greater quantity produced with the same amount of labour, 'no trace of this general change would show itself in the values of commodities.'

This is the main position in which the disciples of Marx entrench themselves when opponents press them with arguments to the effect that activities other than labour itself—notably the activity of the inventor—have endowed labour with the larger part of its productivity at the present day.

'Let us grant this,' the Marxians say; 'but it does not affect our contention Take any commodity which at present has a selling value of five shillings, two

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hours being the time normally occupied in the production of it; and let us suppose that some capitalist inventor enables the men employed by him to produce in a couple of hours five such commodities instead of one. The number of "utilities" will have been increased, but the value produced will be stationary. The only change from the vendor's point of view will be this—that, instead of selling one article for five shillings, he will be selling five at the price of a shilling apiece. The employer or inventor will have done nothing towards creating a fund from which his own profits may be drawn. These, whatever happens, must come out of the products of labour, and can come out of nothing else.'

Now here, again, in exposing what is false in an argument let us begin with recognising what is true. This contention, then, that a general multiplication of so many given kinds of commodities would do nothing to alter or increase the original value of each, is perfectly true in itself. The only objection that can be made to it is that it does not lead to—that it does not even suggest—any of the practical consequences which Mill and Marx deduce from it. That such is the case I have indicated in general terms already. We will now examine the matter somewhat more in detail. Who ever supposed that the capitalists of the modern world have enriched themselves, and increased the wealth of nations by increasing the individual values of the commodities produced and sold by them? Did any inventor and introducer of improved textile machinery ever expect to grow rich by making each yard of cloth and cotton more expensive than it was before? A general increase in the efficiency of productive effort makes a nation richer, and individual producers richer, not because it makes existing values higher, but because it makes existing values more numerous.

This, to repeat what was said in the preceding article, can be made clear in a moment by taking Mill at his word, and expressly insisting on what is the essential part of his hypothesis—namely, that the increase which he supposes to take place in the efficiency of labour increases the output of all commodities equally. Such being the case, whatever may be the increase in the output of such commodities as are currently bought and consumed, there will together with this be an increase strictly proportionate in the number of coins —let us say sovereigns—which are used as a standard of exchange, and by the value of which the value of all other things is measured. Let us, then, turn to some of the very lucid utterances in which Mill sets forth the relation of money to values generally. 'The introduction of money,' he says, 'does not interfere in any way with the operation of any of the laws of value [as laid down in his previous reasoning]. Money is a commodity, and its value, like that of all other commodities, is determined permanently by the average cost of production.' In other words, the value or purchasing power of a sovereign at any given time depends on the ratio between the number of sovereigns then in circulation and the mass of other commodities the relative values of which these sovereigns are used to measure. If the other commodities are increased more rapidly than it is possible

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to increase the sovereigns, money prices fall. Each sovereign will exchange for and represent a greater quantity of other things. If the converse is the case, money prices will rise, and in order to purchase the same amount of other things it will be necessary to give, let us say, five sovereigns instead of four. But if, as Mill supposes, when enunciating his great general proposition, the increase in the productivity of effort affects all commodities equally, the value of each sovereign, as related to all other goods, like the values of all such goods as related to one another, will remain absolutely unchanged. It will represent for its possessor precisely the same amount of wealth. It will purchase as many glasses of champagne, as many cigars, as many knives, plates and table-napkins, as much bread, meat and fuel as it did before the general increase in productive efficiency took place. The only difference will be that, just as there will be more commodities of all other kinds to be bought, so will each producer or each productive group receive more sovereigns in return for his own more numerous products, and have more sovereigns with which to purchase more products from other people. Mill is right in saying that there will be no increase in the value of commodities individually; but there will be more commodities which individually retain their old value unaltered. In the light of this fact we see the real nature of profits and what the error is—so deeply embedded in the systems of both the orthodox and the Marxian economists—which has so completely obscured and misrepresented it. The profits of the capitalist employer, under the existing conditions of production, do not consist of a deduction from any gross value created independently of himself by the labour which he buys with wages. They consist of new values embodied in an added number of commodities which owe their existence entirely to the added efficiency acquired by this labour in virtue of his own direction of it, and which, if his direction ceased, would no longer be produced at all. Or, to speak more generally, the profits of the directing or employing class as a whole have their origin in the fact that, through the concentration of the business of direction in the hands of the most efficient men in all the progressive countries of the modern world, commodities in general are multiplied as they never were before, their individual values remaining unaltered in proportion as this multiplication is general, and the sum of the values thus added to the general product forms the fund from which profits as a whole are drawn.

That such is the case is deducible, little as he realised the fact, from certain incidental theorems elaborated by Mill himself. Having, to his own satisfaction, established his main theory that profits are, and cannot be anything else than, a portion of the values independently produced by labour, which is abstracted by the capitalist employer as 'the reward of' or 'the return to' abstinence, he proceeds to admit that to this rule there are certain exceptions. In certain cases, he says, there arises an 'extra profit,' the origin of which differs from that

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of profits in general. The origin of such profits is not, he says, the mere possession of capital, but some personal 'advantage' by which one particular capitalist is distinguished from others who, as mere capitalists, are his equals—such, for example, as some special 'mental superiority' or the knowledge of some 'process' not mastered by others. Employers, he says, who possess superiorities of this peculiar kind, 'make an extra gain over and above the general profits of capital.' Now we have only to ask ourselves how mental superiorities in general, or a unique mastery of some industrial process in particular, can produce any 'extra gain,' or in other words an increment of values, to realise that it can do so only because the employer who possesses these powers uses them to direct in exceptionally efficient ways the individual labours of the various men employed by him. What applies to the case of the more efficient employer as compared with the less efficient applies equally to the directing classes collectively, as compared with the classes whose manual labour is directed by them. Just as if two employers, A. and B., employ each a thousand labourers in the production of the same commodity, and if A. makes an 'extra gain' because, owing to his more efficient direction, the labourers employed by him turn out more articles in a year than a similar body of labourers working under the direction of B., so does the employing class make a 'gain' or profit as a whole because, when directed by a class which as a whole is more efficient than the majority, the same labour turns out a larger number of commodities than it would do if the labourers generally were left (as to a great extent they were in previous periods) to operate at their own discretion. But though such is the primary operation by which capitalism increases wealth, it is not the only operation, and, if taken by itself, it would be abortive. There is another, of an allied but yet of a different kind, which it is necessary to consider separately.

V

Let us again take up a point to which already, in a preceding article, attention has been called briefly.

All production begins with a production of necessaries; but necessaries are few in kind, and the amount of each kind which a given society can consume, though not rigidly fixed, soon reaches its maximum. Let us start, for example, with a society whose conditions are so primitive that its entire productive efforts can but just produce a sufficiency of bread, meat, fuel, cooking utensils, and clothes to protect the body; and let us then suppose that in some spontaneous way the productive efficiency of all the workers is increased to an indefinite degree. The immediate result of such a change might very well be a mere increase in the number of loaves, mutton chops, logs for firewood, rough coverings for the person, and earthenware pots and pans;

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for some slight difference in the number of commodities such as these might well make all the difference between sufficiency and rude comfort. But the time would very soon arrive when any further multiplication of loaves, chops, cooking-pots, pieces of coal, and cloaks would not mean any increase of comforts but merely an increase of incumbrances. As soon therefore as the workers had produced the maximum amount of these few and simple things that by any possibility could be either consumed or used, the surplus of productive efficiency which still remained unexhausted would be applied, not to any further multiplication of the things that had been produced hitherto, but to the production of new things that had never been produced before. In other words, after a certain stage has been reached, the mere power of multiplying commodities adds to the wealth of a society, only because, in addition to multiplying their number, it also multiplies their kinds.

Now how does this fact affect values and profits? The answer to this question is as follows. In proportion as the productive efficiency of any society is small, the commodities produced—let it be said once again—partake of the nature of necessaries. In proportion as this efficiency increases, and commodities of new kinds are added to the original stock, these new commodities partake of the nature of superfluities; and between necessaries and superfluities there is, in respect of their values, one essential difference. Both, in order that they may have any value at all, must possess the character of utility. But in proportion as a commodity—bread, for example—is a necessary, its utility is a fixed quantity; its quality must conform to a more or less uniform standard; the demand for it fluctuates little, and for practical purposes may be assumed as one of the data of production. On the other hand, in proportion as commodities partake of the nature of superfluities—for example, ornamental neckties—the utility of these or the demand for them are quantities which are indefinitely variable. To a hungry man buying the last loaf in the shop the loaf does not fail to be useful because the crust is here and there too brown to satisfy his taste in colour. The needs of his body constrain him to give the normal price for it. But if the same man desires to buy a necktie, and can only be supplied with a red one, whereas pink is the sole colour which he regards as suitable to his complexion, the red necktie will for him have no utility at all, or in other words no value; for he would sooner have none than one which would make him appear hideous: and if his taste represented that of the general public a whole warehouseful of red neckties would have no value for anybody.

Now it is true that both Mill and Marx assume that in all value utility is a fundamental element. Mill, indeed, as we have seen, submits it to an elaborate analysis, showing how it may vary independently of the processes of production; but even Mill regards these variations as having little effect on values taken as a whole. This is

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clearly shown by the passage already quoted from him, in which he lays it down that, apart from incidental exceptions, the actual value, or the selling price of commodities, does not depend on the demand for them; but that the demand for them depends on the cost of production, and on the price at which consequently it is possible for the producer to sell them. This proposition, in which Mill's whole theory of value is epitomised, implies and derives all its meaning from the assumption that any commodity to the production of which it can be supposed that sane men would devote themselves will possess some average utility, and would consequently find purchasers if only it could be sold cheaply enough. Now in societies whose products are few, and comprise in addition to necessaries no articles but the simplest and most primitive comforts, which are hardly distinguishable from necessaries when men have once become accustomed to them, this assumption is for practical purposes no doubt true enough. But it is true in relation to such societies only; and in exact proportion as necessaries are supplemented by superfluities, and the latter relatively to the former become an ever-increasing quantity—that is to say, in proportion as the wealth of the society grows—it fails to hold good of commodities taken as a whole, and applies only to a fraction of them which relatively grows less and less. The more numerous the commodities appealing to taste, intellectual interest, æsthetic fastidiousness, ambition, and what Ruskin calls the 'romance' of economic demand—in other words, the more ample and more various the supply of wealth—less and less does the demand for and the value of individual commodities conform to the cost of the labour involved in producing them, and more and more does it depend on qualities, indefinitely variable, with which the artistic taste, the imaginative ingenuity and the insight into human nature of the men directing the labour in question have invested them.

With regard to superfluities as contrasted with necessaries, such is obviously the case when the only human effort involved is that of a single labourer directing his own muscles. A village cobbler making boots of a standard kind for the inhabitants of his own parish may reasonably assume that for every fresh pair he makes a customer will be found who will pay him a certain price for it—a price determined by the labour-time which his task requires; but a painter may take twelve months in painting a picture for which, when it is finished, nobody will give him anything; whilst another will paint one in three months the exchange value of which turns out to be a thousand pounds. And what is true of a superfluity like a picture, which is the product of a single worker and is unique, is equally true of all superfluities, such as neckties, which, produced by an employing capitalist and any number of labourers directed by him, are susceptible of indefinite multiplication. It is not enough that the employer has the mere power of multiplying such products. He must also possess taste,

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or an insight into the taste of others, which will enable him to fix on those precise tints and textures out of the endless variety possible which will render his neckties desirable in the eyes of the general public. Taste of this kind is as essential to the value of the neckties as genius on the part of the painter is essential to that of his picture; but, whereas the genius of the painter affects the work of his own hands only, the taste of the capitalist producer of neckties, or any other superfluity, affects the work of every one of the hundreds of men employed by him, and may render the value of the total products of his business either indefinitely greater than that of the commodities which he has 'advanced' as wages to his labourers, or else indefinitely less. And the same thing is true of superfluities generally, from trivial things like neckties up to musical instruments and books. The demand for each, and the value of each, is large or small or nothing in proportion to their competitive utilities, those which appeal most strongly to the taste or intellect of the public not only possessing a higher value than those which appeal less strongly, but frequently depriving the latter of all value whatsoever.

Thus in the modern world the wealth of nations has been increased, or the values of which wealth consists have been multiplied, and continue to be annually renewed and multiplied still further, because by means of the capitalistic system production is controlled by a minority whose efficiencies are of two main kinds, influencing ordinary labour in two distinct ways. In the first place, there are those efficiencies which enable a given number of men to obtain and work up an increased amount of material into an increased number of commodities, without regard to their kind. In the second place, there are those efficiencies which, in proportion as mere productive power increases, devise, design and determine the forms, indefinitely various and changing from year to year, which the new commodities, thus rendered producible, shall take. It is only in proportion as these latter efficiencies, by which the individual character and quality of superfluous commodities is determined, act in conjunction with those that merely enable commodities, whatever may be their kind, to be multiplied, that the world is richer to-day than it was three hundred years ago.

In the next article—the last of the present series—the practical conclusions arising from the facts already dealt with will be summarised, with special reference to the existing distribution of wealth and the illusory idea prevalent amongst Socialistic thinkers that a legal change in the economic structure of society, no matter how complete, could fundamentally alter the problems connected with this question. It will be shown that the forms of these problems might be altered, but that their substance, so far as they relate to the mass of the community, would be the same.

W. H. Mallock.

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HINDU STUDENTS IN ENGLAND

The phrase, the pity of it, the pity of it, is the one which inevitably suggests itself to anybody who is called upon to express his opinion about the assassination of Sir Curzon Wyllie, whose untimely death in the early days of last month gave a shock to the British public which is not likely to be soon forgotten or still less forgiven. If it could be shown, or even suggested, that the murder of this high-minded Anglo-Indian official could be accounted for by any personal offence, however imaginary or unreasonable, which Sir Curzon Wyllie might have given to the Indian student who wrought his death, or if there was any adequate evidence to prove that the assassin, Madar Lal Dhingra, was a lunatic and therefore irresponsible for his own actions, the demonstration that this was so would be heartily welcomed, not only by the present writer, but by all who hold with him that India is the corner-stone of the British Empire. I am old enough to remember, as it were yesterday, the days of the great mutiny of Cawnpore and of the siege of Delhi. Though I may be old in years, yet I am still young enough in heart to recall the outburst of national sentiment when, after long weeks of weary waiting, we learnt at last that Delhi had been relieved, that Cawnpore had been avenged, that Nana Sahib had disappeared, and that the authority of the British Raj had been restored from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. I held then, as I hold now, that though India under British administration has enjoyed a better form of government than she has ever possessed before or is likely to possess again, she has no special cause on that account to entertain feelings of personal gratitude for the reign of law and order we re-established throughout India by our troops, who stamped out the mutiny with stern and even ruthless severity. It was in order to retain India as part and parcel of the British Empire that we crushed the mutiny. The fact that, by so doing, we acted in the true interests of India was after all only a secondary motive for our re-establishment of British supremacy in our great dependency. It is with the same object in view that, if a like occasion should arise again, our troops would fight anew, and I hope and believe would conquer anew. There are times in the lives of nations, as well as of individuals, when the only safe course is to

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recognise the plain, hard facts. The truth is that England won India by the sword; that she holds it by the sword; and that if she wishes to retain possession of India she must continue to hold it by the sword.

The above statement is necessary in order to explain the point of view from which I write. I know that this truth may, and possibly will, be disputed by many wellwishers both to India and England for whose judgment I have high respect. It must therefore be understood that to my thinking, as to the grievances whether real or alleged of which India complains, I am taking for granted the assumption that British authority in India is only maintained and can only be sustained by our military supremacy. I do not suppose that in any civilised or even semi-civilised community the rule of a foreign race is ever regarded with satisfaction. But it is only within a very few years that active dissatisfaction has made itself manifest in the East. Up to the war between Russia and Japan, there ruled a profound conviction, throughout the East and the West alike, that if it came to a trial of strength between a white race and a coloured race the former was bound to win, the latter was sure to be worsted in the struggle. This conviction received its death-blow when the war which Russia forced upon Japan ended in the crushing and humiliating defeat of the great White Empire of the North, both on land and sea. The cry of 'India for the Indians' practically dates its strength, if not its origin, from the capture of Port Arthur and the naval victory of Kagoshima. Nowhere was the lesson of the Russian defeat by Japan more fully realised than in British India. If the great Sclav Empire of the North, the one Power of whom England appeared to be afraid, had been beaten hip and thigh by Japan, why should India remain subject to British rule, or why should Egypt be occupied by British troops? These and a score of similar questions were raised throughout the world, and so far have received no very satisfactory answer. I believe it will be found on examination that one of the indirect, if not the direct, results of the Russian defeat was a rapid increase in the number of Indian students, who arrived in England shortly after the above-named event, to study as barristers and be called to the English Bar.

When I myself was eating my dinners and keeping my terms at Gray's Inn with the view of being called to the Bar in 1865, I can only recollect one or two coloured students who were eating their dinners at the same table. They were mainly British subjects from the West Coast of Africa; one of them was given to boasting of his successes with English ladies, who turned out on inquiry to exist solely in his own imagination or to be in reality general servants at his lodgings. The student in question was considered a bounder, but, in the days of which I speak, we all dined at the same table without there being any objection raised on either side. After I had been called to the Bar in due course, my attendance at Gray's Inn became confined to dining

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there at Grand Night dinners, which occur once a term. I never practised at the Bar and had never any intention of so practising. However, much to my own surprise and greatly to my own satisfaction, I was elected a Bencher of Gray's Inn in 1885, and some time later was appointed resident Bencher, an appointment which, in accordance with the terms of a will made a century and a half ago, entitles the oldest Bencher, age being counted not by years but by seniority at the Bar, to occupy certain chambers in Gray's Inn upon exceptionally favourable conditions. The great majority of our Benchers are married men, and are therefore not candidates for rooms within the precincts of the Inn, which are best fitted for Benchers who, to use the language of domestic advertisements, are without 'encumbrances.' On the death of my old friend, the late Hugh Shield, K.C., formerly M.P. for the borough of Cambridge, I was the senior Bencher who was prepared to reside in the so-called 'resident Bencher's' chambers. In consequence I was nominated resident Bencher and took up my residence in the Inn associated with the great Chancellor whose title was that of Lord Verulam, but who is better known as Francis, Lord Bacon. Since then I have resided permanently in the Inn and have in consequence dined more often in Hall, and have seen more of the students than most of my colleagues. The change from the days when I was myself a student, which struck me most in the aspect of the Hall, was the fact that the native students, instead of being in a minority, as in former years, had become an enormous majority, and that instead of dining at the same tables they almost invariably dined apart. The picturesqueness of the scene in the grand old Hall, when there is a large gathering, was immensely improved from a pictorial point of view, many, if not most of the Indians wearing turbans or fezes, or some sort of Oriental head-gear. Though there are very few native Indian students who would not be justified in asking the question, so familiar in missionary reports of the ante-abolition of slavery era, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' there are scarcely any except a few Mahometans who, even if attired in British dress, could pass as white men. For obvious reasons it would hardly be possible for white and coloured students to take their meals together. Mahometans object to pork and resent the presence of intoxicating liquors at their tables. Hindus object to beef and so on. Some followers of the Prophet will drink champagne, as the Koran denounces only 'the wine that is red.' It must, however, fairly be said that the native students are as a body abstemious, and avail themselves very rarely of the alcoholic beverages to which all students are entitled by the rules of the Inn. No doubt students of every race and creed and colour may, and in many cases do, meet in the Common Room, which is in theory a sort of club. There, however, the British element is predominant, and there is rarely any more than a speaking, or I might almost say a nodding acquaintance-

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ship between white and coloured students. To use a schoolboy phrase, 'They do not know each other at home.'

Moreover, the effect that common studies, common attendance at lectures, common examinations and common Moots might be expected to produce between white and coloured students *in statu pupillari* is neutralised by the fact that the two classes of our students desire to be called to the Bar with completely different objects. British students are desirous of becoming barristers, because they intend to practise in the English Courts and to qualify themselves for posts in the British public service. The native students, as a body, intend to leave England for good as soon as they have got called. In as far as I am aware there is not a single Indian barrister who practises at the English Bar, and very few, if any, who ever held a brief as barristers in an English Court of Justice. As a body they leave London as soon as possible after they have been called to the Bar of England and take a wife to themselves as soon as they reach their native land. In India, as in all Eastern countries, marriages are arranged, not by the parties most closely concerned, but by their relatives. These relatives decide who shall marry whom, in accordance with financial considerations. Now, for some reason I cannot pretend to explain, a suitor who has been called to the Bar of England commands a higher dowry in the matrimonial lottery than anyone who has not yet attained this distinction. Thus, as soon as the preliminaries are arranged, the Anglo-Indian barrister quits England and is, as a rule, never seen here again.

There is, however, another class of Indian native barristers who take up their residence permanently in London with the view of making a living here. The best known member of this category is Mr. Krishnavarma, who started a boarding home known as India House, where Indian students are boarded and lodged and receive instruction in law. There are also a considerable number of Indian lawyers who have been called to the Bar of England and are entitled, as barristers, to take pupils and to give these pupils certificates to the effect that they have studied English law under their tuition and are competent to conduct cases in Court. On the strength of those certificates, if no cause can be shown to the contrary, the Inn of Court to which a certified student happens to belong has no choice as to calling the student in question to the Bar. The only condition he has to fulfil before he can be called to the Bar is that he should have kept the full number of twelve terms, which, if strictly enforced, would make it impossible for any student to be called till three years after he has entered as a student. As a rule, however, if any reasonable or plausible cause can be shown, the Inns have the right to shorten the number of terms according to their own judgment. This is almost invariably done in the case of British students residing out of England, and who cannot afford either the time or the money to come home in

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order to eat their full tale of dinners. It is obvious that a British official residing in Australia, or even in Canada or India, cannot well make more than one visit a year to this country, and a stringent adherence to the letter of the rules of residence would deprive any Inn which enforced it of many of its intending members. The only reform which seems to me urgent in the interest of the Inns of Court is that greater care should be taken in the admission of students. At present they have only to have their respectability vouched for by some independent authority and to pay the fees due at entrance, and then, if they have completed their term of pupilage without having committed any serious offence of omission or commission, they may claim to be called to the Bar as a matter of right. This system worked very well when the majority of our students were white men of British birth and parentage. It is very different to-day, when, as on a recent occasion, Gray's Inn had seventeen students to be called to the Bar, and of these fifteen were Indians or Orientals and only two were white. I hold myself that under existing circumstances no Indian student should in future be called to the Bar until he can produce a certificate from the India Office that, to the best of their knowledge, the applicant for admission to the Bar of England is a fit and proper person to be called.

There is no disputing the plain broad fact that this remedy would involve serious difficulties. An Inn of Court is absolutely master within its own domain; each one of the four Inns is independent and co-equal in authority. A sort of convention exists between the members of the legal quadrilateral that all the four Inns shall communicate any important resolution which any one of them may have determined to carry out. But if any Inn saw cause, rightly or wrongly, to throw over the above understanding, I fail to see by what process the convention could be enforced.

I may be told that his Majesty's Judges possess by virtue of their position a right of control over the Inns of Court. It is perfectly true that the Judges may order any Inn of Court to show cause why it had taken certain action of which they collectively disapproved. In the very improbable supposition of such disapproval being expressed, the Bench of the Inn of whose policy the Judges had expressed disapproval might theoretically decline to show cause. Amongst the Judges, however, there are very few who have not been Benchers in their day, and still fewer Benchers who would not like to become Judges. It is only a few months ago that the idea that India was hostile to British rule was held up to ridicule by Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill, as being a mere bogey introduced to bring the present Ministry into contempt. Recent events have modified popular sentiment very materially, but it is quite on the cards that a refusal on the part of any one of the Inns to call to the Bar an Indian student suspected of Nationalist

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proclivities, might be denounced by the Government as incompatible with the just and beneficent policy toward India of which they were the leading advocates. To speak the plain truth, this policy, even when it was honestly entertained, was based upon a delusion. According to popular opinion, the mere fact of Indian students coming to England, and studying at the Inns of Court with the view of being called to the Bar, must inevitably lead them to recognise not only the excellence of English law and English administration, but the superiority of English ideas to their own, and the genuine desire of the British nation to confer on India a system of self-government, in so far as such a government is compatible with the maintenance of British supremacy in our Indian Empire.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides as to this contention. The fatal objection to it lies in the fact that our Indian fellow-subjects do not accept what may be called its 'major premises.' Their national aspiration, especially amidst the class of Hindus who come to London to qualify themselves for being called to the Bar, is to have India ruled by Indians under Indian ideas. It is no answer to aspirants for Indian self-government to try to convince them that India is better administered under British rule.

This, however, is a matter of opinion. But it is, I think, a matter of fact that the system under which legal education is conducted in England is not calculated to win the sympathy of Indian law students. The great majority of them are the sons of parents who are not men of wealth, even from an Indian standpoint, and who, even if they wished, are unable to do more than provide them with the means possessed as a rule by their British fellow-students. Practically, Indian students in London have to live in very poor apartments, have few, if any, English friends or acquaintances, and from various causes, the chief of which is the *res angusta domi*, have to live in out-of-the-way suburbs, where, as a rule, they are not in favour even with the poorer class of London landladies. If one were to look through the records of any Inn of Court frequented by Indian law students, one would find the chief complaints made against them were of an uniform character. They are accused of being in debt to their landladies, or of having borrowed money from the owners of their lodgings which they were unable to repay, or of having got into trouble with the daughters or the maids of their lodging-houses. In this country, and in London especially, there is little or none of the dislike to men of colour so universal in the United States. Our students have generally pleasant manners, and their only defects in the eyes of landladies is what Dickens, I think, called somewhere a constitutional inability to pay their bills. Moreover, putting aside offences of a more or less political character, they are very seldom charged at a police court, and never, in my experience, with drunkenness. Altogether, one may fairly say

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that taken collectively they would be quite as satisfactory a body of students as one could desire, if it were not for the troubles arising mainly from impecuniosity. Beyond meeting together at lectures, the British and Hindu students hardly associate in Hall. They dine by choice apart, though there is no rule of the Inns to that effect, but in as far as my observation extends, it is only when the Hall is exceptionally crowded that you see a coloured student dining at the same tables with the white students, and still rarer that you see a white student dining at the tables appropriated to the coloured students. As, however, in the Inn to which I belong the coloured students number about seventy on full nights, while the white students rarely exceed twenty, this is not matter for surprise.

It may be said that surely somebody must be responsible for this almost complete separation between what may be called, roughly speaking, the British and the Hindu students, and I strongly suspect that if I were to ask who the somebody is, I should probably be told the Benchers of the Inn. As a matter of fact, the Benchers have no more to do with the students of the Inn than an hotel manager with the morals or ethics of his guests. The Benchers are, in virtue of their statutes, the life owners of the Inn, whose sole functions are to administer the lands and buildings of the Inn, to see that the revenues of the Inn are expended wisely and economically, and to decide whether any applicant for admission as a student, or for a call to the Bar is, or is not, entitled to have his application granted. But so long as the Benchers have exercised these duties they have no further obligations, and what is even more important, no further powers. When a vacancy occurs in the Bench by death or resignation the remaining Benchers nominate his successor, and neither students nor barristers have any more voice in this than they have in the election of the Emperor of China. The Benchers are not in the same category as schoolmasters who desire to augment the number of their pupils by holding out to guardians and parents the advantages offered by their scholastic establishments, and thereby assume a certain responsibility for their education and well-being. They have no interest in increasing the number of their students. They receive no remuneration for their services. Their obligation is to ascertain, in as far as is possible, that no unfit and unworthy person is called to the Bar: and there the duty imposed by their statutes and their constitution ends. If this is so, it is obvious that they have no authority of any kind to dictate to their students at which tables they should sit, or with whom they should associate. These students are, for the most part, full-grown men, or have finished their university careers; and for the Benchers to endeavour to bring about a sort of *entente cordiale* between British and Hindu students would be as futile as it would be undesirable.

It is, however, impossible, or at any rate I feel it impossible

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myself, to shut my eyes to the fact that the life of the Indian students in London, who have to live here on very meagre means, must of necessity be a dull and dismal one. London, despite its climate, is a very pleasant abode if you have youth and health on your side and money in your pocket. But when you are poor, unknown, friendless, living in a sordid attic and indebted to your landlady, the outlook, morally as well as physically, cannot be cheery, to say the least. I am told that there are benevolent institutions in London which endeavour to render the Indian students' life less lonely, less solitary, and less monotonous than it is at present, and to impress their minds with the advantages India enjoys under British administration. I doubt, however, such well-meaning institutions exercising much influence over young men whose one desire is to get away from England as soon as they have been called, and to return to their own country at once and for all.

Given this mental attitude, it is natural enough that Indian students should entertain no ardent desire to form social relations in England, even if any opportunity presents itself. In common with most Eastern races, they attach great value to forms and ceremonials; they are very sensitive to slights, and they are apt to regard the 'hail, fellow, well met,' tone, which to an ordinary Briton is a mark of friendly feeling, as the tone employed by a superior to an inferior. To be slapped on the back without explanation is, in Hindu eyes, a grave, even if unintentional, breach of good manners. The rough games in which British lads, whom Matthew Arnold used to call our 'young barbarians,' take delight, are distasteful to ordinary Hindus, and even if they understood the attraction possessed for their English fellow-students by such games as cricket and football, the expenses attaching to these games are sufficiently large to prohibit their pursuit even by the small native minority who understand their attraction.

If I have stated correctly the conditions of the lives led as a body by our Indian fellow-citizens while studying at the Inns of Court, it will hardly be reckoned to them as an offence if they associate almost exclusively with students of their own race, speaking their own language. With the exception of the Parsees, who are a caste apart from ordinary Hindus, and who, like the Armenians, may best be described as cosmopolitan merchants, there are very few permanent residents in London who can speak or even understand any of the Hindu dialects. In as far as I am aware, the late Sir Curzon Wyllie was the only resident in London whose house was always open to Indian students; and it is a cruel instance of the irony of fate that he should have met his death at the hands of one of the Hindu students of whom he had made it his life-long labour to become the friend and champion. It is no disparagement to one of the ablest and kindest of Anglo-Indian officials that he may have failed to realise the fundamental change which the defeat of Russia by Japan

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had inflicted on the relations previously existing not only between England and India but between Europe and Asia. There is every reason to expect that, now that the trial of Madar Lal Dhingra is over, public opinion will demand an enquiry as to how far an 'India House,' or any establishment for the propagation of ideas inconsistent with the maintenance of our rule over India, can be carried on with impunity. It will then be the duty of the Government to determine what steps can be taken to protect the lives of his Majesty's lieges against wanton outrages, and to remove the general apprehensions caused by recent disclosures as to the true character of such boarding-houses as that founded and owned by Krishnavarma, who, some time ago, was disbarred by his Inn, the Inner Temple. This gentleman has wisely taken up his abode in France, and as there is no evidence to connect him directly with Sir Curzon Wyllie's death, it would be idle to ask for his extradition, on the general charge that India House is the hot-bed of the Indian anti-English agitation. Mr. Dhingra's younger brother, who is a student at Gray's Inn, sought the advice of Mr. Morison, a well-known member of the Indian Council, and asked how he could best express his own horror of a brother's crime. In accordance with this advice the younger Dhingra presented himself at a public meeting, held in Caxton Hall, in order to express the indignation of a number of Indian students at the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, and told them that though the man who committed the deed in question was his own brother, he wished to join his voice with that of all Indians who might be present there in expressing his horror in respect of the Imperial Institute tragedy. A resolution to this effect was then proposed, and was supported by the younger Dhingra with every assurance of his genuine approval. The motion was carried unanimously by acclamation. On the chairman announcing this result, another Indian student interrupted the proceedings by shouting out 'No, not all,' as he himself was prepared to vote against the resolution, which could not therefore be described as unanimous. The interrupter proved to be a Mr. Savarkar, a brother of the Savarkar who only a few days before had been deported and condemned to a long term of imprisonment by the Government of India for treasonable offences and seditious agitation. On the following day, Mr. Savarkar wrote a letter to the *Times*, claiming to have defeated an attempt which he regarded as an encroachment upon the authority of the British Law Courts by declaring a man, who was still under trial, to be a criminal. After Savarkar had posed as the vindicator of the fundamental principles of British justice, there is something like bathos in his concluding his appeal by announcing that he intended to bring a suit against a Mr. Palmer for having assaulted him at a public meeting, though it was not the plaintiff but the defendant who seems to have received a blow which left blood flowing from his cheeks.

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Mr. Savarkar, however, enlisted on his behalf the sympathy of a brother patriot who rejoices in a name of twenty-seven letters. It puzzles me how any Indian parents, who enjoy the well-earned repute of being kind to their children, could inflict upon an innocent babe such a name as Virendranath Chattopadrayaya. He states, indeed, that 'in his opinion the programme of the terrorists is absolutely a suicidal one.' He adds that he is 'anxious to see anarchism banished from his country, but cannot conscientiously help the British Government to suppress it, as he is firmly convinced that their whole policy is wrong and is calculated to produce no other result than it has already.' He then proceeds to inform us that 'coercion will drive India headlong into destruction, and that if Englishmen still believe they remain in India in the interests of humanity they will be disillusioned earlier than they think.' The letter, which, by the way, is dated from the Middle Temple, concludes with the following passage, to which I would call special attention: '*The catalogue of coming assassinations will probably be a long one; and the responsibility for its length will have to be laid at the door of those who, instead of espousing the cause of Indian freedom, wish to hold India in the interests of Britain.*'

Words like these must not pass unnoticed. To try to threaten Englishmen is the most suicidal policy which can be pursued by any of her enemies or detractors. If the writer of the paragraph I have italicised knows anything of England and English history, he must be aware that any threat to England as to the possible or probable consequences of any action she may take with regard to India, is certain to defeat its object. The British public are open to argument, but are not to be coerced by threats. If Indian students are invited to hear seditious speeches, to take part in the glorification of Indian malefactors who have been executed for having been privy to the assassination of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and to regard such malefactors as patriots and martyrs, Englishmen will inevitably come to the conclusion that meeting-places such as India House, which are, in plain English, schools of sedition, must be put down by the strong arm of the law. Happily, as yet, there is no need for drastic legislation, though if the forebodings I have alluded to above should be justified by the event, drastic legislation would be employed by the British Government without fear and without hesitation, and would be supported by the approval of the British nation.

So far the danger with which we are confronted is confined to very small proportions. The Indian students, in the great majority of cases, are to be found at Gray's Inn and the Middle Temple. The admission of students at the Inns of Court and their call to the Bar lies absolutely and exclusively in the hands of the Benchers of the four Inns of Court. The whole bench of Judges have no more authority to convert a student into a barrister than they have to nominate a member of the House of Commons or to create a peer of the realm.

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By usage, though not by statute, they have authority to call on any Inn of Court, which has not called any student in due course to the Bar, to show cause why he has not been called. Last May when Mr. Savarkar presented himself for call to the Bar at Gray's Inn, his call was postponed till Michaelmas term, because the evidence elicited at the trial of his elder brother proved that he shared the ideas of India House. Whether subsequent events are likely to lead to further postponement is a matter on which I have neither the power nor the wish to express any opinion; so far I have no knowledge as to what steps may be taken in the event of his repeating his application in the Michaelmas term.

Meanwhile the family of Madar Lal Dhingra have done their best to dissociate themselves from any responsibility, by going to Simla to inform the Viceroy that they wished to express their extreme shame and horror at Sir Curzon's murder. They also stated their conviction that their brother was a tool in the hands of a conspiracy. His brothers say that he was always eccentric. His father adds that he did his utmost to rescue him from India House and other malign influences. I am glad to believe that these expressions of contrition are not due solely to interested motives. Orientals, in as far as my observations go, do not, as a race, attach any great value to strict impartial justice, but they do attach an extraordinary value to personal kindness. All accounts agree that Madar Lal Dhingra's victim was the kindest-hearted of Anglo-Indians and was appreciated far more fully by the Indian natives than most officials of his class, not so much for his abstract justice as for his kindly consideration. I would note also a letter from a gentleman connected with India, whom I should judge to be an Eurasian, who had an altercation with Savarkar at the Caxton House meeting. He writes:

> I am not sorry for what I did. I am an Indian amongst Indians. The traditions of my descent are glorious, and I could not and would not tarnish them by any act of hesitation at a critical moment. Nor will I tolerate any act of aggression against the British race from whom I descended—for my father helped to build the India of to-day, and though only as an East Indian denied the political rights that have already been granted to Moslem and Hindoo, yet I and the 100,000 able-bodied young East Indians, the majority of whom bear arms as volunteers, will never flinch when duty calls.

I hope this statement may be true, as a large proportion of the Indian students in London are Eurasians by birth; but my impression is that amongst the offspring of mixed marriages, which are almost invariably between European husbands and native wives, the influence of the mother is generally greater than that of the father.

To do the Indian students justice they seem to admit that the assassination of Sir Curzon Wyllie was not only a crime, but what is worse, a blunder; yet they still appear to be unable to rid themselves of the delusion that a murder, if committed from political motives, is a different offence morally, if not legally, from an offence committed out of greed or even out of jealousy. The character of an act must,

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in their opinion, depend upon its motive. In the same way the *Salus Reipublicæ*, the doctrine that the end justifies the means, was the excuse put forward by the British Liberals of their day for all the horrors and enormities committed in France under the Reign of Terror. Later on Mazzini was supposed, with what justice I have never quite been able to determine, to have deliberately expressed an opinion that killing was no murder in the case of princes who stood in the way of Italian independence. In the days of 1848 a British jury would probably have acquitted any Italian refugee who had been brought to trial in London on the charge of having been concerned in a plot for the assassination of King Bomba. Happily the hopeless collapse of the era of universal liberty, which the *annus mirabilis* was to have inaugurated, dealt a death blow to popular belief in the advent of a political millennium. I trust, however, that the attempt to draw any distinction between political and non-political murder has ceased to commend itself to the plain common sense of England and Scotland. It is only in Ireland, 'the home of lost causes,' that injustice, whether real or alleged, on the part of the Legislature, is deemed to furnish any sort of excuse for the murdering of policemen engaged in the discharge of their public duty. The mere fact that the example of Irish moonlighters has been followed by Indian students may possibly alienate the sympathies of our Irish fellow countrymen who, with all their faults, are led by their hearts even more than by their heads.

If this hope should prove mistaken, I would say in conclusion that the remedy lies in the hands of the Inns of Court. Neither Ministers nor Parliament, nor even the King himself, can, as things stand, call a man to the Bar of England. This privilege is confined exclusively to the Benchers of the four Inns of Court. It is for them and them alone to decide whether a student who desires to become a barrister and practise in the courts shall or shall not be called to the Bar, and, if called, be subject to what conditions. What these conditions may be, or ought to be, is far too wide and delicate a subject to be treated within the limits of this article, even if my legal experience as a non-practising barrister were sufficient to justify my speaking with authority. All I wish to point out is that it is in the power of every one of the four Inns of Court to decline to call any student to the Bar except upon such conditions as it deems desirable. If the student so called should fail, when called, to observe the above conditions to which he has *ex hypothesi* agreed, it is equally in the power of every one of the four Courts to disbar the above student and thereby to hinder him from pursuing his profession. This is all that requires to be said at present.

EDWARD DICEY.

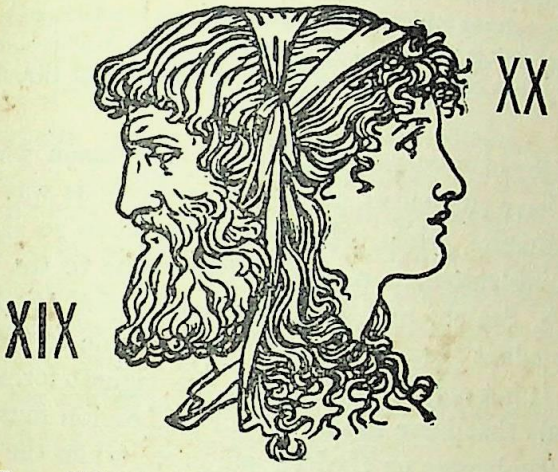
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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SOME MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE UNREST IN INDIA

The reader whose eye catches the above title will probably think that, as so much has already been written on the unrest in India, and that, too, by so many different writers, little that is fresh has been left unsaid. The present writer does not wish so much to say anything that is fresh as to point out that the question has been considered too much from a partial and one-sided point of view. The majority of writers have treated it almost entirely as a political matter, whereas it would probably be more true to say that the political aspect is but one small incident—a troublesome and even dangerous one, too, as it must be admitted—but still only an incident almost unavoidable in a vast general awakening. Disloyal newspapers, Congress bickerings, platform vapourings, and seditious pamphlets, to say nothing of open anarchy, have loomed so large as to exaggerate out of all due proportions the political part of the general upheaval. Many writers, too, from not having sufficient personal knowledge of India to see the inwardness of the people, have taken the small noisy section of educated Hindus as representative of the feelings of the whole country, though a greater misconception could scarcely have been made. Then, again, another difficulty arises from the fact that a certain class

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of politicians flatly refuse to look at India, or desire to administer it, from the Oriental point of view. Lord Morley, in his speech at Arbroath (21st of October, 1907), seems to have revelled in this idea. Speaking of the critics who condemn the Indian Government's refusal to suppress seditious newspapers, he remarked :

> Orientals, they say, do not understand it [*i.e.* the licence we permit]. We are not Orientals ; that is the root of the matter. We—English, Scotch, and Irish are in India because we are not Orientals ; and if I am told that the Oriental view is that they cannot understand that the Press are allowed to write what they like—well, experiments may fail ; but, anyhow, that is a Western experiment we are going to try, not only through this Government, but through other Governments.

As a matter of common knowledge the reason why a handful of Englishmen have succeeded in such a marvellous way in building up the Indian Empire, while other countries have so signally failed as colonial administrators, is almost entirely due to the fact that these same English, Scotch, and Irishmen have tried hard to understand India and to adapt themselves as far as possible to Oriental methods. If ignorance is not only bliss, but also the highest form of wisdom, and if the methods that have found favour in London must necessarily be the best for Timbuctoo or Hyderabad, then, when the proverbial New Zealander is sketching the ruins of our modern Babylon, the mild Hindu may, by parity of reasoning, be forcing *sati* on our English widows and hook-swinging on the followers of 'General' Booth.

The present writer as the Principal of two colleges in South India for sixteen years, and so in touch with the Brahman and educated classes, and also as a missionary working among and discussing the wants of the Sudra and Pariah classes for nearly double that period, may perhaps be permitted to claim some little knowledge of the Indian trend of thought, as seen from within, and so may be able to remove some possible misconceptions about the unrest.

First, then, the reader need scarcely be reminded that the past history of India has simply consisted of the clash of dynasty against dynasty, the butchery of usurper by usurper, and the overthrow of kingdom by kingdom. *Væ victis* was the only cry known on the battlefield as the last invader or usurper marched to conquest; the royal palace reeked with blood, and the cries of the murdered relatives of the last despot were drowned in the blare of the horn and the din of the tom-tom. This tragedy was generally followed by a deep sullen hush. Then when the new usurper had lapsed into a soft licentious luxury and the time was again ripe, another usurper, crouching like a tiger in the jungle-grass, sprang on the unwary potentate, seized his throne, and repeated the same tale of butchery and bloodshed with all its ghastly, gory details. Could anything be more natural or inevitable than the Mutiny of 1857 ? And could any surprise be greater than when the handful of English refused to be crushed out of existence and the apparently helpless lamb slew the

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Bengal tiger? That was a sharp lesson that need not, and will not, be repeated. Now another method, learnt from Ireland and Russia, has been adopted. Anarchy and terrorism, the bomb and the revolver, are being resorted to, so as to make India too hot, in the widest sense of the word, for the Englishman to live in. Unfortunately certain English politicians have taught the Bengali that if he gives sufficient trouble he will get all that he cries for—that is, the termination of the British *râj*. He is quick enough to take the hint, and he knows quite well *fas est ab hoste doceri*, especially when by *hostis* he understands 'enemy of England.' Our slow and lax method of dealing with this state of affairs, till the recent Anarchy Bill was passed, was eminently Western; it was eminently adapted to the Eastern love of intrigue and plotting; it gave the maximum amount of trouble, the maximum scope for appeal, and the maximum opportunity of posing as a martyr, together with the minimum amount of deterring punishment. England has been shocked at the outburst of anarchy, but the student of Indian history need not be surprised.

Secondly, the contact of East and West has produced its inevitable result. Matthew Arnold's hackneyed lines—

> The East bowed down before the blast
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again—

are completely out of date. To plunge in thought is the last thing that the modern Hindu dreams of doing. He plunges into politics, social reform, education, and all the revolutionary items of the Congress programme; but as to stripping off his clothes and meditating in the jungle on the monistic or dualistic nature of God, the origin of the world, or any of those mystic philosophies which have alike paralysed the spiritual life of the ancient Hindu, and which delight the sceptical mind of the modern German, he no more dreams of it than the fashionable Englishman dreams of deserting his West End tailor to dye himself with woad.

Another modern poet who won his laurels in India sings,

> For East is East, and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet;

but the whole of our trouble rises from the fact that the twain have met, almost with the violence of a railway collision, and our ears are deafened with the roar. In the sense that the East and the West too often think along diametrically opposing lines of thought, and refuse to dine together, Kipling is of course right. But has the world ever seen such an awakening as has been going on in India for the last three-quarters of a century? The West has so far affected the East that a bloodless revolution has already taken place, though the magnitude

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of the upheaval is realised by but very few.[1] Look at what India has been for the past two thousand years, and contrast it with the trend of thought to-day. To sum up the attitude of the past in a sentence: what we call God is everything, and besides this impersonal, unconscious Essence there is absolutely nothing; we and the whole world are but 'illusion,' and not till we can divest ourselves of our 'ignorance' can we gain 'deliverance' from an almost endless succession of weary rebirths like a candle blown out, or enter by 'absorption' into Nirvana as a drop of rain is swallowed up by the boundless sea. What should one with aims such as these care about history and politics, government and social progress, education and reform? The homely Tamil proverb, 'What can a frog in a well know about politics?' sums up the situation. But what is the modern educated Indian striving for? Every newspaper fills its columns with passionate cries for a greater share in the government of the country; every platform orator declares in thunder tones that India must rival Japan in self-government and emancipated development; every pamphleteer pleads for reform and the education of the masses; every Congress demands *suarâj* and *suadêsa* or some form of colonial government; nay, every schoolboy appeals to the history of the past and imagines that his own vocation in life is to be a Sivâji and a Hampden rolled into one. Could the two states, ancient and modern, be more violently contrasted? Has the force of this marvellous change been realised even now, much less was it ever anticipated in the past?

Then, again, 'Caste is Hinduism, and Hinduism is caste.' Everybody talks glibly of caste, and imagines that he knows all about it; but a lifetime spent in close contact with the people is only too short a period to grasp the enormity of the force and the subtlety of the sway that this word connotes. The Brahman has seized and reigned over the whole country from Himâlaya to Kumari (Comorin); he has converted the million masses of Dravidians to accept, at least in name, Hinduism as their religion; he has utterly routed and driven out the Buddhist and all other reformers; he has held by the mere claim of a divine supremacy the followers of Islam, sword in hand, at arm's length; he has carried the principle of *divide et impera* to a pitch that no Roman Emperor ever dreamed of—all this and more he has done by the power of caste and the consequent priestcraft. Yet what do we now see? Liberty, equality, and fraternity are the watchwords of the modern Hindu. Is it possible that the twice-born Brahman can ever associate on terms of equality with the Pariah whose very shadow is a defilement? Is it possible that one who is lower than a dog, and infinitely lower than a cow, can by any conceivable process

[1] The situation has been grasped by Mr. Farquhar, whose paper on 'Christianity in India' in the May number (1908) of the *Contemporary Review* shows a truer insight into the real state of India than is revealed by any other of our leaders, either civil or ecclesiastical.

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be put on the same level as one who can control even the gods by the power of his penances and *mantras* (mystical verses)? Yet this miracle, like the previous one, must be, and is being, wrought. For a greater share in the government, and ultimately the franchise, can rest, as the leaders plainly admit, on no narrower basis than on that of the equality of man with man.

Yet who are these that are forcing on such wondrous transformations? Who are these that are straining like dogs on the leash to revolutionise the whole country? The Government? The British officials? The English Press? The missionaries? Not one of them! It is the Hindus themselves. Government is alarmed, because its eyes are filled with the incidental political agitation that is taking place. The officials would breathe more freely if they were not so often trying cases of sedition, or risking their lives by their judicial verdicts. The English Press has thrown its influence almost entirely on the side of quiet and peaceable progress. The missionaries? Well, there are people who will throw the blame on them because they have undermined the religious philosophies of the Brahmans, and denounced the idolatry of the Sudras and the gross superstitions of the Panchamas (the fifth or out-castes); but the Hindu agitators would be the last to claim them as leaders of their movement. Nay, rather they hate them most of all as foreigners and enemies of their ancestral faiths. When new wine is poured into old wine-skins there can be but one result, still the missionaries are only in part responsible for pouring in this wine. No, it is the Hindus themselves who are dealing—if the metaphor may be changed—such desperate blows at their own deep-rooted systems. The missionaries see that the shaft of the axe which is felling the Hindu tree is a branch torn from that same tree; and though it is true that it is they who have laid the axe-head at the root, they know their own weakness and exclaim, 'This is the Lord's doing [not ours]; it is marvellous in our eyes.'

Let us in the next place look at the educational side of the difficulty. Our colleges—Government, Christian, and Hindu alike—are all blamed as nurseries of unrest, and we are told that our education is too literary in its kind, and that our Universities turn out more graduates than Government can employ. All these charges may be admitted to a greater or less extent as true. But when we have said this we are still a long way from the root of the evil. The mischief is that we are educating for the most part one numerically small community and neglecting the rest. Five-sixths of the graduates turned out by the Madras University are Brahmans, while all the rest of the Presidency—including Sudras, Muslims, and Christians together—produces only the remaining one-sixth. The last missionary college over which I had the honour to preside, and which is avowedly a proselytising institution and a nursery for Christian graduates, receives an annual pittance from Government of only 380*l.*; whereas the Presidency College, maintained

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almost entirely for Brahmans, and of course giving no religious instruction of any kind whatever—Christian, Hindu, or Muhammadan—costs the Government about two lakhs of rupees a year, *i.e.* 13,133*l.* Now it is a well-known fact that we have far more graduates than the country requires, while the bulk of the people are immersed in Cimmerian darkness. According to the last census, only ninety-eight out of every 1,000 males and seven out of every 1,000 females know how to read and write. Why, then, spend so much time, energy, and money on a select caste—who give us no thanks for doing so—and ignore the masses of the population? These masses are loyal and will remain loyal, but they count for almost nothing because they are speechless, while the few on whom we shower our favours are too often both noisy and discontented, if not openly seditious and anarchical.

Let us pass on to another point. Dr. Duff, the great educationist of the North, predicted three-quarters of a century ago that if the Government ignored all religious instruction in its colleges and schools, disloyalty and unrest among the students must be the inevitable result. Can anyone be surprised that, if God is ignored in the most 'religious' country in the world, the end must be lawlessness? And it must never be forgotten that every college, Government as well as missionary, every English text-book, almost every English newspaper, is consciously or unconsciously pervaded with a Christian tone that is diametrically opposed to the whole spirit of Hinduism. It is folly to blame the missionary. Critics who argue that the religion of each country is the best religion for that country can only argue so because of a complete ignorance of all non-Christian religions. 'Why cannot you leave them alone?' they cry with impatience. But, supposing every missionary left the country to-morrow, the conflict between East and West would go on just as before. The professor in a Government college, lecturing on astronomy, cannot help dealing left-hand blows at the absurdity of astrology. The doctor, the most innocent of men, when treating his patients by European methods of science, is tacitly rebuking the folly of those who pretend to cure by muttering *mantras*. The magistrate, though probably a Hindu, is basing his judgment on the Penal Code, which is only the Ten Commandments writ large. Nay, even the stationmaster who is banging the door of a third-class carriage against a heterogeneous crowd of all castes is demonstrating the utter absurdity of ceremonial pollution by contact. Any religion with a belief in God is better than none; and we have given them none, while boasting of our liberality. In the educational system of ancient India the *sîshya*, or disciple, looked up to his *guru* not only as his teacher but as his spiritual guide. We have destroyed all that, and with it all respect for God or man, all reverence for pastor or parent, and all sense of order and self-restraint. Can we wonder at the crop of tares that we are now reaping? No country can possibly stand that does not believe in God in some form

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or other, some Supreme Spirit who sees what we do. To talk of morality, too, without God in the background is merely beating the air, or fashioning an engine but providing no motive power.

But, it will be urged, how is it possible for the Government to teach religion, much less Christianity, in India? We admit that man is made up of body, mind, and soul, and most people will admit that the soul, even when looked at only from the political and ethical point of view, is of infinitely higher importance than the mind, as the mind is higher than the body; but what can we do to train the soul? Let us see, then, how we treat the body. We have covered the land with our hospitals; we have set aside all faith in charms and *mantras*; we have rigidly excluded all unscientific quackery, and insisted on the patients being treated according to the latest scientific methods as followed in every well-managed hospital in Europe and America. The sick man is not obliged to attend these hospitals or accept this treatment; he may call for the village quack to rub the wound inflicted by a cobra with a snake-stone, or he may swallow a paper pill on which a spell has been written; but if he attends the Englishman's hospital he must also accept the Englishman's treatment. The same attitude might have been adopted from the outset in our Government colleges. No student is obliged to enter their portals, but if he does he should be trained in soul as well as in mind and body.

Sir Alfred Lyall—and if any Englishman ever understood India it is he[2]—exclaims, 'Then arose the knotty question which in different shapes and degrees has vexed all Christianity since we abandoned the good old rule and simple plan of pure intolerance . . . namely, How far are we bound to tolerate that which we firmly believe to be wrong?' There is much food for thought in that 'good old rule and simple plan of pure intolerance.' It is a principle that an Oriental can appreciate. When Aurangzîb conquered the sacred city of Benares, razed to the ground fifteen hundred Hindu temples, and placed his own Muslim mosque on the highest mound to dominate the whole city, he was playing the game according to the accepted rules. If we, after the battle of Plassey, had destroyed every Hindu temple and Muhammadan mosque, and built and endowed Christian cathedrals and churches throughout the length and breadth of the land, everybody would at least have respected us for the right religious fervour that we had displayed. Instead of that the merchants who founded our early factories were much too anxious to propitiate their Hindu traders ever to hint at religious scruples. When the Company grew up, it was most careful to guard and endow all the religions of India except Christianity, whose adherents were placed under special disabilities, such as being debarred from the law courts, &c. Then came the Queen's proclamation of religious neutrality in 1858, which we English have almost elevated into a fetish. Surely we may boast of our

[2] *Asiatic Studies*, vol. i. chap. viii.

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liberality in proclaiming perfect neutrality, and demand the love and gratitude of all India as our reward. Hindus and Mussalmans do indeed desire that their own privileges should be maintained, but there is one thing they cannot understand, and that is that we English people should treat our own religion with contempt. To quote Sir A. Lyall again :

> That the Sovereign should provide decently for his own persuasion is regarded as natural and decorous; that he should distribute revenue allotments (or continue them) to every well-defined religious community is thought liberal; that he should administer to all religious properties and interests is right and proper; that he should ignore them all and provide not even for his own faith would be a policy comprehensible only by those who had studied English polemics, and one without precedent in Asia. (P. 295.)

No Englishman would wish to interfere with another man's religious scruples or trample on his conscience; but we have gone far beyond that stage. Neutrality is the only God we worship. Christianity is pushed aside into private life; it must be hidden behind the domestic *purdah*; if it thrusts itself forward, like an unwilling guest, we must declare that religion is nothing to us. Our whole attitude is one of apology. It is much easier, for instance, for a missionary to deal with an agnostic English official than with one who sends him privately a cheque every month for his mission, because the latter is always on tenter-hooks lest he should be misinterpreted by the Hindus and Mussalmans, and blamed for departing by one hair's breadth from neutrality. To the ordinary Hindu we appear to do our best to foster Hinduism at the expense of our own faith. The single district of Trichinopoly, in which the writer was engaged, contains no fewer than 2,000 temples holding *mâniam* lands, *i.e.* lands that pay no rents to Government because they are attached to Hindu temples; and the famous temple of Srîrangam receives a subsidy from the Indian Government of 35,000 rupees per annum to compensate for the loss of its *mániam* lands. It was estimated some few years ago that, apart from these innumerable temples with tax-free lands, 'seven lakhs (70,000*l.*) are annually expended from the Government treasuries in the Bombay Presidency, and a still larger sum (87,000*l.*) in the Madras Presidency, as compensation for such lands as had been taken over.[3] The present system of compensation in accordance with the law of justice, as we Christians look at it, is utterly unintelligible to the Hindus. 'You see,' exclaims the Brahman temple official, 'these English people believe in no religion of their own, but support ours with these handsome subsidies.' To the average uneducated Sudra the argument is unanswerable. And so our very desire to be honest brings us into contempt with those on whom we confer our benefits.

Loyalty to God and King may be looked upon as ingrained in every

[3] To compare the grant made to the Ecclesiastical Department with what is thus given to Hinduism is like straining out gnats from our drinking water while we do not hesitate to swallow camels.

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fibre of the Hindu's system. He cannot conceive of anyone having to apologise for his religion. But, it may be argued, if he is disloyal to the Government he cannot be loyal to the King. To this it may be sufficient to answer that, first, the great mass of the people are perfectly loyal both to King and Government; and, secondly, even among the small body of extremists there is no opposition to the King as such. When the Prince of Wales recently visited the country he was heartily welcomed on all sides. The message that he had to deliver was that there should be greater sympathy between the two races. This of course is true, but has probably been insisted on too much, as if it were the key of the situation. It is undeniable that there are occasional acts of ill-treatment and rudeness on the part of the English towards the natives that are much to be regretted, but to suggest that the English in India—almost all of whom, saving the British troops, are gentlemen bred and born—are less courteous than English gentlemen anywhere else in the world is a libel. The Prince of Wales admitted in his Guildhall speech the difficulty of the English in India—'Though sympathy is the supreme duty, nobody can deny that in India sympathy has also to meet with supreme difficulties.' It is hard for the Englishman to bridge the gulf between himself and his Hindu neighbour, and treat him whole-heartedly as his friend, when the latter declines to dine with him because in his heart of hearts he looks upon him as a Pariah whose very touch defiles every particle of food and every drop of water. 'Sympathy is the supreme duty.' True enough, but not the whole truth. Sir Andrew Fraser, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, is as fine a specimen of a courteous gentleman as one would wish to know. As an official he erred only on the side of leniency, patience, and kindliness. Here was a man whom the mild Hindu ought to have loved and respected above all others, and yet what do we find? His life was attempted no fewer than four times. No, the plea of sympathy will not solve the problem. If every Englishman were an angel in disguise, the feeling of hostility on the part of the anarchists and extremists would not be one jot abated. It is still possible to throw pearls to swine, and suffer for doing so. Love and sympathy are the watchwords of Christianity; but the anarchist wants none of them. His country has been taken from him by a 'foreigner,' and his duty as a patriot is to get it back again by fair means or foul. Yet who is this that thus poses as a patriot against the foreign invader? A Brahman—an Aryan—a fellow-countryman of the great European race—an invader of India—a missionary of an alien religion—a conqueror of the great mass of the Dravidians, or Sudras, and Panchamas, to whom the land originally and rightfully belonged.[1] What claim has he got, except that of previous occupation, that we

[1] 'Let anyone compare the three names S. 'Dyaus Pitri,' G. Ζεύς πατήρ, and L. 'Jupiter' (Sky-Father), and he will see that the ancestors of the Brahmans and the English originally spoke the same language and worshipped the same God.

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do not possess? From this, and practically this class alone, are the sedition-mongers and sedition-leaders taken. It is this class that always pulls the wires. It is this class that Government has educated, and from which it has selected its fellow-workers in all the positions of importance. But the real people of India, the original owners of the land, are far better pleased to be under the British Government than that of either the Muhammadans or the Brahmans. The *pax Britannica* implies peace, liberty, justice, education, and progress. This they know full well, though the awakening of the Sudras as a body has scarcely commenced. When the Aryans first began, many centuries ago, to proselytise the Dravidians, they were content if only the latter would accept caste and rename their gods after those in the so-called Hindu pantheon. By adopting caste, the latter accepted the Brahmans as their divine masters, and also blended—some more, some less—their own sacrificial and demonolatrous rites with the religious system of the Brahmans. It is convenient for us to speak of the 'Hindus' and 'Hinduism,' but no such thing as Hinduism exists, nothing but a conglomeration of cults, many of which are not only flatly contradictory to one another, but even inconsistent with themselves, owing to an imperfect 'conversion' to Aryanism. The Brahman 'missionary' was satisfied with the two items quoted above, and was willing to swallow up or concede to the primitive Dravidian systems just so far as their adherents would permit. But it is a serious misconception to imagine that India has ever been wholly, or even largely, converted to Hinduism; it never has been, and, we may now safely prophesy, it never will be. Even our cold-weather visitors may see—
—though they may not always comprehend what they see—blood-stained altars (so utterly repulsive to the modern Brahman), rough pieces of stone standing for Dravidian goddesses (not Brahman gods) and idolatrous rites which date back for untold centuries beyond the Aryan conquest. The Brahmans have the advantage of us English as naturalised Indians by many a century, but both they and their religion are just as 'foreign' as the English with their Christianity. By priestcraft and sheer weight of intellect they are the hereditary lords and rulers of India; as undisputed sovereigns they sank into a deadly lethargy, and now, after the lapse of ages, they have been aroused out of their sleep, and they naturally resent our presence. The Sudras, however, have not yet as a class been touched, either, like the Brahmans, by the electric shock of contact with the West, or, like the Panchamas, by the startling revelation of equality in the Christian brotherhood. Their day has not yet dawned, but dawn it soon must. Though the doors and windows both of their minds and souls are still closed and barred, the light is streaming in by a thousand little chinks and crannies. They will soon see things as they are; and when the sun has fully risen, the real awakening of India will begin—an awakening such as the world has never seen before and

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probably never will see again, except in the neighbouring continent of China. The Panchamas have been touched by Christianity, though practically not at all by education; but the day is not far off when they and the millions of Dravidians will refuse to follow the Aryan lead either in the matter of religion or politics. English writers on the unrest in India ignore these people who form the bulk of the nation, and argue as if a numerically small body who now wish to supplant the English and get the country again under their clutches are the only men who deserve notice. As regards the Panchamas, who number many millions, they are at present only too glad to be left alone to earn their living in peace and not be oppressed too much by the Brahman village officials. It is just dawning upon them that they are men like others of God's creation, that they have the right of entrance into the law courts, that they ought not to be driven out of the *agrahâram* (Brahman street) when dogs and cows are freely allowed to pass, and that their shadow does not pollute others more than that of any other men. Are they ever likely to wish for the old state of things, to be ground down as the refuse of the earth, to be sold as slaves, to be debarred from schools and law courts, and to be driven off the public roads like vermin? I trow not. When we legislate for India these poor voiceless out-castes are not to be forgotten as if they were a negligible quantity.

Above all things the Indian admires patience, and above all things he hates to be hurried and pushed out of the ordinary routine of daily life. *Festina lente* is a golden rule for India. An illustration will make this plainer than anything else. Driving one day several years ago with a friend to a small station to catch the only train in the twenty-four hours, we overtook a bullock-cart crawling at a snail's pace. 'Hurry up, or you will miss the train,' cried my friend. 'Oh, it does not matter; we can go to-morrow,' was the reply. It was no hardship to them to sit and sleep on the stone platform for twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes, but hurried they would not be. Lord Curzon was the ablest and finest Viceroy that this generation of Indians has ever seen, but he was the best-abused man in the country. And why? Because he would 'hustle the East.' He was in too great a hurry; he seemed eager to force the East into a Western mould in a decade, to bring our Universities into line with Oxford and Cambridge in a lustrum, and, in a word, to introduce reforms on every conceivable subject reaching into every conceivable corner of the land. The 'changeless East' has been changed at such a rate that its breath is taken away.

'Tis bad for the Christian's peace of mind
To hustle the Aryan brown

is a sound principle enunciated by one who can see India from the inside; but it is still worse, both for the Aryan brown and Dravidian

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black, to be hustled at this breakneck pace. Such haste only leads to reaction and much unnecessary irritation—the culture in which the bacillus of sedition multiplies with amazing rapidity. Here again our very efforts to benefit the country are too apt to throw it back and make progress in the future more difficult.

The horrible murders of Sir William Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca have brought the sedition of India to the very doorstep of the British public. Men's minds are perplexed and distressed: what is the underlying cause, and what remedy for such a state of affairs can be found? It is too often assumed that the people of India as a whole are disaffected, but that the few violent Anarchists who will stop at no deeds, however outrageous, to carry out their vile purposes have no important backing. It would be a truer presentment of the case to divide India into two classes, a small educated minority who are, speaking broadly, disloyal, and a large uneducated majority who are, as a whole, loyal. A certain number of English politicians will at once join issue here, and declare that the majority are as much moved by the mistakes and injustice of the rulers of India as the minority. The question then becomes one of experience and of evidence. If a lifetime spent in India by one who has worked and conversed in their own tongue with the uneducated masses, and an experience as the principal of a college dealing with the educated, high-caste minority, carries any weight, then the present writer can bear emphatic testimony to the fact that the masses are perfectly loyal to the British *râj*. The ultimate aim of the minority, avowedly or secretly at heart, is to gain full and absolute control of the administration of the country, though they would describe this as patriotism not disloyalty; while the undoubted preference of the majority is for the maintenance of the British supremacy. To confuse the two, and to speak of the disaffection of 'the people of India' as if they were one homogeneous whole, and as if the uneducated majority must necessarily follow the lead of the educated minority, is a fundamental mistake from which we must at once clear our minds. India is not the same as Ireland. The most powerful force in India is caste, and between the Brahmans, who constitute almost the whole of the educated class, and the uneducated Sudras and outcastes there is a great gulf fixed which nothing at present can bridge. Homogeneity is the last thing to look for in caste-ridden India.

The next subject that we have to consider centres round the word 'reform.' No one claims infallibility for the rulers of India, and most people regret the handle given by the troubles in South Africa. But the question remains, Will reform stop disaffection? Those who have lived longest in, and worked hardest for, India, those who have in a real sense made India their home, those who have the deepest sympathy with her legitimate aspirations and long to

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help her to take her place among the great nations of the world, those in a word who know her most and love her best, have regretfully to acknowledge that no amount of political reform will serve to allay the present discontent. The aim of the educated minority is to make India as independent as Japan, or at least as one of our British Colonies. Let every concession that is now asked for be granted, and let the partition of Bengal be revoked to-morrow, and the disaffection will thereby only be increased. In no case is the common proverb that the appetite grows with that on which it feeds more true than in the present situation. The attainment of *suarâj*, absolute self-government, is the object that lies at the bottom of the educated minority's heart. By this word 'minority' we must not think only of the Anarchists who are ready to shoot every foreigner who pollutes the sacred soil of India by his presence, or of the still baser class who, while anxious to save their own skins, are always inflaming by their writings and speeches the hot blood of those who resort to the bomb and the revolver; but we must also include those law-abiding people who denounce violence and assassination as loudly as we do, but who yet desire by every peaceable method to get into their own hands the complete control of the country. Again, when we use the term 'educated' we must remember that while the Brahmans constitute less than 5 per cent. of the total population they form about 85 per cent. of the graduates of the universities.

Let us try to look at the situation through their eyes. We English have helped the country for the brief moment of a century or two, but still we are foreign conquerors, while they are the rightful rulers of the land by a title that dates back for thousands of years. *Dulce et decorum pro patria mori*, so it is an equally sweet and decorous thing to live with the single aim to get back the administration of the country so as to rule it in accordance with Oriental and Brahmanic conceptions. The Brahman believes himself to be the embodiment of God on earth, he therefore sees no unfairness in gaining power purely to serve his own interests; he sees no harm in treating as vassals nearly two hundred millions of non-Brahman Hindus, or scorning as enemies the sixty-two millions of Muhammadans; and he sees no injustice in grinding down the fifty millions of outcastes who are lower than the cows and dogs, and whose very shadow pollutes him. He is nowadays a patriot above all things, and this in his inmost heart is his patriotism. Then, too, let us see how his campaign has succeeded so far. He has procured the dismissal of a Lieutenant-Governor, though the Viceroy approved of his rule, in obedience to the clamour of some schoolboys; he has got rid of the ablest Viceroy of this generation, who favoured the partition of Bengal; he has compelled the Indian Secretary to enlarge the Councils owing to the violence of his agitation; and he has seen that Secretary's *aide-de-camp* shot because he refused to revoke that partition. This

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is *his* way of reviewing the situation, and no explanations from the House at Westminster or the Viceregal Lodge at Simla can even touch one of these impressions. Has he not reason to be satisfied with the success of his campaign? We Englishmen have to decide whether we intend to maintain India or not. If we maintain it only in our own interests or for the glory of our empire, would it not be more dignified to retire at once instead of having these so-called reforms forced from us? America loses nothing by being independent of our control. But if we are persuaded that India cannot stand alone, naked and unprotected, that the mass of the people are wholly unfit for self-government, and that we have a sacred duty to these voiceless millions who prefer our juster rule, then we must put our foot down and face the consequences.

Where then shall we look for the solution of our problem? If the statements given above are based on facts, then they seem inevitably to point to certain logical conclusions. We must educate the great Sudra castes, and not only the Brahmans; we must cease to make a fetish out of a legitimate religious neutrality; we must do all that we can to abolish caste, in so far as it means magnifying a certain disloyal class into demi-gods; and we must encourage those that are loyal—Muslims, Sudras, and Christians alike; and, above all, we must not be forced into weak concessions to those who only look upon each of these concessions as a stepping-stone to the ultimate expulsion of the English from the land. Each of these points may be briefly touched on:—

(1) Education has so far been too literary and too much confined to those who are clever by heredity, to the exclusion of those classes who are engaged in agriculture, commerce, and industries. The country can never develop its vast resources till we turn our energies in this latter direction. Let all Government aid be withdrawn from all colleges, and let all Government colleges be closed. We shall still have more than enough graduates; higher education will be self-supporting, and there will then be money left to elevate the Sudras and Panchamas especially in the above pursuits, which are considered *infra dig.* by the higher castes.

(2) We must cease to glory so much in our vaunted neutrality, so far as it means bringing our religion, and hence ourselves, into contempt. We have no right and no wish to trample upon any man's conscience or his religion, but that is a very different thing from banishing religion from our schools, always apologising for it, and acting as if we had none. Are we English all Pariahs, from the Viceroy downwards? Does our touch defile those over whom we rule? Are we for ever to sit down quietly while the 'twice-born' human representatives of God despise us in their secret hearts as out-castes? The Hindus would respect us infinitely more if we openly honoured our God as they do theirs. It is pleasing to note that His Excellency Sir

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Arthur Lawley, the Governor of Madras, has been making of late some excellent speeches in Tinnevelly, eulogising the value of missions and missionaries to the country. We need much more of this advocacy—not only in Christian centres, but also in Hindu strongholds.

(3) The curse of India is caste. The roots dive down to the depths of the country. We cannot adopt any manner of compulsion, but we can show to India that it is simply impossible to grant anything like self-government and the franchise except on the basis of an absolute civic equality of man with man.

(4) We must encourage those who are loyal to us, lest they should be disgusted at our partiality and also turn against us. In the new Legislative Councils Christians must have seats as well as Muslims and Hindus. Minorities deserve honour, and loyal minorities deserve double honour. What is all this clamour about the partition of Bengal but a cry of horror and surprise that the Muslim should be considered worthy of as much attention as the Hindu? He, like the Christian, has had too much of the cold shoulder in the past. The masses are at present loyal, but they are easily led astray by the Brahmans who pull the wires.

(5) We must make clear that there is a limit to our concessions. We must draw the line and proclaim to all India that by no arguments or threats, by no persuasions or bombs, shall we budge one inch beyond. We shall thus destroy the *raison d'être* of sedition. It will no longer pay. Secondly, we must announce that no advance of any kind will be made so long as the country is in a state of agitation. Schoolmasters do not give half-holidays while the boys are in rebellion. We shall thus provide not only a negative but a positive reason for quietude. Further, we must suppress with the sternest hand all seditious writers and speakers. We cannot afford to let men with firebrands run about our powder-magazine—for such it is—and we have a perfect right both to make and carry out the strictest rules. Finally, we must urge our own English sympathisers with India, whether visitors to that country or Members of Parliament, to help and not to hinder us. They mean well, but they raise the general temperature and so increase the risk from the flashing point. Explosions must cost us lives.

If it were not for the good of India that the English should remain in the land, and were it not that the great scheme for the regeneration of this vast continent is being worked out by the union of the two races, and would be ruined by the divorce of the same, not a line of this paper would ever have been written. Those who know India best, and therefore those who love her best, desire nothing but what can advance and help her. They are willing to join in the cry of *Bandê, Mâtaram* ('Hail, Motherland!'), just as they are to bare their heads at the strains of the National Anthem. But the policy must be based on

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the broad sound principles of eternal truth and justice, for without these we can find no scope for the noble and gentle qualities of peace, love, and sympathy. What India wants is a combination of Indian gentleness with English strength, justice, and straightforwardness. We must be strong and quit us like men, as well as be sympathetic and loving. The Indian Mutiny would never have come to a head if it had not been for the weakness of the officers, and our present anarchy is largely due to the weakness displayed as regards Sir Bampfylde Fuller. The attitude of the Government must be one which, without either shame or partiality, rests on the broad principle of 'Fear God and honour the King'—a principle which finds an echo in every true Indian's heart, and which will elevate the English in his love and esteem. No one longs more fervently than the true Englishman for the gulf between the two races to be spanned by the golden bridge of friendship and brotherhood; but what can he do? He occupies a most anomalous position. He is the ruler, and yet both he and his religion are contemned by those over whom he rules.

'To have won such a dominion is a great achievement,' said Lord Curzon at the Delhi Durbar. 'To hold it by fair and righteous dealing is a greater; to weld it by prudent statesmanship into a single compact whole will be, and is, the greatest of all.' These are true and noble words, but they do not contain the whole truth; for it is religion, and religion alone, that can unite India into one homogeneous, harmonious whole. It is religion, and religion alone, that can knit man to man as brothers, and heart to heart with the bonds of love. It is religion alone, and not prudent statesmanship, that can bind men by golden chains about the feet of God. That India will ultimately become a Christian country will not be denied by those who compare its present state with that of the Roman Empire during the second century. Whether we look at the Greek philosophy and pride of citizenship, coupled with a contempt for the popular idolatry; the profession of regard for Christ, with the martyrdom of Christians and the sneers of Lucius, Celsus, and Porphyry at Christianity; the conversion of masses of slaves, the diffusion of Christian ideals, and the revival of the old faith in the dress of Neo-Platonism, we find the exact counterpart under each of these heads in modern India. The day is not yet in sight, but it cannot long be delayed, when the great scheme of India's redemption shall have been worked out, when India shall take her own place as a mighty nation,—free, enlightened, self-contained, and united; and all our policy should be so shaped as ever to keep that end in view, and also fashioned on such progressive lines as to be daily advancing towards its perfect attainment.

J. A. Sharrock.

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THE INCREMENT TAX

The Land Clauses neither Unprecedented nor Socialistic.

The inveterate Rip-van-Winkleism of the Tory-Unionist Opposition has never been better illustrated than in their attitude towards the land clauses of the present Budget. After the long series of Irish Land Acts they suddenly wake up to discover that the present moderate instalment of Land Reform, the benefits of which are not confined to Ireland, is as novel as it is 'unjust' and 'revolutionary.' The astonishing fashion in which their leaders, who might fairly be expected to be better informed, speak of the Budget proposals as revolutionary innovations, makes it the duty of those with better memories to recall the obvious fact that they are nothing of the kind. Both the increment tax and the taxation of undeveloped land on the basis of its capital value, instead of being Socialistic novelties, are simply an attempt to carry into effect principles underlying British constitutional usage which, though allowed to lapse in practice, are still inherent in our system. A little inquiry into the matter shows that England, although lagging behind her own Colonies and some of her neighbours in the application of those principles, had actually developed them—some theoretically and others in practice—long before they were taken up and carried into effect by her modern rivals in Land Reform.

One way of clearing the ground for a fair discussion on the merits of the Government proposals is to dispel the illusion that they are a mere adaptation of Continental and Colonial novelties. It is to be hoped that in this way it will be possible to remove some of the prejudice against them entertained by that large and respectable section of the community which—with no interest in the maintenance of land monopoly and the law-made misery to which it gives rise—yet defend it by their votes in the honest conviction that it is part and parcel of the British Constitution. The manner in which farmers, for instance, have for generations been induced to pool their interests with the diametrically opposed interests of the landlords is certainly an extraordinary aberration. It is, however, less astounding than the blindness which permits merchants and professional men in great

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cities to be recruited in thousands as unpaid auxiliaries for the defence of the ground landlords, who tax them far more heavily than the State and the municipality on the improvements and progress due to their own energy and to the general development of the country. Working men and the lower middle classes have begun to see where the shoe pinches, being painfully conscious of the high percentage of their earnings which go in rent. To judge, however, by the spirit prevailing at meetings in the City of London, the business men assembled there would seem to be quite incapable of appreciating the lesson displayed daily before their eyes in the unearned wealth of the monopolists who hold the land (which is as necessary for the merchant prince and the leading professional man as it is for the poorest of their employees) and levy pitiless toll indifferently upon the labour of both categories and of the whole community. Surely the desire of successful men of business to win a place by purchase among the owners of the soil, possession of which still confers high social position in England, must be an absorbing passion to blind them to such an extent to their own interests. But how is it that the average professional man and trader who cherishes no such ambition fails to get a glimpse of the fact that he pays away to the landowner, directly and indirectly, without any equivalent service, a far larger proportion of his gains than he does to the State and the municipality? To this class may be commended the following significant remarks of Professor Cairnes, an economist of a former generation who was neither foreign, Colonial, nor Socialistic:

> A given exertion of labour and capital will now produce in a great many directions five, ten or twenty times—in some instances perhaps a hundred times—the result which an equal exertion would have produced 100 years ago; yet the rate of wages . . . has certainly not advanced in anything like a corresponding degree, whilst it may be doubted if the rate of profit has advanced at all . . . we should be inclined to say it had even positively fallen. . . . Someone, no doubt, has benefited by the enlarged power of man over material nature; the world is, without question, the richer for it. . . . The large addition to the wealth of the country has gone neither to profits nor to wages, nor yet to the public at large, but to swell a fund ever growing, even while its proprietors sleep—the rent-roll of the owners of the soil.

Some of the principles to which the present Government are endeavouring to give effect in a moderate and tentative way were laid down as long ago as 1782 by another English writer, William Ogilvie, who will at least not be accused of drawing his inspiration from Kiaochau or New Zealand. In his essay on the right of property in land, Ogilvie draws a distinction between (1) the original value of the soil, (2) the increased value given to it by human labour, and (3) the value which it acquires in the present from its possibility of increased value in the future. He maintains that only the second value belongs to the landowner, all the rest being in reality the property of the community. Recognising, however, the difficulty of

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distinguishing between the three elements in the value of land, Ogilvie suggests that the landowner should be allowed to retain the value arising from elements in which he has no part, but should be obliged to contribute to the requirements of the State. (He thus, consciously or unconsciously, reverts to the principle of the first land tax under William the Conqueror.) Ogilvie adds: 'No scheme of taxation can be so equitable as a land tax by which alone the expenses of the State ought to be supported until the whole amount of that original value be exhausted.' The trusteeship of the proprietor is further emphasised by him in his reminder to landowners that they must regard themselves merely as administrators of the property on behalf of the community, and consequently ought to cultivate it to the highest degree possible.

It may also be well to point out to business and professional men that the theoretically orthodox British Socialists—such, for instance, as Mr. Hyndmann—contemptuously reject the idea that Mr. Lloyd George's proposals are in any sense Socialistic, or constitute any advance towards the nationalisation of the land. Indeed, they oppose them on the ground that they are simple middle-class palliatives of an old-fashioned Whiggish character. As a matter of fact, these Socialist stalwarts, in their opposition to the Budget, show a sound instinct, as the reforms which it promotes are exactly of the kind which will strengthen rather than weaken the basis of social order, and are part of the armoury of the most effective opponents of Socialism—viz., those who take the wind out of the sails of the Socialist agitator by promoting necessary reforms at an opportune moment.

On the other hand, the German Government, at present the most effectively Conservative in Europe, has just adopted the principle of the unearned increment tax as a source of Imperial revenue, and promised to embody it in the laws of the land in 1912; while in the meantime the principle is being enforced in the form of a surtax. In the memorial which it submitted to the Reichstag during the discussion of the increment tax, that Government declared that the taxation of the unearned increment was in itself justifiable, and a very suitable source of revenue for the municipalities and local authorities. Indeed, the gist of the whole statement was that the municipalities had a greater claim to it than the central Government, and that its conversion into an Imperial tax might upset the financial arrangements of the municipalities. But there is not in this official pronouncement a single word attributing to the increment tax either a Socialistic or a revolutionary character, the objections being solely to the participation of the Empire and to the unsuitableness of the tax for inclusion in the finance reform then under consideration.

The eminent German economist, Professor Wagner, maintains that the imposition of the increment tax does not encounter greater

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difficulties than that of the land tax which existed before it, nor of the income tax itself. It is objected that no one can distinguish between really earned and unearned increment, and in certain individual cases many difficulties might arise. But in general the problem is far simpler, being merely to judge whether the increase of value is due to the work or activity of the present proprietor, and that can be established with comparative ease. He takes the case of Berlin, and supposes that a man owned land there previous to the years 1866 and 1870. After the two victorious wars, Berlin became the centre of the new German Empire and more or less one of the great capitals of the world. Had the proprietor of that land done anything personally to increase its value? That value was, on the contrary, to be attributed to the development of the whole country and the work of the whole people, and consequently at least a portion of the increased value should go to the public. What that proportion should be was matter for discussion, but with a determination to solve the problem, impartial experts would not find it difficult of solution.

He went on to say, speaking in April 1908, that in Prussia the movement in favour of this tax had gone so far that it already had been adopted in about one hundred municipalities, and that the Government had even recommended the municipalities to adopt it.

For unprejudiced observers there could hardly be any stronger proof of the non-Socialistic character of the taxation of the capital value of land than the fact that it was adopted sixteen years ago by the German Government, one of whose greatest tasks is to oppose the advance of Socialism. In the Municipal Rates Law (*Communalabgabengesetz*) of 1893, the municipalities of Prussia, that most reactionary of the German States, were authorised to levy rates on the common or capital value of land instead of upon its actual annual income. In order to avert all prejudice in the minds of conservative Englishmen against this German example, it may be well to point out that the taxation of land as such is perhaps the oldest traditional British tax. It was indeed for centuries the ordinary method of raising revenue for the defence of the country. It was even at its inception a capital tax, varying, under William the Conqueror, by whom it was first imposed, from one shilling to six shillings on every hyde of land. Indeed, so little is the action of the present Government unprecedented in this matter of the taxation of land, that in the eighth year of the reign of Edward the Third a complete valuation was made throughout England of the fifteenth part of every township—a valuation upon which subsequent assessments were based. The existing land tax, created in the reign of William and Mary, imposed four shillings in the pound on all real property on the *bona fide* rack rent. The assessment on the *bona fide* rack rent shows that already in those days the income from land was not considered as being necessarily its true value for the purpose of taxation.

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In December 1845 Richard Cobden, with his usual pithy lucidity, thus summed up the story of the English land tax:

> For a period of 150 years after the Conquest, the whole of the revenue of the country was derived from the land. During the next 150 years it yielded nineteen-twentieths of the revenue—for the next century down to the reign of Richard the Third it was nine-tenths. During the next seventy years to the time of Mary it fell to about three-fourths. From this time to the end of the Commonwealth, land appeared to have yielded one-half the revenue. Down to the reign of Anne it was one-fourth. In the reign of George the Third it was one-sixth. For the first thirty years of his reign the land yielded one-seventh of the revenue. From 1793 to 1816 (during the period of the Land Tax), land contributed one-ninth. From which time to the present (1845) one twenty-fifth only of the revenue had been derived directly from land. Thus the land, which anciently paid the whole of taxation, paid now only a fraction or one twenty-fifth, notwithstanding the immense increase that has taken place in the value of the rentals. The people had fared better under the despotic monarchs than when the powers of the State had fallen into the hands of a landed oligarchy, who had first exempted themselves from taxation, and next claimed compensation for themselves by a Corn Law for their heavy and peculiar burdens.

At the present day land taxes are imposed not only in Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland, but in the United States of America, and even in Japan. Although the Tory-Unionist Opposition, encouraged by Lord Rosebery's forgetfulness of his own attitude towards Land Reform at a previous stage of his career, accuse them of being 'revolutionary,' nobody in any of the widely different countries in which they are imposed dreams of regarding them either as novel or Socialistic.

Genesis of 'Increment' and 'Betterment.'

Tempting, however, as is the theme of the British land tax, and easy as it is to prove how unfounded is the accusation of originality brought against the Government's land clauses, it is proposed to confine the remainder of this article to the question of the taxation of unearned increment.

France, the birthplace of so many pregnant social ideas, actually preceded James Mill (generally regarded as the founder of the theory of unearned increment), if not in formulating, at least in applying the principle of the right of the community to receive part of the increased value of land due to its own exertions. It may be contended that the French example is rather one of the taxation of 'betterment' than of unearned increment; but from the standpoint of principle, the distinction which it is sought in some quarters to establish between the two is a false one. The difference between the increased value given to a piece of land by public works carried out in its vicinity and the increase in value arising from the general progress of the community and the growth of population is only one of degree and not of

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kind. The former is more directly visible and tangible than the latter, but both are essentially of the same nature.

Article 54 of a law passed in 1807, under the direct inspiration of Napoleon the First, stipulates that while a proprietor is to be compensated for the expropriation of his land, he has, on the other hand, to pay for the increased value given by the improvements, made at the public cost, of the part remaining in his possession. The accounts between the public authorities and the proprietor are to be regulated on the basis of an estimate, the result of which might show that the owner has to pay a certain balance for the increased value of that remainder, after taking into account the price of the expropriated portion. In other words, a proprietor might find himself obliged to cede a portion of his land gratis in consideration of the increased value given to what remained in his possession, and might even have to add a payment in cash to the cession of his property. It will be observed that in the law in question, which in this particular respect remained unaffected by a subsequent amending law of 1810, the claim of the State was not to levy in the form of a tax a percentage upon the increased value given to the land remaining in private hands, but to appropriate it in its entirety as belonging to the public, by whose improvements it had been created. Article 30 of the same French law provides that when private property has considerably increased in value in consequence of public works, the proprietor can be taxed up to one-half of that increase in value, the amount of the increase being ascertained by legal valuation.

While the landed interest in France has succeeded in greatly restricting the application of this principle, it has nevertheless been maintained up to the present day in that country, where the taxation of 'betterment' (which is but a more obvious form of unearned increment), as laid down in the Napoleonic statute, has been extensively enforced, and has done much to promote the æsthetic and hygienic development not only of Paris, but of Lyons, Toulouse, Grenoble, &c., and in the general improvement of the ways of communication.

This taxation by Napoleon of unearned increment was but a development of the principles implicitly involved, if not expressly stated, in a series of royal decrees and ordinances under Louis the Fourteenth and his successors. In those documents it was provided that, in calculating the compensation to be paid for land expropriated for public purposes, the increased value given to the portion remaining in the hands of private proprietors was to be taken into account. In certain circumstances, indeed, a tax was actually imposed upon the increase of value due to public improvements. In some cases the increased value of the part remaining in the possession of a proprietor was considered to be in itself adequate compensation for the part which was expropriated, so that no monetary compensation was paid. The imposition of a tax upon land increased in value by public improve-

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ments is provided for in an ordinance issued by Colbert as long ago as 1679 to the Touraine authorities in connexion with the opening of a new street in Tours.

Thus quite apart from the discussion of the whole subject in the latter half of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century by the predecessors of James Mill, including Thomas Paine, it is evident that a broad basis was laid in the history of land legislation in France for the ideas systematised in James Mill's theory of the unearned increment (*Elements of Political Economy*), which received its name from his son, John Stuart Mill.

The Increment Tax in Germany.

The particulars of the increment tax levied by local authorities in Germany, and first authorised in Prussia by the Municipal Rating Act of 1893, contained in the recently-issued Blue Book, render it unnecessary to deal at length with the details of the various schemes adopted. That important collection of material can, however, be supplemented in certain directions by facts which all tend to confirm the wisdom of the initiative and to prove its necessity. Perhaps the most striking of these facts is the comparatively rapid progress it has made in Prussia since Frankfort-on-Maine took advantage in 1904 of the power given to the municipalities in 1893. There, as in Cologne, which followed the example a year later, and in other large centres, the impelling force was not any doctrinaire devotion to abstract justice, but the urgent need of increased resources. Its relatively rapid acceptance—it is now enforced by some 200 municipal bodies, the number of which is increasing month by month—is the more significant for having been secured against the opposition of the land and house owners, who are greatly over-represented on the Prussian municipal councils. The example given by Prussia is now being followed by other States of the Empire, so that, with the increased number of municipalities, including Berlin and the suburban communes adjoining it, who are hastenng to take advantage of the opportunity of securing this source of revenue for local purposes, there has, since the discussion in the Reichstag this summer, been a regular race throughout Germany in the introduction of the new system. This circumstance, and the fact that nowhere has the system been abandoned either by large or small municipal bodies, tends to show that the gloomy forecasts of its results in England will in all human probability be speedily falsified. Naturally neither landlords nor the gamblers in building plots are pleased with the change, but the evidence of independent observers shows that it has thus far constantly surpassed the expectations of its supporters as a revenue producer, while steadying rather than hampering the legitimate and honest building trade. Indeed, the common verdict of experience among our neighbours is that business has not been hampered by the

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increment tax, but that on the other hand it has helped everywhere, in a greater or less degree, to bring more building land into the market and to promote the great and urgent reform of the better housing of the workers and the lower middle classes. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and that has been so favourable in Germany that everyone is now ordering the new dish. The reply made to me by a prominent banker in one of the largest German cities in which the system had been introduced, was that he regretted it had not been applied sooner, to the great advantage of the municipal treasury. In short, the experience of the tax in Germany, where, unlike the British measure, it applies to agricultural as well as urban land, shows that, as so frequently happens with new forms of taxation of this description, the predictions of opponents as to impossibility of execution and insufficient yield of revenue are not borne out in practice. As bearing on this point, and more particularly on the difficulties in the way of making an accurate valuation of the site value apart from buildings, foreshadowed in this country, it is desirable to point out that Continental American and Colonial experience demonstrates that the problem is by no means so formidable as those anxious to prevent the adoption of the scheme endeavour to make out. Very striking is the report of Mr. Lawson Purdy, President of the Department of Taxes in the City of New York, in a letter reproduced in the Blue Book. After stating his conviction that it was possible to secure an assessment of the value of land which would be so accurate as to preclude all reasonable complaint and would certainly be far more accurate than the assessment of any other form of property, Mr. Purdy says :

> The effect of the taxation of real estate in the city of New York, in so far as the tax falls upon land, is undoubtedly the same as is described by John Stuart Mill, Edwin R. A. Seligman and other writers on Political Economy. That is to say that a tax on land being paid wholly by the owner does not increase rentals but decreases selling value. When land is sold the tax is capitalised, the price is reduced, and the subsequent owner does not bear the burden of the tax so long as the rate does not increase. Anyone familiar with New York conditions would say that the tax tends to induce better improvement of valuable sites than would be the case if there were no such tax.

Similar evidence is given throughout the Blue Book by others responsible for the practical working of valuation.

It may be well here to mark the point which the movement in favour of the unearned increment tax has reached in the German Imperial Parliament. In that chamber there is no longer any question as to the justice of the tax, all parties—Conservative, Liberal and Socialist—having accepted it in principle.

On the 10th of July 1909 the Reichstag, with the approval of the Federal Governments, agreed to the insertion of provisions into the Transfer Stamp Act which forms part of the new financial reform, stipulating that on or before the 1st of April 1912 an Imperial tax upon the unearned increment in land will be introduced, and will be estab-

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lished upon such a basis as is calculated to yield an annual revenue of at least 20,000,000 marks (1,000,000*l.*).

Provision is to be made by a special law that the Communes and Associations of Communes in which the unearned increment tax had been enforced on the 1st of April, 1909, shall be allowed for at least five years after the Imperial tax comes into force, to retain the average annual revenue which they had previously derived from that tax. Until the application of this law a surtax of 100 per cent. will be levied upon the land transfer tax of one-third per cent. imposed by the new Stamp Act.

Growth of Site Value.

The phenomenon of the extraordinary growth of site value in great cities throughout the civilised world is one of the most remarkable of the last fifty years. This increase is almost invariably due to similar causes, such as the geographical situation of the city in relation to the commerce of the country, its establishment as a seat of government, or of the Court, the development of industries specially adapted to the locality, and the continuous growth of population. All these and other causes have tended to increase beyond the most extravagant expectations the wealth of those who, by accident or foresight, acquired land in those localities. A few illustrative examples of this from different countries will not be without interest.

Berlin, the European capital that has developed most rapidly within the last century, is a particularly striking example of the extraordinary growth of site values, in that way rivalling Chicago itself. The latter, as was to be expected, appears to hold the record, to judge by particulars given by the State of Illinois Bureau of Labour, in its Eighth Annual Report issued for 1895. This report contains a detailed account of the history of a quarter of an acre of land in the heart of Chicago from 1830 to 1894, showing the increase in its value from 20 dollars in 1830 to 17,500 dollars in 1850, 28,000 dollars in 1860, 120,000 dollars in 1870, 130,000 dollars in 1880, 900,000 dollars in 1890, and 1,250,000 dollars in 1894.

Berlin does not reach this record, yet the following cases are sufficiently striking:—In the Berlin suburban Commune of Schöneberg a peasant bought a piece of land for 7100 marks as a potato field. Fifty years later it was sold for 600,000 marks. A peasant living at Britz, another suburb of Berlin, could not find a buyer at 50,000 marks for eight morgen of land which he possessed. Shortly afterwards a railway station was established in the vicinity, and a Building Land Investment Company purchased the same piece of land for 300,000 marks.

Dr. Adolf Weber, of Bonn, gives particulars of a similar increase of value in Boston, U.S.A., where a special valuation of land and buildings for taxation purposes was ordered in the seventies, a fair and honest effort being made to ascertain their actual selling value. In

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1876, the date of the valuation, the land in Boston was estimated at 320,133,375 dollars. In 1901 this value had increased to 547,246,000, or a difference of 227,112,625 dollars. Within the same period the buildings had increased in value from 260,024,525 to 377,790,000 dollars, or an addition of 117,765,475 dollars. Within the same period there was an increase of about 11,000 in the population, so that according to this author, each new inhabitant increased the unearned increment by 3270 marks, or 163*l*. It will be observed that this calculation is based exclusively upon the increase in the value of the land.

In Stockholm the value of land subject to taxation increased from 177,000,000 crowns in 1875 to 469,000,000 crowns in 1890; that increase of 292,000,000 corresponded to an increase in the population of about 100,000, so that the increased value per head of the increase of the population amounted to over 150*l*.

According to one local authority, the unearned increment in the value of even agricultural land in the suburbs and surrounding districts of Vienna has in some cases reached 1000 per cent. A statistical inquiry by Dr. Schwartz shows that the increase in the value of land in the city itself from 1866 to 1899 varied from 100 per cent. to several thousands per cent. That increase was greater in recent years, so that in his opinion it may be fairly estimated that the average increase during the past thirty years has been over 100 per cent.

Some British Examples of Increment.

It is not necessary to leave England for examples of the manner in which unrestricted land monopoly burdens all classes and hampers progress. South Wales, a district with which I am acquainted, strikingly illustrates what is occurring in a greater or lesser degree throughout the whole of England. Owing to the construction of the great dock at Barry the rateable value of the Barry urban area ran up from 20,533*l*. in 1889 to 263,000*l*. in the present year, an increase of 1200 per cent. in twenty years. That is admittedly an exceptional case, but it is strictly in accordance with the rule that this enormous increase of land values created by industry has escaped its due share of taxation.

Newport, where there has also been a considerable increase of the rateable value during the last generation, complains (according to the great provincial organ, the *South Wales Daily News*, of February last, from which I take these figures) of the manner in which its progress has been hampered by the high rents demanded, which drove away manufacturers desirous of settling in the district. The Newport Corporation spent 30,500*l*. in laying out roads, with the result of increasing the value of the land immediately adjoining by 200 per cent. An instance is given of the increased ground rent charged in this district on the falling in of leases going up to as much as 400 per cent.

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The industrial district of St. Thomas, Swansea, less than thirty years ago a hamlet, is now a vast area of populous streets yielding a big income to the landlord. In the thirty-six years ending in 1908 the rateable value of Swansea had increased by 246 per cent. Nearly 4,000,000*l.* have been spent on the docks and as much on works. The owners of the valueless foreshore had to be bought out by the docks, tens of thousands being thus paid for intrinsically worthless land which only acquired value through the enterprise of others than those who owned it.

In Swansea, as elsewhere, building land has been held up, generation after generation, by landlords. There is a field now grazed by sheep, and yielding about 5*l.* an acre, which it was publicly stated in February is being put on the building market at 1000*l.* an acre.

The Corporation was asked 1000*l.* an acre for land necessary for tramway extension. On arbitration this was reduced to less than 400*l.* For a field purchased thirty years ago for 5000*l.* an offer of 25,000*l.* was refused soon afterwards. It remained unbuilt on for ten years, during that period only paying rates on its agricultural value. It is now covered with streets and worth 50,000*l.* on the most moderate calculation.

Superiority of the British Scheme.

It is impossible in the space of one article to compare the details of the English and German legislation. Generally the Finance Bill endeavours to arrive with more care at what is really unearned increment, that is to say, increased value not due to any effort or capital outlay of the owner, and it is confined to the increase in the site value of the land; whereas in Germany a much more rough-and-ready method has been adopted. There, taxation is on the increased value of land and buildings at the time of sale, the whole tax being treated more in the nature of an additional transfer duty. On the other hand, the British tax is levied on more occasions; not merely on the sale of real property, but on death, and also—in the case of limited liability companies—on periodical valuations at fixed intervals. It is thus more scientific in its imposition. On the other hand the Germans have exercised their well-known love of graduation to a much larger extent than the English. In both schemes, however, the first 10 per cent. increment is exempt.

The most important distinction in principle is that, whereas the English tax will be levied on future increase of value, the datum line being the valuation now made, the German tax is retrospective. Thus, in the one case the owner is allowed to keep all the increment of the past, and has only to pay on the increment of the future, whereas in the other he is taxed on the increment which has accumulated during the ownership of the present proprietor. In both schemes, however,

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the great principle of obtaining for the community, by means either of local or national taxes, a reasonable share of the increased value of land which is generally recognised to be mainly due, not to the efforts of an individual, or even a group of individuals, but to the growth of the population and the consequent necessity for land to live on, is in Germany accepted by all parties in the State, in England by the party in power; and it will, I have no doubt, shortly be recognised as wise and just even by those who are now opposing it in this country.

ALFRED MOND.

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THE LAND, THE PEOPLE AND THE GENERAL ELECTION

From both the national and the imperial point of view the British land problem is of the very greatest importance. It is undoubtedly as important as is the problem of safeguarding our manufacturing industries and of binding together the Motherland and the Colonies in an indissoluble and indestructible union for mutual defence.

As a matter of fact, the settlement of the British land problem is a necessary part of that great constructive national and imperial policy which Mr. Chamberlain has initiated, and with which Mr. Chamberlain's name will be connected for all time. Mr. Chamberlain's policy was enthusiastically taken up by the Unionist party. Every Unionist became a missionary of empire. Unfortunately, but inevitably, Unionists were so absorbed by their mission, they were so absorbed in explaining their great policy of national and imperial organisation and reform, and especially the Tariff Reform part of that policy, to the people, and they were so absorbed in defending their policy against the attacks of their opponents, that the consideration of the great land problem had necessarily to be relegated to the background, and was in danger of being overlooked. Happily that danger is passed, and Unionists are under a twofold obligation to Mr. Lloyd George: Firstly, for having raised the land problem, and for thus having given Unionists an opportunity of showing that Tariff Reform and land reform are parts of the same policy and must go hand in hand; secondly, for having treated our great land problem in such a manner that the Unionist solution of that problem will certainly be far more acceptable to the nation than the fantastic and mischievous proposals of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends.

Mr. Lloyd George said in his Budget speech:

> Any man who has crossed and recrossed this country from North to South and East to West must have been perplexed at finding that there was so much waste and wilderness possible in such a crowded little island. There are millions of acres in this country which are more stripped and sterile than they were, and providing a living for fewer people than they did, even a thousand years ago. We are not getting out of the land anything like what it is capable

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of endowing us with. Of the enormous quantity of agricultural, dairy produce and fruit, and of the timber which is imported into this country, a considerable portion could be raised on our own land. We have drawn upon the robust vitality of the rural areas of Great Britain, and especially of Ireland, and spent its energies recklessly in the devitalising atmosphere of urban factories and workshops as if the supply were inexhaustible. We are now beginning to realise that we have been spending our capital, and at a disastrous rate, and it is time we should make a real concerted national effort to replenish it.

Every acre of land brought into cultivation, every acre of cultivated land brought into a higher state of cultivation, means more labour of a healthy and productive character; it means more abundant food—cheaper and better food—for the people.

In the foregoing words Mr. Lloyd George has well summed up our agricultural problem; but how does he propose to solve it?

Mr. Lloyd George proposes to put heavy additional taxes on the land owners, and especially upon the large land owners, by means of heavy additions to the death duties, heavy additions to the income tax, and various heavy taxes on land. Most of our land owners work with a very small profit, some make no profit, some make a loss. Land owners have no unlimited liquid funds at their disposal wherewith they can pay heavy additional taxes. Therefore they can find the money for paying the heavy new imposts only by raising the rent of the farmers and by reducing their expenditure. The function of our land owners is not only to collect the rent and spend it on their own amusements, as Radical and Socialist agitators seem to imagine. It is their function to finance agriculture by draining the land, erecting farmhouses and buildings, and keeping them in repair, providing seed and manure, and improving the land in every way, and many millions of pounds are spent by them in this manner in every year, to the great benefit of agriculture. The majority of our land owners live thriftily, and they cannot greatly reduce their personal expenditure. Therefore they will be able to pay the new taxes only by reducing their expenditure on the land. Hence Mr. Lloyd George's new taxes will inevitably lead to the raising of agricultural rents on the one hand, and to the starvation and exhaustion of the soil on the other.

The profits of our farmers are very small. The prices for their agricultural produce are limited by the free competition of foreign agricultural produce. Hence they can pay increased rents only by making economies, by dismissing part of their labourers, by converting corn lands and vegetable fields, which require much labour, into grazing fields, which require very little labour. Mr. Lloyd George's new taxes will not recreate our rural industries, but they will accelerate the decline of our agriculture and the exodus of our rural population from the land.

We have become to such an extent a nation of town dwellers, and we have become to such a degree estranged from the land, that very

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few of us are aware how great and how unnecessary has been the decline and decay of our agriculture. Many people argue complacently: Great Britain is a small and densely populated industrial country; the great development of our manufacturing industries made the decline of our agriculture inevitable; the decline of our agriculture, and the exodus of the rural population, is a natural phenomenon in a country such as ours.

These often heard arguments are fallacious. Like causes have like effects. Great Britain is not the only industrial country in Europe. If the development of the manufacturing industries was bound to lead to the decline of British agriculture, it should have led to a far greater decline of German agriculture, because Germany is agriculturally in a much less favourable position than is Great Britain. Germany's soil is much poorer than ours. Her territory east of the Elbe is a huge sandy plain. Great ranges of lofty and sterile mountains occur in the south and west. Her climate has extremes of cold and heat unknown to Great Britain. The air is dry. Owing to these unfavourable conditions Germany can grow wheat only in a few favoured spots, and she has to rely for bread principally on rye. Besides, Germany is an inland country. Hence the transport of agricultural produce from the purely agricultural east to the densely populated industrial west is exceedingly costly. Great Britain, on the other hand, has a naturally rich soil, few mountains except in the north, a mild and equable climate, thanks to the Gulf Stream, and a very humid air helpful to vegetation. Our great centres of population, the natural markets of our agriculturists, are to be found in every part of the country in easy reach of our fields. Besides, our agricultural interior is everywhere in easy reach of the sea and of cheap coastwise transport to our great towns which lie on or near the sea border. Nature has given to German agriculture great disadvantages which are unknown to our farmers.

During the last thirty years the progress of the German manufacturing industries has been probably far more rapid than the progress of our manufacturing industries has been at any time in our history. Nevertheless her so unfavourably situated agriculture has not decayed through the rise of her manufacturing industries, but has mightily grown.

If we wish to treat a disease successfully, we must first of all ascertain its nature and extent and then diagnose its causes. A comparison of our agriculture with that of Germany will show how great and terrible has been the decline of our agriculture, and how inadequate is the way in which our great agricultural resources are utilised. Such a comparison will clearly prove that the vigorous development of the manufacturing industries need not by any means lead to the neglect and the decay of a nation's agriculture; that the manufacturing industries and the rural industries may flourish side

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by side. It will besides help us to ascertain the causes which have led to the decay of our agriculture and indicate to us the remedies.

The Royal Commission on Agriculture estimated in 1894 that the loss of agricultural capital, which we have suffered owing to the decay of our agriculture since 1874, amounted to 1,000,000,000*l.* That loss has constantly grown since then. In 1905 Sir Robert Palgrave, the well-known statistician, estimated that loss at 1,700,000,000*l.*, and it may amount now to 2,000,000,000*l.*, a sum three times as large as our huge National Debt.

How has that enormous loss arisen ?

It is generally known that wheat has gone out of cultivation in this country, but it is not generally known that our dependence on foreign wheat has increased as follows :

Average number of British People fed on British Wheat :

In 1841–45 .	24,000,000 people	out of a population of	26,800,000
In 1901–5 .	4,500,000 „	„ „	42,000,000

Sixty years ago British people lived practically entirely on British wheat. Now we grow scarcely enough wheat to keep us during five weeks in every year. However, not only has wheat gone out of cultivation, but the acreage of all our principal crops has shrunk during the last thirty-five years as follows :

—	Acres under							
	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas	Potatoes	Turnips and Swedes	Permanent Pasture
1873	3,670,259	2,574,529	4,198,495	698,121	321,007	1,425,720	2,479,847	23,363,990
1908	1,664,860	1,824,410	4,189,378	296,918	164,183	1,161,122	1,837,997	27,523,562
Increase or decrease	−2,005,399	−750,119	−9,117	−401,203	−156,824	−264,598	−641,850	+4,159,572

Decrease in acreage of principal corn and vegetable crops . . . −4,229,110 acres
Increase in acreage of permanent pasture . . . . . +4,159,572 „

It will be noticed that the decay of our agriculture is not restricted to wheat, which, it is true, suffers from the competition of the boundless plains of America, but that our agricultural decay is universal, that practically all our food crops have shrunk in the most serious manner. Between 1873 and 1908 more than 4,000,000 acres of food-producing land have gone out of cultivation and have been abandoned by the ploughman. Stubbly uncultivated grass and weeds, officially called 'permanent pasture,' grow wildly on the fields on which hundreds of thousands of British husbandmen grew corn and vegetables for the people, and the busy villages where they lived have decayed.

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The effect of the decline and decay of our agriculture upon our rural population is well illustrated by the following figures:

Persons occupied in Agriculture in England and Wales		Agricultural Labourers in Ireland	Population of Ireland
1841 (McCulloch's estimate)	2,300,000	?	8,175,124
1851 (Census figures) . .	1,904,687	850,100	6,515,794
1861 ,, ,, . .	1,803,049	602,200	5,764,543
1871 ,, ,, . .	1,423,854	509,700	5,402,759
1881 ,, ,, . .	1,199,827	293,300	5,159,839
1891 ,, ,, . .	1,099,572	251,700	4,706,162
1901 ,, ,, . .	988,340	212,200	4,458,775

The foregoing figures show a terrible decline. The number of persons occupied in agriculture in England and Wales has shrunk to less than one-half the former number. The number of agricultural labourers in Ireland has shrunk to one-fourth. Since 1846, when Ireland had 9,000,000 inhabitants, she has lost more than one-half of her population. During the last sixty years the United Kingdom has lost by emigration more than 10,000,000 people, a number considerably greater than the present population of Scotland and Ireland combined. By far the larger part of our emigrants came from the country. They were the best and strongest of the race. Their loss has undoubtedly led to a great deterioration of the national physique, as I have shown in a lecture delivered before the British Medical Association. Compared with the enormous national loss in population and in man-power, the financial loss of 2,000,000,000*l.*, alluded to above, huge as it is, seems but a trifle.

Why has our agriculture decayed in this terrible manner?

The first half of the nineteenth century was filled with an incessant struggle between the Conservative and Liberal Parties, which was fought out in Parliament by Conservative landowners on the one side and by Radical manufacturers, traders and politicians on the other. The Radical politicians were victorious. The Liberal Party became supreme in Parliament, and it used its supremacy for making war upon the landowners. The definite triumph of the Liberal Party was marked by the abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846, and ever since 1846 war upon the landowners has been a standing item in the Liberal programme. Hatred of the landowners has inspired and directed Liberal policy during more than half a century. The desire to cripple and to ruin the landowners has been one of the principal aims of Liberal policy from the abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846 to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget in 1909. The study of the literature of the Anti-Corn Law League, issued in and before 1846, and of the speeches of Cobden and of his supporters, proves that the Free Trade agitation was animated quite as much by the desire of Radical politicians to ruin the landowners as by their desire to benefit the manufacturers and

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traders. The desire to ruin the landowners has been equally apparent in some of the recent speeches of leading Liberal politicians.

Liberal politicians not only deliberately exposed our agriculture to ruinous foreign competition, but they equally deliberately overburdened that stricken industry with taxes, believing, or pretending to believe, that the special burdens which they put on the land would fall on the wealthy landowners. Every attempt of the Conservative Party to assist agriculture was denounced by Radical orators as doles to the wealthy landowners wrung from the bread of the poorest. Whilst other European nations, anxious to preserve their rural industries, have taxed agriculture more lightly than their manufacturing industries, Great Britain has, through the action of the Liberal Party, overtaxed her agriculture to such an extent that British agriculture is the most highly taxed industry in the world. In Great Britain land is the most heavily taxed form of capital.

Ever since their triumph of 1846, the Liberals have pursued agriculture with hostile legislation. They have tried to ruin the landowners from political malice, and they have succeeded in a number of cases, but incidentally they have ruined our agriculture as well. Since 1846 the agricultural population of the United Kingdom has shrunk by more than one-half. The victory of the Liberal over the Conservative Party was bought at the price of 2,000,000,000*l.* and of 10,000,000 of the best British citizens.

Between 1846 and 1909, whilst the British country population has shrunk to less than half its former number, the country population of Germany has greatly increased, and it has not appreciably decreased even during the last two or three decades, when the marvellous expansion of her manufacturing industries drew millions of peasant lads to the factories of the towns, and when at the same time labour-saving machinery was generally introduced into German agriculture. The labour-displacing effect of agricultural machinery was fully counteracted by a great expansion in Germany's agricultural production. The expansion of Germany's agriculture since 1879, the year when she introduced Protection, has been very great. According to her somewhat unsatisfactory harvest statistics, Germany's production of corn and potatoes has increased since 1879 by 50 per cent. Germany's agriculture has vigorously grown during the very time when our agricultural production has shrunk to insignificance, and her live stock has, since the live-stock census of 1883, increased as follows:

Live Stock of Germany

—	Horses	Cattle	Sheep	Pigs
1883 . . .	3,522,525	15,786,764	19,189,715	9,206,195
1907 . . .	4,337,263	20,589,856	7,681,072	22,080,008
Increase or decrease	+ 814,738	+ 4,803,092	− 11,508,643	+ 12,873,813

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Germany's sheep have decreased considerably because she has converted her grazing lands into cornfields. Her sheep and their grasslands had to give way to intensive cultivation. The decrease in her sheep is a sign of the increase in the prosperity of her agriculture. In Germany a pig is three times as valuable as a sheep. Hence the loss of 11,500,000 sheep is trifling as compared with the gain of 800,000 horses, 5,000,000 cattle, and almost 13,000,000 pigs.

Let us compare the increase of Germany's live stock between 1883 and 1907 with the increase of our own live stock during the same years:

Live Stock of Great Britain

—	Horses	Cattle	Sheep	Pigs
1883 . . .	1,898,745	10,097,943	28,347,560	3,986,427
1907 . . .	2,089,027	11,630,142	30,011,833	3,967,163
Increase or decrease	+ 190,282	+ 1,532,199	+ 1,664,273	− 19,264

During the period under consideration Germany has added four horses for every single one added by Great Britain; Germany has added three head of cattle for every single one added by Great Britain; Germany has added almost 13,000,000 pigs, whilst Great Britain has lost 20,000. During the last twenty-four years, when our live stock has remained practically stationary, that of Germany has increased enormously, and the result is that Germany has now about twice as many head of cattle and five times as many pigs as has Great Britain. Hence the Germans live practically exclusively on home-grown meat, which in Great Britain is only within the means of the well-to-do. Foreign frozen and chilled meat, and Chicago delicacies imported in tins, are unknown in Germany. Great Britain and Germany compare as follows as regards the importation of dead meat:

	£
Dead meat imported into Great Britain in 1907 .	43,614,573
" " " Germany in 1907 . .	1,230,000

For every pound's worth of dead meat imported into Germany we import nearly 40*l.* worth every year. We are in danger of becoming as dependent on foreign meat as we are already on foreign wheat, and the danger is all the greater as it is very difficult to discover disease in frozen carcases. Whilst our population has greatly increased, our cattle has remained practically stationary. Hence milk has become scarce and dear. It is dearer in Great Britain than in any other country in Europe, and poor people are beginning to bring up their babies on preserved milk, of which more than 1,500,000*l.* worth is imported every year. Can we hope to grow a strong race on artificial food?

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The following tables give a bird's-eye view of German and British agriculture, and they will enable us to compare at a glance the different ways in which the soil of the two countries was utilised in 1903, the last year for which comparable figures are available:

Utilisation of the Agricultural Soil in 1903

—	In Germany	In Great Britain
	acres	acres
Under *all* corn crops	38,050,196	8,393,000
(Under wheat and rye	20,056,711	1,690,216)
Under potatoes	7,996,768	1,195,877
Under clover and grass for hay	14,631,924	3,053,638
Under permanent pasture not for hay	6,685,574	22,187,124
Total cultivated area	65,189,532	47,708,033

It will be noticed that for every acre under bread-corn in Great Britain there are no less than twelve in Germany.

Expressed in percentages the utilisation of the agricultural soil of the two countries compares as follows:

Percentages of Agricultural Soil

—	In Germany	In Great Britain
	Per cent.	Per cent.
Under corn crops	61·1	18·2
Under vegetables	18·2	9·4
Under fodder	10·1	5·9
Under grass and fallow	8·7	66·5
Orchards and gardens	1·9	—
	100·0	100·0

When one travels by railway through Great Britain the eye meets chiefly grassfields. It will be seen from the foregoing table that the proportion of land under grass in Great Britain is practically identical with the proportion of land under corn crops in Germany. Three-fifths of Great Britain is under grass, while three-fifths of Germany is under corn. Therefore one can easily realise the agricultural aspect of Germany by imagining all British grass land converted into cornfields. The foregoing tables show at a glance how greatly our agricultural resources are at present being wasted and abused. With our superior soil and climate, and with the greater accessibility of our interior, we can grow not only as much, but proportionately to the size of our country far more, corn and vegetables than can Germany, and we can, besides, put our agricultural produce far more easily on the market.

The cry 'Back to the land' is heard on all sides, and it has been taken up by the nation. Let us therefore enquire whether a more

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intensive form of agriculture, such as that prevailing in Germany, may be expected to cause the people to settle on the land in increasing numbers. The following table answers this question.

Persons occupied in Agriculture and Fishing

In Germany in 1895 (52 million inhabitants) . . .	8,292,692
In the United Kingdom in 1901 (39 million inhabitants) .	2,265,868
In Great Britain in 1901 (30,500,000 inhabitants) . .	1,389,806

The foregoing figures show that in Germany one-sixth of the entire population are actively occupied in agriculture, whilst in the United Kingdom only one-seventeenth, and in Great Britain alone one-twenty-second of the entire population are so occupied. It follows that, if we should succeed in introducing an intensive form of agriculture, such as that prevailing in Germany, the number of agriculturists might be trebled in the whole of the United Kingdom and be quadrupled in Great Britain alone. Besides, an increase in the number of our agriculturists would necessarily lead to a corresponding increase in the number of village artisans and numerous other people who, by administering to agriculturists, live indirectly by agriculture.

Let us now see how large a part of the German population lives in the country, in order to enable us to form an estimate how many people might live in the country in Great Britain if our agriculture be re-created.

Country population of Germany in 1905 (60,300,000 *inhabitants*)

In villages up to 100 inhabitants	850,231
„ „ from 100 to 500 inhabitants . . .	10,307,747
„ „ „ 500 to 1000 „ . . .	8,073,843
„ „ „ 1000 to 2000 „ . . .	6,590,660
In country towns from 2000 to 5000 inhabitants .	7,158,685
Total country population . . .	32,981,166

In 1905 Germany had 60,300,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,000,000, or exactly 55 per cent., lived in the country. Owing to the defectiveness of our statistics, similar figures can, unfortunately, not be given for Great Britain. Hence an exact comparison between the country populations of the two countries is not possible. The country population of the United Kingdom, living in villages and in small towns up to 5000 inhabitants, comes at most to 11,000,000 or 12,000,000 inhabitants, whilst our total population is about 45,000,000. Fifty-five per cent. of 45,000,000 is 25,000,000. Assuming that German agricultural conditions prevailed in this country, we should have 25,000,000 people living on the land and by the land. There would be room for about 13,500,000 additional people on the land. The problem of town congestion would be solved.

It may be objected that we cannot place so large a number of the people on the land because Great Britain is much smaller in

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extent than Germany. Germany has 208,740 square miles; the United Kingdom has 121,371 square miles. By extent of territory the two countries stand almost exactly in the proportion of 5 to 3. Measured by the size of our little country we should therefore be able to place three-fifths of the Germany country population, or 20,000,000, on the land. There would be room for about 8,500,000 additional people on the land. It seems clear that the re-creation of our agriculture should enable us to maintain at least 20,000,000 people on the land and to plant about 10,000,000 people, or 2,000,000 families, in the country. Owing to the greater fruitfulness of our soil and the greater accessibility of our countryside, the British country should be able to nourish a denser population than the German country. At the same time it must be remembered that it is not easy to place our restless town population on the land. Therefore we must make not an extreme, but a moderate, estimate.

It is surely a moderate estimate to assume that only one-half of the people who might make a living on the land can be induced to settle on the land. In that case our countryside has room for approximately a million families, or 5,000,000 people. That is an estimate which, I think, it will be difficult to challenge. The colonisation of rural Great Britain would make the nation healthier, wealthier, and happier, and it seems a policy worthy of a great statesman. This is surely a greater aim than to tax the landowners out of their land and to ruin incidentally our agriculture entirely.

Before investigating the way by which our agriculture may be made at least as productive and as prosperous as that of Germany, we must carefully take note of a most important and significant factor, the different way in which land is held and worked in the two countries. Whilst British farmers mostly rent the land, which they work but do not own, the vast majority of the German agriculturists own absolutely the land which they till. The great difference between the land systems of the two countries may be summed up in two lines:

Acreage of Agricultural Land

	Occupied by owners	Occupied by tenants
In Germany in 1895 (last year available)	37,270,380 hects. = 87·4%	5,360,041 hects. = 12·6%
In Great Britain in 1907	3,927,303 acres = 12·2%	28,284,083 acres = 87·8%

In Germany seven-eighths of the agricultural land is freehold land and is worked by its owners. In Great Britain only one-eighth of land is freehold land and is worked by its owners. The remaining seven-eighths of our land is rented by agriculturists who work other people's land. British agriculturists till land which they do not possess—German agriculturists till their own land.

The different way in which land is held and worked in the two countries is still further illustrated in the following table, which shows how the ownership of land is distributed in them.

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Owners of Land and their Holdings

In Germany in 1895 (last year available)

Size of Holdings Acres	No. of Owners.	Acreage. Hectares.
Less than 5	3,236,367	2,415,914
5 to 12½	1,016,318	4,142,071
12½ ,, 50	998,804	12,537,660
50 ,, 125	239,643	9,459,240
125 ,, 250	42,124	3,697,961
250 ,, 1250	20,881	6,571,104
1250 and more	4,180	4,460,792
Total		43,284,742

In England and Wales in 1873 (last year available)

Size of Holdings Acres	No. of Owners.	Acreage. Acres.
Less than 1	825,272	629,852
1 to 10	121,983	478,680
10 ,, 50	72,640	1,750,080
50 ,, 100	25,839	1,791,606
100 ,, 500	32,317	6,827,347
500 ,, 1000	4,799	3,317,678
1000 and more	5,408	18,695,528
Total		33,490,771

The difference in the way in which land is held in Great Britain and in Germany is very great indeed. In Germany practically one-half of the land is owned by several millions of small proprietors who possess fifty acres and less. In England considerably more than one-half of the land is owned by but 5408 large proprietors who possess 1000 acres and more. The corresponding class of large proprietors in Germany own only one-tenth of the soil. It will be noticed that in Germany the larger half of the land is held by 1,200,000 substantial peasant farmers who own from 12½ to 125 acres. The very large number of Germans who own less than five acres are not pauper peasants, but are mostly agricultural labourers whose savings have been invested in freehold land and who as a rule possess cottages of their own. Not only practically all the farmers are freeholders in Germany, but nine-tenths of the agricultural labourers as well have a larger or smaller quantity of freehold land, and they possess as a rule besides a cow or a pig or both.

Thus the entire agricultural population of Germany, farmers, peasants and agricultural labourers, are tied to the country by bonds of interest and of affection. They try to improve their property from generation to generation for the sake of their children. Every penny they dig into the ground will be theirs for ever. They are sure of earning sufficient to maintain themselves and their families in comfort, and they may rise to affluence. Hence their number does not shrink like ours, notwithstanding the great attractions and opportunities of the towns and the great rise in German town wages. A rural exodus similar to our own is not known, and need not be feared, in Germany. This is evident from the following figures:

Population of Prussia principally employed in Agriculture

—	In 1895	In 1907
Independent agriculturists . .	1,392,006	1,357,590
Employees and labourers . .	3,390,249	4,519,251
Children	6,332,714	4,862,643
Servants	260,127	123,710
Total	11,375,096	10,863,194

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The decline in the purely agricultural population of Prussia has been infinitesimal. It is significant that the number of farmers and their labourers, of the cultivators themselves, has greatly increased, whilst only that of the children has decreased. This decrease in children is caused by the fact that the peasant children who formerly used to idle about the farms are now sent to the factories by their parents.

To the agriculturist it makes a world of difference whether he tills his own soil, as do the German farmer-peasants and labourer-peasants, or whether he tills somebody else's soil, as do the British farmers and the British agricultural labourers. Arthur Young, our greatest writer on agriculture, wrote a century ago: 'The magic of property turns sand into gold. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock and he will turn it into a garden.' Adam Smith wrote in his *Wealth of Nations* nearly a century and a half ago: 'A small proprietor, who knows every part of his little territory, who views it with all the affection which property, especially small property, naturally inspires, and who, upon that account, takes pleasure not only in cultivating but in adorning it, is generally of all improvers the most industrious, the most intelligent and the most successful.' These words are now even more true than they were at the time when they were written. In former times, when our agriculturists were many, when the openings for countrymen in our towns were few, when scarcely any agricultural labourer read the newspapers, and when travelling was slow and very expensive, agricultural labourers were isolated from the outer world, and they were quite satisfied with their hand-to-mouth existence. Times have changed. Agricultural labourers who have no stake in the country are not attached to the country either by interest or affection, and they cheerfully try their luck in town or over-seas.

German agriculture is based on individual property, not on contract, and its success is very largely due to the fact that every man tills his own soil. The small peasant grows per acre far more corn, vegetables, fruit and eggs, and he raises far more cattle and pigs than does the large landowner. Theoretically the large landowner working in partnership with a large farmer has this advantage over the small peasant farmer, that he can employ costly labour-saving machinery which the small peasant farmer cannot afford to buy. That difficulty has been overcome in Germany and elsewhere by co-operation. German, French, Danish and other small farmers frequently possess collectively machinery which English landowners find too costly.

There is another very grave disadvantage inherent in the British land system which is based, as far as the actual cultivator is concerned, not upon possession, but upon a short and easily terminable contract. The owners of land are financially most directly interested in the welfare of the land. If agriculture flourishes rents go up. If

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agriculture decays rents go down. The British tenant farmer has only a secondary interest in the prosperity of agriculture. Consequently the defence of the interests of agriculture falls not so much to the farmer and the agricultural labourers, who number 2,000,000, but to a mere handful of landowners. The landowners, being but a few thousand, cannot resist unaided legislation which is ostensibly directed only against the landowners, but which in reality is harmful to agriculture as a whole, especially as they find little support among their tenant farmers and their agricultural labourers.

The farmers are indifferent because they know that, if the worst comes to the worst, they will demand and obtain from the landowners a reduction in their rent, and the bulk of the agricultural labourers, being landless, take only the most casual interest in legislation which is hostile and harmful to agriculture. Being landless, they are interested chiefly in their wages, and they are apt to become an easy prey to plausible agitators. At the bidding of Radical agitators, who have set them on against the landowners and the farmers, and promised them better wages, our agricultural labourers have gaily assisted the Radical politicians in crippling our agriculture to their own harm. They have voted for the abolition of the corn laws in the past, and they may be made to vote against every measure beneficial to agriculture in the future, until, as owners of land, they are personally interested in the welfare of the land. British agriculture could never have been immolated and destroyed by the Liberal party if we had had 2,000,000 freeholders in Great Britain. They would have defended agriculture like one man. The fight which the few landowners have made for agriculture was magnificent, but it was bound to be useless.

The foregoing should make it clear, that the first step to re-create our agriculture must be to create as many freeholders among our farmers and agricultural labourers as we possibly can.

Agriculture, being represented in Parliament not by the nominees of 2,000,000 landowning agriculturists but by the representatives of a few thousand large landowners, has become a helpless prey to the Radical agitator and to his partner, the political quack. These two have now agreed to subject our agriculture to Socialistic experiments. At the bidding of our Socialists the present Government has already begun to try the Socialistic doctrines on the land.

Everywhere the peasant farmer has proved the strongest bulwark against Socialism. In no country in the world is the Socialist party stronger than in Germany—at the last General Election it received 3,250,000 votes; but when a Socialist orator tries to convert a village to the Socialisation of the land, he is received with pitchforks and other agricultural implements.

Having discovered that the level-headed landowning peasants cannot by any means be persuaded to embrace the crazy doctrines of Socialism, the Socialists have become the bitterest enemies of the

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peasantry. Our Socialists oppose the creation of the freehold peasantry with all their might, advocating instead the nationalisation of the land. The transfer of all land from private hands to the County Councils is to be the first step in that direction. They have preached that the landowners must be taxed out of existence by an Unearned Increment Tax, an Undeveloped Land Tax, and especially by a tax upon Land Values to be rapidly increased to 20s. in the £, which of course would mean confiscation. By these means the 'community' is to acquire cheaply all the land and to hire it out to the supporters of Socialism. Bowing to the Socialist doctrines, Mr. Lloyd George has introduced simultaneously in his Budget all the three land taxes recommended by the Socialists.

The transfer of private land to the County Councils, the first practical step towards the Socialisation of the land, has already commenced. When the Government introduced its Small Holdings and Allotments Act of 1907 it might have provided facilities for small farmers and agricultural labourers to acquire their holdings and to make themselves independent. This was the policy which at the time was strongly urged by the Unionists, and especially by Mr. Jesse Collings. Instead of creating such facilities, the Act authorises the County Councils to take land compulsorily from the present owners and to let it out to small holders. The Act merely effects a change of landlords. It tries to substitute the 'community' for the private landlord and to destroy in the small holder that sense of property and of security which makes man a defender of property, and which has proved the greatest bar to Socialistic and other revolutionary schemers in all countries. That it is indeed the deliberate policy of the Government to prevent the people from tilling their own soil has been confirmed by the Budget. By doubling the stamp duty on the purchase of land, the Government has greatly increased the small man's difficulty in acquiring land, and as this new stamp duty will yield only a most insignificant amount, it cannot be doubted that the duty has been doubled merely in order to prevent the people from acquiring land.

It is often stated that we are threatened with Socialism. That statement is scarcely correct. Socialism threatens us no longer. It has arrived. It is at the present moment being foisted upon us by our own Government, through both its Budget and its general legislation. Socialism is at the present moment attacking our land and agriculture under the auspices of the Cabinet. In a short time the country may have to choose whether it prefers the unnational Socialist policy of destruction, or that great national policy of construction which is very inadequately termed Tariff Reform.

Tariff Reform means British work for British workers, the British Empire for the British people. It is a great constructive national and imperial policy. The opponents of Tariff Reform sneeringly say that Tariff Reform is the same thing as Protection. They are right.

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Tariff Reform *is* Protection. It is the protection of British industry and of British labour in town and country. It is the protection of our natural resources, and the protection of the health and strength of the people. All earnest Tariff Reformers deplore the decline of our agriculture and the rural exodus. They are anxious to preserve and to strengthen our agriculture, to strengthen the physique of the race and to resettle the countryside. They are aware that our system of land holding is a serious obstacle to the re-creation of our rural industries. Therefore they wish to reform it, and they see in Tariff Reform and Land Reform parts of an identical policy, and they think that Tariff Reform and Land Reform should go hand in hand.

The Unionist Party have for a long time advocated the creation of numerous freeholders throughout the country. I would mention two very recent statements of prominent Unionists in support of this policy. Mr. Austen Chamberlain said, in February, at Shrewsbury:

> The small holder's life is an arduous one. He must be secure of all the benefits which his labour has created if you want to get the best out of the man. If you want to get the best out of a man, give him security that the fruits of his toil shall be his; that what he has worked for by the sweat of his brow, he and his children after him shall succeed to and inherit.

Lord Lansdowne said, on the 7th of August, at Bowood:

> The doctrine of making the land of the country national property is not one which the working classes of the country will in any sense or degree approve. What I believe the people desire is that the transfer of land should be cheap and easy, that it should be as widely distributed as possible, and that those who get possession of a bit of land should hold it, not as tenants from the nation, but as their own property, belonging absolutely to them. That is the ideal of the Party to which I have the honour to belong.

The problem of land reform, the problem of settling the people on the land, of converting tenants into freeholders throughout the country, is no doubt a difficult one, but difficulties exist to be overcome. The problem of creating a nation of freeholders is not a new one. It has been solved successfully elsewhere. The freehold farmers and peasants of France, Germany and all other European countries were created but recently. They are an artificial creation. Their ancestors were serfs and demi-serfs. Serfdom was extinguished in Germany only a very few decades ago. While France has shown us that landless serfs can be turned into prosperous peasants by a revolution which has caused fearful sufferings to all, Germany and various other European States have shown us that serfs and landless agricultural labourers can be transformed into prosperous farmers without bloodshed, without disorder, without injustice, and without hardship to anyone. However, we need not seek for precedents in foreign lands. Our own Irish Land Act of 1903 has in five years enabled 228,938 occupying tenants to buy their holdings. Landed property worth 77,000,000*l.* has changed hands in Ireland on terms

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considered fair by the representatives of landowners and tenants at the Land Conference. What was possible in Ireland is surely not impossible in England and Scotland. Besides, the Irish procedure might be, and should be, very greatly improved upon. Space lacks to describe in detail in the present article the way in which our system of land holding might be reformed without injustice and to the great benefit of all parties concerned and to consider the Urban Land Problem. Possibly I may be able to deal with this in another issue of this Review.

It may be asked 'Is it worth our while to re-create our agriculture? Will it pay us?' People may argue: 'Even if we create numerous freehold farmers and agricultural labourers, we cannot raise our agriculture to the level of that of Germany without putting a heavy duty on corn and meat similar to that existing in Germany. Germany's agricultural prosperity was bought at the price of great sufferings and privations of the poor, who paid with a shortage of their food for the enhanced prosperity of the farmers.' These objections seem plausible, but I think they are fallacious. In the first place, the natural advantages of our agriculture over that of Germany in soil, climate and accessibility are so great that, I think, we shall not require a heavy tariff on agricultural produce—which, by the by, no Tariff Reformer is seriously contemplating. In the second place, it appears that Germany's heavy duties on corn and meat have not by any means caused those sufferings and privations among the German people which appear to exist chiefly in the imagination of British Free Trade writers. If the German tariff on corn and meat had caused great sufferings to the German workers, it could only have done so by restricting their consumption of corn and meat. According to the statistics published in the autumn, 1908, by the German Ministry of Finance, the consumption of bread-corn has increased as follows in Great Britain and in Germany since 1879, the year when Germany introduced Protection:

Consumption of Wheat and Rye per head of Population per year.

Average.	In Germany.	In Great Britain.
1878–82 . .	189·4 kilos . .	167·7 kilos
1890–94 . .	208·6 ,, . .	181·9 ,,
1902–04 . .	247·6 ,, . .	166·2 ,,

It will be noticed that the consumption of bread-corn has rapidly and steadily increased in Germany since the very time when Protection was introduced, and that Germany consumes now a considerably larger quantity of bread-corn per head of population than does this country. As there are no similar statistics in existence relating to the consumption of meat in Germany, I give some figures regarding the consumption of meat in Saxony, the most industrial and most

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densely populated part of Germany, which may be called the German Lancashire.

Consumption of Meat per head in Saxony

	Beef.	Pork.
1860	9·0 kilos	13·2 kilos
1870	9·0 „	13·6 „
1880	11·1 „	18·1 „
1890	14·0 „	20·6 „
1900	15·2 „	27·9 „

It will be noticed that the consumption of both bread-corn and meat has enormously increased in Germany since 1879, the very year when industrial and agricultural Protection was introduced, and it can easily be shown that it has increased, not in spite of Protection, but because of Protection, by contemplating the effect which the re-creation of our agriculture ought to have upon our own people.

If we should succeed in settling gradually 1,000,000 families, or 5,000,000 people, on the land, it would mean that we should enormously increase—that we should almost double—our entire agricultural production. That is perfectly feasible. Then British meat, vegetables, fruit, butter, eggs, cheese, &c., would become more plentiful and cheaper. Our working men in the towns would get more and much better home-grown food for their money than they do at present. The settling of 5,000,000 people in the country would relieve our congested towns, it would relieve the labour market and improve employment in every trade. People who now have to emigrate to other countries to find work might migrate to the country. Lastly, the 5,000,000 additional country people would require in every year about 50,000,000*l.* worth of British manufactures for which they would exchange their agricultural produce. Thus we should simultaneously extend our home market for the sale of manufactures and increase and improve our food supply. Our manufacturers and their workers would then be less dependent on foreign trade and would be less obstructed by hostile foreign tariffs. Town and country maintain one another. The country provides the town with food and is supplied in return with clothes and manufactures. Every countryman can feed and keep occupied a townsman. Every man who settles on the land enables another man to find work in town. Thus the re-creation of our agriculture would cause our workers to be better employed, better paid and better fed. The re-creation of our agriculture would be beneficial to all.

Countless millions lie buried in our soil. The greatest hidden treasure of Great Britain consists, not in our ungotten coal deep down in the bowels of the earth, but it lies on its surface in our uncultivated and in our under-cultivated land. Land Reform, on the broadest national basis, should be the greatest and the most fruitful of all social reforms. It should prove far more beneficial to the people than Old

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Age Pensions, Poor-Law Reform, Invalidity Insurance and Sickness Insurance combined. These benefit only the old, the maimed and the stricken. Land Reform would benefit all.

The people may soon have an opportunity of declaring whether they prefer the Liberal-Socialist solution of the land problem or the Unionist one. The people, not the House of Lords, are the highest Court of Appeal in matters of political controversy. The Budget is unconstitutional. Hence the Lords will be justified if they refuse to pass it and request the Government to leave to the people the decision whether it is to be passed or not to be passed. They will be justified if they request the Government to allow the people to say whether they approve or do not approve of the fundamental alteration of the Constitution—the abolition of the Two-Chamber system, and the virtual extinction of the House of Lords as a legislative factor—which the Budget is meant to effect. It is clearly not for the Lords, but for the people, to decide by a direct vote whether they desire or do not desire to see accomplished that fundamental alteration of the Constitution which the Government seeks to bring about by stealth, and which will bind the nation for all time. Great Britain is not a nation of minors. At the last General Election the Liberal party were not given a mandate to destroy our Constitution and to hand over the country to the Socialists. The Lords have neither a legal nor a moral right to decide on behalf of the people, and without consulting the people, whether a change in the Constitution which will make a temporary majority in the House of Commons all-powerful, nay absolute, is to take place. Democratic Government means government by the people, not government by wirepullers. A few crafty wirepulling demagogues are trying to bring about a hole-and-corner revolution. If we are to have a change in the Constitution, let it be made by the people, not by Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill, behind the backs of the people.

Apparently our Liberal-Socialists will try to evade the constitutional issue. Apparently they intend to appeal to the people on the Land Question if the Lords refuse to pass the Budget. If they do so, and if, at the psychological moment, the people in town and country are asked whether they wish for a crazy settlement of the Land Problem, such as our Liberal-Socialists try to effect, or whether they prefer the common-sense settlement which the Unionists favour; if they are asked whether they wish to see the decline of our agriculture and the rural exodus accelerated or whether they prefer to see agriculture re-created and 5,000,000 people enabled to settle in the country; if they are asked whether they would like to have 'the community' for landlord or whether they would rather be their own landlords, I have little doubt as to their decision.

J. Ellis Barker.

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HIS PAROCHIAL MAJESTY

In the course of an economic inquiry a few years ago into the causes of Irish decay, I found one cause fundamental to most others, and called it clericalism; not religion, and certainly not Christianity, but rather a sacerdotal elaboration of organised materialism that stood between life and the means to live, on a pretence of guarding the correct route from this world to the next. There was not then need for more than to place that cause with the others in the order of its economic significance, but the fact of daring to touch it at all has been met by a howl of rage which requires me now to go a step further. Since these professional manufacturers of 'Irish public opinion' will not admit that their influence is a primary hindrance to progress, they create for me the need to analyse the process, to exhibit the nexus between cause and effect, that there may be no need of controversy, at least for those willing to know and free to understand the facts. Besides, this organised dominion of alleged divinity over disabled humanity affects other interests of society as well as the economic, and other countries as well as Ireland, though not many others in such a deadly way. Catholic peoples with their civil destiny in their own hands work out their human redemption, and it is their own fault if they fail; but the deadliness to the Irish is at least doubled by the British practice of employing and subsidising the central evil in the name of 'Government,' which, making anarchy so profitable, helps to make Government impossible. These, however, are but outward aspects of the inner forces which I propose to examine.

Let us begin with the children—where the priest begins. The product of strong health, of high natural intelligence, and of regional privileges that impart an enduring constitution to indigenous life, the Irish child, in the cottage or the mansion, is a model among children, the making of a great race if its normal character could but survive childhood, a happiness which I have seldom seen. Even the dirt in which the children often dwell cannot impair in childhood a vitality of mind and body which matures to be distorted by the deliberate provisions of the mental and moral environment.

I have watched these children, lived with them, played with them among the wild flowers, wondered at their fine humanity; and then

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I have studied them through the first touch of school influence, followed them under it, and seen them 'finished,' morally stunted and mentally twisted to make even their physical energies useless to them until such time as they could escape from Ireland to breathe the foreign freedom that permits faculty to direct energy, and so makes energy of use to life. The Irish child is not a year at school before its moral and mental destruction has noticeably begun. At the end of three years, the victim looks as if it had come to belong to a different order of the human race. The priest presides over all this, and we shall see presently how he does it.

The real ruin is not confirmed until the child's 'first Confession,' a great event in the young life, either constructing or corrupting it according to the kind of priest. I do not think there is one other thing in Ireland so sad and so painful as the effect of that 'first Confession'; the spectacle of the happy, innocent child of yesterday coming home to-day transformed for life into a moral and mental invalid. Within these twenty-four hours, in the shock of the transition, Ireland has for ever lost a normal citizen, and 'the Church' has added one to the millions of her human machines.

Take the illustration of one who escaped, a bright little girl of about eight. She must go to 'her first Confession,' for it was 'the right thing,' the order of 'the Church,' and the will of his Parochial Majesty; but she got there to find that she had no sins to confess, and she told him so. 'What, no sins?' demanded the moralist, trying to drag the pure soul into a consciousness of guilt that had no existence. 'No, indeed, I have done no sins,' replied the little one proudly, and she came to confide the outrage to her mother, who supported her with equal pride in her behaviour. That was the only escape I ever knew. The others are defiled in their innocence, not to produce prodigals, but rather to kill the will that could produce either a prodigal or a saint. In the tender and defenceless plasticity of early youth the whole being is taken out of its normal relations to life, set at a false attitude to society, subjugated to artificial standards and unintelligible subtleties alike irrelevant to its own moral sense, so that conscience becomes necessarily vicarious, making morality an incessant menace, with each individual's conduct always dependent on some other's volition. In this elaborate tangle the moral ego is submerged, and a sacerdotal instrument is substituted, in opposition to Catholic principles and in violation of national necessities. What but decay can come to a nation of such units? I do not know elsewhere in the world such fatal flatness of human mediocrity derived from such high natural qualities in a people; and the higher the faculties the lower the destiny, with the social energy necessarily expended on purposes either irrelevant to life or opposed to it. Since this world does not really matter, why worry about the efficiencies of work?

This sacerdotal artillery of the priest, having turned the adolescent

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consciousness into a moral atrophy of uniform submission, necessarily turning life into a waste of human power, is reinforced by 'literature,' distributed through the schools. A favourite specimen is *A Glimpse into Hell*, with pictures of men and women roasting alive in eternal fire; the men and women who were not sufficiently afraid of the priest 'while there was yet time.' With the sense of physical pain intensified to the sensitiveness of childhood, as yet too young to be rescued by reason, the moral destiny of the child is fixed for ever, and the last touch of terror is applied to perfect Ireland's reputation for 'virtue.' Hence the sudden antitheses of standard and conduct among a people whose only working conscience is an external tribunal. Only six months ago the 'national conscience' approved of cow-hunting, but, after years of this, the bishops suddenly discovered that it was 'immoral,' and in three months it was dropped. The bishops did not announce their 'immoral' discovery and 'give Birrell a chance' until they had committed him to endow an unnecessary 'University' under their dominion at the expense of the taxpayer. The 'University' affair had long been 'a burning question' of national significance; now the Archbishop of Tuam says truly, 'The people of Ireland, what do they know about it?' 'Immoral' meant the eternal fire for the cow-hunters, in Parliament or 'on the hill side,' and, recollecting their school copy of *A Glimpse into Hell*, they stopped cow-hunting at once, so that Mr. Birrell's ministerial reputation comes to be saved for a time by the assistance of the nether world, leaving a more than usually explicit lesson for the tactical guidance of future Chief Secretaries. There is no use blaming Mr. Birrell personally. For my part I am rather grateful to him for having so obviously exposed and betrayed the vicious traditions of the office which he holds, especially its methods in conciliating sacerdotalism and corrupting religion at the expense of life and liberty in Ireland. I question whether in the final results he may not turn out to be the most dangerous enemy whom the priests have had to deal with for a long time, because he forces into public record for the judgment of posterity the motives and methods which his predecessors pursued under the secrecy of sacerdotal sanction. For instance, he calls Irish education 'repulsive,' leaving the patriots to see that he can do nothing in the matter while they insist on having the schools and the teachers under ecclesiastical control—though at the expense of the Treasury.

Now, think again of the effect on a tender child of being suddenly introduced to *A Glimpse into Hell* and its 'eternal torments.' As the intelligence matures, the prospect naturally becomes more appalling; and then comes the priest as the only agency in existence that can defeat the awful destiny. This is the point at which his power over life and character is completed. God has permitted hell fire; but the priest, and he alone, can quench it. He alone can adjust for purposes of human life the right relationships between hell and heaven. He is

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the great one to whom alone there is any appeal from the judgments of God; therefore, he is necessarily greater than God, at least to those that must either bow to his bidding or be roasted eternally. Here, then, are the sole alternatives to the young mind: (1) Eternal roasting; (2) the inferiority of God to man; (3) infidelity. What a choice in which to mature the mental and moral faculties of a nation! I remember how little room there was for God in the parish when I was a lad, the greatness of the priest precluding even heaven itself, and it is worse now. Yet the employment and the subsidising of this system are the deliberate and settled policy of British statesmanship in Ireland, carried by the present administration to further lengths than at any time within a century. Then, why blame the Irish for their own 'national policy' of 'making government impossible'?

Contrast the lot of the British child. It is taught that 'God loves little children,' one of the most beautiful things in all religion, inculcated when the sensitive generosities of childhood make the mind so responsive to affection. It is the contrast of love and terror as the inspiration to thought and the motives to conduct; the difference between an outlook on human interests which encourages the freedom of faculty in support of life, and one which systematically fetters the faculties for the convenience of a dominion that has little more to do with life than to fatten on its degradation. Those who have never looked below the surface of Irish life at the causes of its decay may have difficulty in believing me; but I have been through it all personally from beginning to end. I could not forget it if I tried; and I at least have a right to remember how much of my own life has been lost in the bitter struggle to survive the effects on myself of what I describe here. I present the Irish priest as he appears to the Irish child, and I have been an Irish child, morally and mentally limited to the measure of his will and influence. My earliest impressions concerning God were of an eternal stoker in a mighty rage ready to roast me; and of the priest as God's only master, with his eternal hose pipe to keep down the flames, all for a trifle in silver at Christmas and Easter, which, in the circumstances, seemed to me the one sane field for investment. I cannot think that the priest would act as he does if he knew how he appears to the really Catholic judgment, a tyrannical embodiment of systematic and cruel blasphemy in the name of Christian religion; and I submit myself to so much howling simply that the priest and the Government may some day come to see themselves as they are seen, and permit Ireland to grow in her faith instead of dying in her terror. Seeing the primary forces at work as I do, my choice is between the silence of the coward and the articulation of the outcast; not an easy choice, but since I must choose, I find ostracism easier than indifference to cruelty. Besides, the man is useless to Ireland who recognises any standards for his conduct before those of his own conscience. I must be free to act first; let theology deal with me

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afterwards. That is Catholicism, not this moral terrorism which we have in Ireland. Our lives anywhere are like passing moments, small concerns compared with the precious privilege of leaving life a little better for others when we have passed. The British people are not cruel; why do they maintain and subsidise this cruelty to the children of Ireland, their fellow-citizens of to-morrow?

Having caught the national mind so young, and having crushed it so completely, the priests find little difficulty in imposing the beliefs that suit them, even when these are opposed to the Catholic religion. For instance, when I was a child, there was no more fixed belief among the young people than that all Protestants must go to hell. It was constructively taught and consciously enforced by my own Archbishop, the famous McHale of Tuam, in a catechism of his own authorship, which we were all expected to know. Yet this doctrine is in the spirit opposed, and in the letter unauthorised, by the Catholic religion, facts which I had to find out for myself, and in spite of my teachers. We were not even taught to feel sorry for the unfortunate Protestants; I remember the pleasure that was derived from their eternal roasting, and how it afflicted my early life, seeing I was not aware of any injury done me by the victims, that I should take pleasure in seeing them roasted. I remember, too, my joy and relief on finding that my Archbishop had systematically lied to my confiding childhood; but I cannot well forget my later resentment at the unconscionable cruelty of his Grace's fraud on my confidence. Though deliberately corrupting the youth of Ireland by systematic falsehood in the profoundest interests of human existence, McHale was 'a pillar of the Church,' and specially complimented by the Pope as 'the Lion of the Fold of Judah.' I am writing about the facts in my own life and the evils inflicted on me in the name of 'morality,' not about mediæval aberrations or any other hypotheses in speculative history.

The savage doctrine of eternal fire for the Protestants is as triumphant now as ever, unless among a minority of the better Catholics who get at the teachings of their religion over the heads of their priests and bishops. It has even been proposed that these laymen should go to their Archbishop in a body and point out the essential doctrines of their religion which are systematically falsified by his priests, with the very altar of God as an instrument of sacerdotal slander Sunday after Sunday. To secure their own power, his priests preside over the United Irish League, and theft is one of the League's chief weapons to perpetuate the terrors of its triumph. His priests denounce those that insist on the teachings and liberties of the religion; and the denunciation is immediately followed by plunder, the thieves taking the pulpit for their justification. The victim once convicted of truth, 'the priest is agin' him,' and that alone is enough to let loose the thieves on him. Even truth, opposed to the priest, is necessarily wrong, and must be punished,

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even by organised theft. I have seen strong men turn old and grey in a year under these terrors; and so the assumption arises that no man's life can survive the opposition of the priest, even when it has been excited merely by a difference of opinion in local politics. In short, the man who dares to differ from the priest comes to be regarded as a suicide. All these things, and worse, are now common in my diocese, not merely occurring, but regularly organised, with the clergy at the head of the organisation, and the canonists making no effort that I am aware of to bring the savage chaos within the restraints of Catholic Christianity. In the doctrines of Catholicism, if the Archbishop shows no disposition to save the souls of the people, it becomes the duty of the people to save the soul of the Archbishop, necessarily lost from want of his disposition to save theirs; but brought up, like myself, on a mental and moral nutrition of episcopal fraud and falsehood, the people have not yet grasped the vital truths and liberties of Catholicism with enough courage and conviction to undertake anything so laudably Catholic as a soul-saving mission among the hierarchy. We must wait until the minorities become the majorities, doing our best towards that day. Then shall the light of liberty dawn over Ireland. For the present, owing to the past, and to the influence of the un-Christian methods here described, the Irish people's notion of liberty is little better than the licence to torture each other; an outlook probably more dominant in the special 'Fold of Judah' than elsewhere in the whole island of tyranny and tears. The ignorance of it that prevails outside Ireland may well be prolonged while its cruelty keeps the people inarticulate. I have known a man killed in open daylight by his parish priest, the Coroner and his jury intimidated against an honest verdict, the medical evidence falsified on the admission of the doctor, and the victim's family afraid to open their mouths, all in 'Holy Ireland,' where they 'demand' from the British the liberty which they make impossible to one another. I have the facts from the doctor who made the post-mortem, and the homicide is still a parish priest. Can there be much room for God in that parish?

Let us look next at the 'education of the people,' under the control of the priest. The State undertakes to provide a fixed proportion of the money for building the schools, and provides the whole cost of administration. The parish is supposed to find the remainder of the building money, and the priest undertakes the building. Having got the State proportion from the Government, he commands his neighbours to do much of the work, without wages. The parish does not pay a penny, as a rule. The school is produced by the Government proportion alone, often leaving a balance—but there is never a balance-sheet. The people, having contributed no money to the building, and putting no value on their labour, are the more completely removed from any notion of controlling it; and they are encouraged to infer, which they commonly do, that the school has been built by the priest

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himself. There is always great care to keep the people ignorant as to any effort or expenditure by the State in their interests; and though these schools are built really out of the people's own taxes, with a building profit to the priest, they would as soon think of questioning his exclusive possession as of going into the neighbour's house and ordering him out of it. In this way, wholly at the expense of the State, the priest stands effectually as the private owner of these public institutions, and those who really provide the money for the education of their children dare not even offer an opinion. How can they help being slaves, and, as such, how can they help decaying, in a world that wants efficiency more than ever before and the freedom essential to efficiency? All this is part of the standing arrangement in Ireland between the British Government and the Roman priest, who has never yet been an Irishman in any better sense than to enslave Ireland. Nothing in the history of Ireland is plainer than this; hence the priest's need to control the teaching of history with the rest.

The teachers are recruited as monitors from the pupils in the school, by the selection of the priest, who is supposed to choose on the recommendation of the inspector; but the choice is much more dependent on considerations outside efficiency. At any given time there is in the school a number of pupils competing for the next appointment; but the competition takes rather the form of bribing the favour of the priest, who, year after year, keeps the rival families carrying their titbits to his kitchen, increasing their contributions to his collections, doing his service without pay, and generally enslaving themselves to his material advantage. Should the young candidate have a near relative out of favour with his reverence, that alone is regarded as a final disqualification. When the appointment is at length made, a fresh number of families are put under tribute for the next vacancy, and so on, always with a substantial income for the priest, in money and in kind, as the reward for violating his official rules, which assume that there shall be no basis of selection but that of efficiency. This ugly struggle goes on incessantly in all the schools of the parish, for appointments at 7*l.* to 10*l.* a year![1] Here I am writing of the rural schools, in the regions where there are few but Catholics, and where the sense of justice departed long ago with the freedom of judgment and criticism in civil affairs. It is less so in the towns, where there is greater difficulty in killing public opinion, though a reverend manager of schools has recently been dismissed in Dublin by the Government for bad treatment of the teachers. Everywhere these practices are full of method, and even in this country a stranger might live for years without getting any conclusive evidence of what goes on. As a matter of fact, it is practically impossible to know the working of the system without having been through it.

After the apprenticeship, there is a competitive examination to select for the training schools, but even here the parish priest has a

[1] The monitors' terms have been slightly improved this year.

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veto on the findings of the examiners, and the brightest candidate may be left at home unless he and his unfortunate family have done the required thing in gifts and self-repression during the years of apprenticeship. When the victim comes out of training, he is again subject to the veto of the parish priest, and may be left to the emigrant ship should his trainers have sent home any strong evidence of his independent intelligence. A large and increasing number are trained at the expense of the State and sent adrift for the convenience of the priest; yet not even the Government dares to complain of keeping, training and educating the surplus victims for export. Last year nearly half those trained had to emigrate, and yet about a third of the schools in the whole country are held by the untrained.

These training 'colleges' are usually under the control of the monks for the boys and of the nuns for the girls; teachers who have no better qualification to fit people for this world than that they have 'given up' this world themselves. The food is usually bad; the 'training' is always worse. Insanitation and disease are common, yet less deadly than the mental virus which inoculates the character to produce the kind of creatures who will be convenient to the priests in their parishes. Let a student develop better qualities, and his chances of ever getting a school are to that extent diminished; above all, should he acquire the dangerous habit of forming opinions as to his rights and duties as a citizen, 'public opinion' being an ecclesiastical monopoly, with the profits derived as I have already illustrated.

Take an example of the curriculum in these 'colleges.' I know one set lecture on 'The Rusting of Iron,' without a word from beginning to end on the law of chemical affinity which accounts for oxidisation. The student is put through the mechanical process, and taught to manipulate the apparatus; but he is left in complete ignorance of the fundamental fact, the operation of cause and effect, which alone could give significance to the phenomena, enlarging the play and vision of the faculties instead of merely loading the confused intelligence with deliberately unintelligible data. I have never met a 'trained' man who had passed through this 'science teaching' and showed the smallest consciousness of its scientific purpose; and I am told on good authority that any attempt at reasoning on the material plane, as in chemistry, is deliberately discouraged as 'dangerous.' In like manner Euclid has been almost wholly banished lately. So is Ireland mentally and morally fettered under the control of the priest, at the expense of the taxpayer, and with the conscious co-operation of the British Government.

The Government itself maintains a training college in Dublin, said to be among the best in the world, an estimate which I can support from personal knowledge; but, of course, it is open to all the creeds, and for this justice it is persistently boycotted by the bishops and priests, so that a Catholic coming out of it may find no employment in Ireland. Coming out every year, they have either to emigrate

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or find some other way to live; and accordingly the Irish are taxed to provide trained teachers for richer and more educated peoples, merely to accommodate the secular dominion of the priest in every department of life over this most unfortunate and unhappy country. The boycott is continued on the pretext that it is a 'Protestant training college,' another ecclesiastical falsehood; for I can state from my own knowledge that there can hardly be a place in Ireland where the religion of a Catholic is more free from insult and danger. This, however, is but a detail in the great scheme of Irish ecclesiasticism, which always aims to destroy what it may not control, with the Government, like a knave, paying the money, and the taxpayer, like a fool, providing it. What, then, must be thought of the British politician who sneers at the slavishness of the Irish while influencing the State to subsidise it? This type of person is common in public life, and hardly less mischievous than the trader in patriotism who lives by sham rebellion on the other side.

When we have manufactured our Irish schoolmaster out of insanitary piety and 'The Rusting of Iron,' he commonly resumes his career in the country by paying the priest for the school, sometimes in hard cash, but more often in forms less open to criticism; and in addition, he must pay at least 10 per cent. of his wretched salary to the priests every year, not to mention special assessments, sometimes amounting to 30 per cent. of his salary, for building seminaries, repairing churches, and anything else that his parish priest may choose to specify. He arrives from the training college with 'a character,' but the character of an Irish schoolmaster is supposed to last not more than three months; and, in charge of his school, he must get a new character four times a year. Having destroyed his real individual character in the course of his 'education,' they provide him with this quarterly and official character instead, in the same way as they deprive him of the Catholic religion to fill his spiritual vacuum with episcopal east wind. The victim's salary is sent by the Government to the priest every quarter, with a form to be filled up providing him with the new character for the next three months. It is the priest who fills up the form; and should he refuse, the salary may be withheld. I have known a typical victim left without a penny for nine months, the priest refusing his character, and the Government refusing his money unless he got the character; all this for no other reason than that there was a personal difference between himself and the priest, in no way connected with the school. The inspector, a direct servant of the State, might be expected to right a wrong like this, but instead he had reported against the school in support of the priest's allegations. After nine months, the schoolmaster went to Dublin and persuaded the Education Board to send a special inspector, who reported 'One of the best schools in Ireland,' after which the man got his money—and his character. I could fill this Review for a year with facts of this kind which I have personally investigated.

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Even when the man's character is 'satisfactory,' and he comes for his money, he may not enter the presence of the great one, but stands like a beggar at the door, with the domestic servant as the medium of communication. The teachers throughout the parish, paid on the same day, surround the door together, and when they leave the door, they must be careful as to what other doors they enter. The priest has his friends and relatives selling drink in the little town, and if the teachers go to these for their drink all is well; but should they go elsewhere, his reverence gets to know of their disobedience, and then their 'character' is in danger for intemperance, at least so much that they do not go elsewhere. In my long investigation of the matter, I have never known one of these 'educators' who had in his mind any notion of the word 'character' but what somebody else might choose to say of him; and this is the moral basis on which the school is worked, the money wasted and the young generation crippled.

Seeing that the priest and the schoolmaster belong socially to the same class, I could not well believe in these elaborate distinctions until I saw them for myself; but now I am forced to believe that they arise rather from the social identity, which requires an increased amount of disguise to maintain the preposterous presumptions of the man at the top. A peasant goes to Dublin, and another to Maynooth; but when they return it is as if one were the son of a baron and the other the son of a beggar. If the priest himself belonged to the educated classes, or were even an educated man, he could afford to be civil to a schoolmaster without losing caste; but in Ireland we no longer meet the cultured cleric of fifty years ago, when the priesthood was still a profession for a gentleman. It is impossible to study the attitude of the peasant priest to the peasant schoolmaster without feeling something unnatural and painful in the relations of life, with the human basis abandoned for artificial subtleties and absurd snobberies that have no decent derivation either divine or human.

That is how Ireland treats the 'man' to whom she entrusts the intellect and character of her youth, the faculties on which depend the direction of the energy essential to her progress. He begins his career in uncertainty, goes through it in terror, and ends it in despair, relieved by nothing better than the consciousness of his slavery, which, in the absence of hope, can only increase his bitterness by the measure of his distorted manhood. After his apprenticeship and his 'college' training at the expense of the State, he does not even know the function of oxygen in the blood to suggest the ventilation of his school and its relation to health, as if the conscious purpose were to prevent the mental analogy of oxidisation for the completer dominion of mind by incomprehensible authority. He is not permitted to understand the principles that are supposed to govern his conduct,

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and his mental outlook is limited by rules which he cannot discuss without impertinence; yet his profession in life is to develop the mind and to direct the conduct of others. His lot in the training college is that of rebel or spy, either snubbed by the 'professor' or favoured as an informer against his fellows; yet he is paid by the State to teach honour and loyalty. An exponent of faith, he is the incessant victim of suspicion. Always distrusted himself, he is expected to make others trustworthy; and he is charged to inculcate charity from the psychology of his unending bitterness. It is his paid duty to teach citizenship, but he is not permitted to take part in public life, that being the special domain of his reverend master. Should he dare to think aloud on the civil affairs of life, particularly his own profession, he is sneered at by the priests, and a priest's sneer may be enough to ruin his career.

For all this, the Irish teacher, fully qualified, begins on 63*l.* to 70*l.* a year, and does not hope to exceed 100*l.* before he dies. With the surplus 'colleges' always pouring out their surplus teachers, the salary can be kept down. In our own time, the number of schools has been enormously increased, nearly doubled, while the population has been halved. It is commonly done by a cross wall inside the existing school, so that the total accommodation may be diminished rather than increased; but every additional 'school' means an additional principal teacher, with the 10 per cent. for the priest out of his salary. In so far as I have examined the schools, the standard of education has fallen remarkably in the past twenty-five years, and everybody I consult tells me it is so in his own part of the country. Yet for the pupils in attendance the annual cost per head is as high as in Scotland, if not higher. Who can believe that the priest has any real desire to see the people educated? In the circumstances, how can Ireland help decaying? The President of the Mayo Teachers' Association tells us of men forced to resign and offered pensions of 4*l.* 4*s.* a year after the service of their lives.

In the intermediate or higher schools the State grants 110,000*l.* a year on competitive examinations; and Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, says the education is 'not worth a button to them.' The nuns and monks pocket almost the whole of the money, often employing a lay teacher to start them, then to be dismissed; so that a career in higher teaching is practically closed to the laity in the sacerdotal interest. The State pays for examination prizes to encourage the pupils; but as a rule the pupils are cheated out of these prizes, which become an asset of the nunnery or the monastery, and the parents dare not complain. Far more ruinous is the fact that the brighter boys and girls year after year, at the unfortunate parents' expense, and on promises never redeemed, are kept passing examinations, earning State grants for the ecclesiastics, winning plundered prizes, and then sent away 'not worth a button.'

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The industrial schools and reformatories are similarly 'farmed' to the ecclesiastics; and here we reach a mystery that even I cannot explain after my years of steady investigation. We know, however, that it pays the nuns and monks to employ agents who procure the young 'criminals' for them; and with 10*s*. per head for the agent, he can easily provide the crime required to earn it, getting the young victim 'committed' by the 'Catholic magistrates,' who have been increasing on the bench since the Government began the game of bribing 'religion' for an appearance of peace. Religion may well be the agency of lawlessness. It would be hard to say which has done the more, the priest or the Government, to degrade the Catholic religion in Ireland; and the more it is degraded the more easy becomes the 'national policy of making government impossible.' Last year more than forty of these young victims in charge of the nuns at Limerick were poisoned, nine of them fatally, by 'beef' from a mysterious cow bought for the nuns at '3*d*. per lb.' retail from a local butcher. No one has dared to complain, and the nuns are free to go on buying the 'beef' of mysterious cows. About the same time the nuns' boarding school at Kiltimagh, co. Mayo, was scattered by typhoid fever, similarly caused. Not one nun suffered, either in Limerick or Kiltimagh.[2] Did the nuns feed the victims on stuff they would not touch themselves, or was it another miracle? The people of Ireland may consider the question in silence, but they dare not answer it, and they dare not act on the answer. Yet they keep asking the British to give them 'liberty'! Not long ago a number of women in Dublin were found to be earning an average of 1*l*. a week each, providing for the industrial schools and reformatories such victims as were poisoned at Limerick, and the capital of Ireland looks on in dumb terror, the Protestants afraid to be called 'bigots,' and the Catholics afraid to be called 'traitors.' Could that happen had the moral sense of the community not been suspended or corrupted by sacerdotalism? The deadly nature of the power that reduces a whole nation to such a state of mental and moral helplessness is more perfectly realised when we reflect that the Irish are naturally among the bravest races of the world; but the priest is hardly more guilty than the succeeding Governments, so that the final responsibility is with the British elector, who, no matter what party in power, is always in a majority in so far as Ireland is concerned. Must the British conscience rest always content paying taxes to make conscience in Ireland impossible, subsidising the agencies of lawlessness from the Treasury, and blaming the Irish character for the result? There is no real 'Irish Problem' but clericalism, because it is the one power that keeps the Irish people ungovernable, preventing the free exercise of the faculties which would enable them to see the value of good government and the ruin of

[2] It has been said lately that a nun was ill at Kiltimagh, but it was not mentioned at the time, and there is not even a suggestion that any nun was ill at Limerick.

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disorder; and while the presence of that problem remains so profitable to the cleric, with successive Governments accommodating his aims at the expense of the taxpayer, the solution is likely to be delayed. The Irish are in the essentials the same as other peoples, and when I examine the Anglo-Roman *régime* at work in their destruction, the wonder to me is that their character is not even worse and their ruin more rapid. A people who can survive so much are worth saving, and the way to begin is by making them the free owners of their own energies—Peasant Proprietorship in Mental and Moral Faculty, a 'Bill' that would be worth a thousand times more than all the Land Acts ever inflicted on them.

Thirty years ago the Government provided 'school requisites,' but since then the supply has been 'thrown open,' so that it has in the main become a clerical monopoly, with the priests in a position to say who shall get the orders, their friend Father T. A. Finlay as a kind of general 'editor' of school books, and the profits, presumably, going into the coffers of his Jesuit Order in Dublin, since Father Finlay, as a Jesuit, may not hold personal property. The alternative explanation sometimes offered is that the reverend anthologist and the printers connected with him carry on their great labour and enterprise for nothing; but since the product is marketed at the usual profit, and since there is no evidence of having given anything away, one is reduced to the more reasonable and less pleasant theory. On an expert calculation, I am informed that the Jesuit Order pockets 700*l.* a year in royalties alone from one little school reader, and at that rate the total addition to the ecclesiastical income from this 'requisite' branch of the traffic in Irish education must be a very, very great one. Father Finlay keeps a careful watch on the monopoly. For instance, some criticism on the school literature was offered in the *Irish Times* recently by one of Ireland's few literary laymen, and Father Finlay replied, saying that the critic belonged to 'London pothouses.' This was the first and last attempt in our time of an Irish layman to interfere with the sacerdotal monopoly. It is not pleasant to be abused with the authority of 'the Church' as a 'pothouse man,' and criticism inquires no more either as to the fitness of the literary flower-gathering or the disposal of the profits.

Having examined the effect on youth and growth, we could well infer the effect on adult life and character; but even inference is made unnecessary by the facts. For a people so 'brought up,' how can there be any hope of progress until they emigrate for leave to live? The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, originated chiefly by Sir Horace Plunkett, offers facilities for agricultural and domestic education as complete and generous as can be found among any peasantry in the world; but, 'educated' under the priests, the peasantry leave the elementary schools generally incapable to learn what is taught by the Department, and still more incapable

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to apply it even when they can learn it. After ten years' inquiring I do not know one Irishman yet who went through the Department's course to farm on his own account; and the instructors and lecturers scattered through the country declare that their work is almost wholly thrown away. In support of this, we have emigration unchecked, and the transition from tillage to grass proceeding as fast as ever. The work of technical instruction passes more and more into the control of the nuns and monks, with 'the County Committee of Agriculture, &c.,' usually including a majority of ecclesiastics. 'The member in respect of Agriculture' on the Congested Districts Board is a priest, and one who, to my knowledge, is as ignorant of agriculture as the theological politician usually is. Competent laymen could be found in every county, but the competent layman is precisely the sort of man whom the priest does not want to see about him; and the Government does what the priest wants, apparently to prevent 'an increase in crime.' That 'increase in crime' is gold to the Ecclesiocracy. Without it, how could the ecclesiastics get property reduced to a twentieth of its value by intimidation and then passed into their own possession through the sympathetic assistance of the Government?

The priest comes in the evening with a stick to frighten and scatter the young men and women from dancing in their cottages, the only source of entertainment during winter. Priests refuse the rites of religion for daring to oppose 'their candidates' in the local elections. Priests come in and frighten men out of their own houses as a disgrace before the public for having voted according to their conscience. Priests threaten wives with 'eternal fire' if they do not make their husbands vote under clerical direction. Last year Reverend D. P. Kinghan, of the Irish Church, died at Swinford, co. Mayo. The Catholics thought so much of him that they went to the funeral, and the rites of their own Church have been refused in consequence—always with that 'glimpse into Hell' as the final security. Priests threaten the people from the altar to force more money from them. All that I say I have seen, and I select but a few representative examples. I could select worse, if they could be published.

More than three months ago the doings of the League, especially cattle-driving, were denounced by bishops as 'immoral'; but since then I have counted fifty-six priests taking the chair at League meetings, not to mention those co-operating in other ways and those I have not counted. So it continues. Yet I know that if the priests believed the bishops were in earnest, they would not dare to attend these meetings. When the priest wants to crush a victim, the League is his most convenient instrument, worked by theft, encouraged by slander and intimidation from the altar. I have seen and heard all this more often than I can remember. With crime so profitable to the priest, is it not odd to select and subsidise him in the interests of peace?

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I see the peasant turning pale as he meets the priest on the road; the same peasant who could face the deadliest fortress without flinching. At the fortress he has but to die, and that is so much easier than to live in torture. Let him displease the priest, even by doing his honest duty, and he is made 'an example,' his home like a death-chamber, his wife an object of public scorn, his children like hunted animals, pelted by the other children to please the priest, the professional representative of 'the Holy Catholic religion.' Where these things do not occur, life and character are little or nothing better, because of the knowledge that these things may occur. The 'examples' are memorable, and I know no parish without its own.

I need hardly say that all these cruelties organised and practised in the name of 'the Church' are opposed to the doctrines of the religion. I question no doctrine of the religion, but I know not one that is not made a curse to Ireland by the administrators, who keep up the heretical fiction that they themselves are 'the Church,' whereas the laity are as much the Church as they, and, in the circumstances of Ireland, much more, since no Church could persist by virtue of the clerical conduct and character. So ignorant are the laity kept of their rights in the Church that even Mr. John Dillon attributes the same fiction to the Pope! The priest who uses the confessional to turn an innocent child into a moral outcast in its own mind may well have been in view with Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick when he declared that the education of the priests themselves was 'totally deficient.'

Instead of the usual way with writers about Ireland, trying to explain the phenomena of life on merely *prima facie* hypotheses, usually in support of one 'policy' or another, I have tried to analyse the unseen agencies fundamentally at work, with a view to a policy never yet tried. Ireland is a country in which the *prima facie* hypothesis explains little or nothing, and that is what makes it so hard to 'understand' her. In the British sense of the term, there really exists no Ireland to be 'understood'; but there is one to be discovered, and the discovery is worth a great, wise, and courageous effort, preferably an effort in which all British parties are first agreed, at least in regard to essentials, that they may not reverse and stultify each other in succession, further destroying Ireland. Since there is no Ireland that the British can 'understand,' why not create one? It could be done in ten years, by setting the Irishman in Ireland free to be the owner of his own faculties. Statesmen ought to be able to infer the rest, and I believe it would be as great benefit to the Catholic religion as to Ireland. In the long run, a Church cannot gain by destroying her children; and this is what our ecclesiastics are doing now, with the assistance of British statesmanship and the apparent consent of the British public, which is by far the greatest existing scandal to the British name.

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If the influences dominating the youth and distorting the growth of the Irish people be as I have tried to present them, then the current confusion of the country becomes intelligible at once, and that without necessitating insult to the national character. Ireland is to be pitied, surely carrying more sins of others' making than any other people in civilisation, and always taking her worst enemies for her only friends. Even her virtues are turned into the agents of her destruction, and her vices are held forth by authority as her salvation. Landlord and tenant are kept destroying each other while 'the Church' annexes the spoil. See how 'the Church' goes up while Ireland goes down, with priests multiplying on destitution and monasteries fattening on the track of the deluded emigrant. 'The Church' evidently means to get back 'her lands,' and it matters not to her whether the occupant to be removed is landlord or tenant. Both go together, and she gets 100,000*l.* worth of property for 3,000*l.*, the League clearing the way for her by crime, and the 'Government' arranging the rest for her at the expense of the British taxpayer. There is now a community of foreign nuns in Lord Dillon's famous mansion, acquired on such terms as I describe; and in the neighbourhood at the time, I can remember how the agitation was worked up by the priests to get possession of Lough Glynn, in the name of Irish patriotism, but for the benefit of Belgian nuns.

Lest any man in Ireland should call on the Government to prevent the priests from ruining the people, the priests keep the Irish Parliamentary party always in training to hunt down such a man. I have reason to know how this hunting is done, having been hunted myself for nearly ten years. If a critic cannot be answered, he may be starved or killed, with the blessing of 'the Church' on what the bishops call 'immoral,' while their priests preside over it. Against degradations not more deadly in Russia, we can hold a public 'demonstration.' Can we do nothing for Ireland?

The main hope is in the self-discovery of the Irish, which proceeds in spite of all. Even inside the Irish party, there is a new body of anti-clericals, with the priests' papers already denouncing Mr. Dillon as a disciple of Cromwell, and Cardinal Logue trying to ostracise Mr. Devlin's 'Molly Maguires.' The other groups, growing weaker, outwit each other for the ecclesiastical approval, every man with his conscience pledged for life in the episcopal pawnshop. If that be the case with members of Parliament, what of the poor peasant, whose means of self-defence are limited to the parish? I think I have submitted evidence in fact for my original assertion of clericalism as a primary cause of Irish decay, and if my rather unpleasant narrative does not charm his Parochial Majesty, he must remember how he attacked myself instead of criticising my work when I confined it, in the first instance, to its purely economic significance.

P. D. KENNY ('*Pat*').

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MATRIMONY AND THE MAN OF LETTERS

STRANGE is the fate of some books and of some bookmen and bookwomen. Slowly, through long laborious hours of daylight, when the bees are humming, or in the silent spaces of the night, Genius translates its hidden energy into form and matter. The fires burn in the furnace of the soul, and with painful hand the master craftsman smites and shapes the glowing bar upon the anvil. In the fulness of time the work is done and given to the world, that the world may store it in its treasure-houses, to be drawn forth continually after the years—perhaps after the centuries—fresh, shining, incorruptible: a delight to the eye, a refreshment to the spirit. So happily it is with the greatest things of all. The cycles drift by, the peoples come and go, but still Achilles girds on his armour, aflame for the death of Patroclus, and Penelope spins sadly amid the clamorous suitors, while an old man, with cheeks furrowed by the sea-wind, waits hungry for revenge at the outer porch. And happily too in these supreme cases the workman has been forgotten in the work. Of Homer no one knows anything at all, no more than we know of the author of the Book of Job: of Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, the most of us are scarcely less ignorant. We do not complicate our delight in these mightier manifestations of the Power we call Art by dwelling on that mere instrument the Artist, a man with like passions unto ourselves, save that through his brain and hand the mystery of creation has found such expression as can reach our consciousness.

But those are the few, the chosen, the demigods. How many there are whose fate has been quite otherwise! The Book is forgotten; but over the Man we babble volubly, prying with unceasing inquisitiveness into those weaknesses and personal adventures which make him one with us, instead of concerning ourselves with that which sets him like a star apart. And in this our hurrying age, impatient of abstraction and generalisation, fastening feverishly on the concrete, the 'actual,' which means the transient, it seems as if all history is interesting only so far as it can be turned into gossip. We are vague about some of Napoleon's battles, but we know all about his dealings with the Fair Sex; why exactly the victory of the Nile was won, or what it effected, the intelligent student cannot say; but he has the

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details of Nelson's relationship with Lady Hamilton at his fingers' ends. Publishers say that 'serious' history is a drug in the market, though there is always a demand for piquant accounts of Royal Mistresses and Splendid Sinners and suitably written *chroniques d'amour*. Can one be surprised or even censorious? The gossip touches a permanent element of human nature, while the Great Event may be local and transitory. What is it to Jones in Brixton—to Mrs. Jones more particularly—if some thousands of human beings did hack and hew one another to pieces somewhere amid the swamps and mountains some hundreds of years ago because a forgotten king had quarrelled with another over a vanished city? Don John of Austria, on his high-prowed argosy, thundering among the Turkish galleys at Lepanto, is a sufficiently heroical figure; but all this business of Cross and Crescent, of the most Christian King and the Commander of the Faithful, is very dead and shadowy in Brixton, where yet men and women live and love and suffer, and husbands are not always kind, and wives are sometimes unhappy, sighing for the unattainable—even in Brixton. You cannot wonder if the story of Swift and Stella does take our Mrs. Jones more than *A Tale of a Tub* or *The Conduct of the Allies*; or that for her the white plume of Navarre waves against a background of romantic love-affairs rather than one of wars and treaties.

So it comes about that we ignore the writings and read of the writers. How grimly ironic is the fate of some of them! Carlyle, for instance, he who toiled remorselessly for the better part of half a century to deliver his message to the world, has fallen upon a generation which cares nothing for his message and is interested only in himself. You hardly ever meet any person who seems to have a working knowledge of the writings of Thomas of Chelsea. The *Frederick*, the *Cromwell*, the *French Revolution*—I think even *Past and Present* and *Sartor Resartus*, lie unopened upon the topmost shelves; the gorgeous rhetoric, the grand and solemn cadences, the satire, the wit, the prose-poetry, have never touched the thousands who know and care for Carlyle only as the husband of Jane Welsh. There is no commentary, scarcely an intelligent criticism, on his works; but a library of essays, monographs, stout volumes, has piled itself round his private affairs. Not a detail, not a triviality in the commonplace domesticity of this childless couple has escaped publication. The petty quarrels of husband and wife, their tiffs, and squabbles, and reconciliations, Mr. Carlyle's struggles with dyspepsia, and Mrs. Carlyle's wrestlings with the housemaids, all these and many other minute events in two singularly eventless lives, are pursued with avidity by those who would yawn over the throbbing periods of the great prophetic books. It is, I suspect, even so with Browning; you might find many who 'cannot read' the poems, but can and do enjoy the effusive frankness of Mrs. Browning's love-letters.

It is all very undignified; yet in a sense inevitable. And this at

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least must be said, that in the case of the man of letters a curiosity about merely personal matters is more justifiable than it is with other artists. One cannot separate the literary creator from his work as one can separate the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the engineer, even the musician. For all these deal with a material that is outside themselves; the man's personality need not greatly affect our appreciation of the results of his labour. There the miracle is achieved in colour or sound, in stone or marble; and as the eye travels up those climbing spires or rests on faultless line and curve, or drinks in the ecstasy of light and shade and motion, it matters little what hand it was that held the brush and chisel. But with the writer, the poet, the artist-philosopher, it is otherwise. His material is largely himself, his own soul, his own nature, his individuality; with all at least but the very greatest who rise to the large impersonality of creative nature herself. For some of the others the biographical factor is a necessary element of understanding. This is especially the case with the prophets, the evangelists, the missionaries, the preachers of new gospels. If a man comes to my house to paint a picture or mend a bell-wire he may be an atheist or a bigamist for all I care; but if I employ him to teach my boys, or to prepare my daughters for confirmation, I really do want to know something about his character and conduct. It is even so with the great teachers of men. When I am invited to read Nietzsche it is not mere impertinence to remind me that this fierce apologist for Force, Egoism, ruthless Adventure, was himself a fidgety invalid struggling with landladies and patent medicines. Shall I study him with due insight if I do not know that he died insane at fifty-six? That is surely no irrelevant detail which I should thrust from my thoughts when I ponder the obscure texts of Zarathustra. Or when I listen to Nietzsche and to Schopenhauer on women, am I to forget that both were hypochondriac celibates, both, perhaps, sexually abnormal? Can I read Rousseau aright if I put out of my mind those passages of unspeakable illumination in the *Confessions*?

So perhaps, instead of treating the gossip of literature as mere triviality, and leaving it to be dealt with by trivial persons, anxious only to hatch out a piquant story, we ought to have it handled seriously as a branch of psychological inquiry. The personal history of men of genius might be investigated in a scientific fashion, and the results tabulated with as much precision as the available knowledge admits. Then we should know more than we do of the conditions under which Genius develops, and of its physical and psychical environment. At present we are content to treat it as something abnormal, or something accidental. We say the poet took too much wine or too many mistresses because he was a genius; or we say he would have been a greater genius if he had been more moderate. Either proposition may be true, or both may be false. But it is desirable that we should know

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what element of truth and falsity there is, and deduce that knowledge from a tabulation and analysis of the facts. One would like to see the gossip of literature withdrawn from the hands of the sedulous book-maker and the lively feminine compiler, and dealt with by those who would make it more scientific if less entertaining.

Take that subject of genius in its connubial aspect. It is a commonplace that the marriages and love affairs of the great literary artists are often unfortunate. The proposition is accepted without much consideration of its significance; for significant it surely must be in some way that the writer of genius is most often an individual who has missed happiness and success in the most vital relation of all. Perhaps the statement will be traversed; you generalise, it will be said, from a few conspicuous examples. But that does not appear to be the case. Cast an eye down the literary record of almost any nation, and you will find the same tale of futility, suffering, failure in this particular. It would seem that the famous author who attains marital and parental content is the exception; the majority were celibate and childless, if they were not unsatisfied or unsatisfying husbands. We find examples enough in our own literature, the literature of a nation which puts a high estimate on its morals and its domesticity. Here is a list which I suppose can be regarded as fairly representative of the British literary genius during nearly three centuries, excluding living writers and those recently deceased. I append to each famous name a brief note as to its owner's 'condition in regard to marriage':—

Shakespeare	Married at eighteen, with hasty irregularity, a woman of humble origin, eight years older than himself. The union seems to have been unsympathetic, and the terms of the poet's will point to an estrangement between husband and wife.
Milton	Married three times. The poet's first wife left him after a few weeks. He wrote tracts on divorce, and paid his addresses 'to a very handsome and witty gentlewoman' until the wife returned.
Dryden	Married—unhappily.
Bunyan	Married twice—satisfactorily.
Hobbes	Unmarried.
Pepys.	Married. Unfaithful to his wife, and frequently quarrelled with her.
Samuel Butler . . .	Married late in life.
Newton	Unmarried.
Locke	Unmarried.

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SWIFT	Secretly married to a woman with whom he never lived, and whom he hardly ever saw except in presence of a third person.
DEFOE	Married; had several children. Little known of the circumstances of his domestic life.
ADDISON	Married three years before his death. The marriage 'is generally said to have been uncomfortable.' (*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*)
STEELE	Twice married: happily, in spite of irregularities of conduct.
CONGREVE	A bachelor and professional 'man of pleasure.'
OTWAY	Unmarried. Life wrecked by an unhappy passion.
POPE	Unmarried.
PRIOR	Unmarried.
FIELDING	Married twice. Devotedly attached to his first wife; after her death married her maid.
RICHARDSON	Unmarried.
SMOLLETT	Married: satisfactorily.
SAMUEL JOHNSON	Married a vulgar and affected widow twenty years his senior. The marriage considered a grotesque affair by Johnson's friends and contemporaries. Childless.
JAMES THOMSON	Unmarried.
GRAY	Unmarried.
HUME	Unmarried.
STERNE	Married. Got on badly with his wife, and had various love affairs and sentimental philanderings.
ADAM SMITH	Unmarried.
BOSWELL	Married; frequently unfaithful to his wife.
GOLDSMITH	Unmarried.
GIBBON	Unmarried.
SHERIDAN	Married; not unhappily.
COWPER	Unmarried.
BURNS	Married to a woman who had been his mistress. Occasionally unfaithful to her afterwards.
CRABBE	Married: satisfactorily.

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BENTHAM	Unmarried.
WORDSWORTH	Married: satisfactorily.
SCOTT	Married: not quite sympathetically.
SOUTHEY	Married twice. First wife became insane. Married his second wife at age of 66, just before complete failure of his own mental faculties.
COLERIDGE	Married: unsatisfactorily. Husband and wife became almost completely alienated, and lived apart.
SHELLEY	Made an imprudent marriage early in life. Separated from his wife, who committed suicide.
KEATS	Unmarried. Tormented by an unhappy love affair.
BYRON	Separated from his wife after a great scandal, and entered into various irregular unions.
CHARLES LAMB	Unmarried.
HAZLITT	Married twice. First wife divorced him; second refused to live with him.
LEIGH HUNT	Married: not quite happily.
THOMAS MOORE	Married: satisfactorily.
DE QUINCEY	Married: happily, so far as the husband's habits permitted. Wife died *anno ætat.* 39. 'One can suppose that hers had not been the easiest or happiest of lives.'—Prof. Mason.
MACAULAY	Unmarried.
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON	Separated from his wife.
NEWMAN	Unmarried.
CARLYLE	Married: bickered a good deal with his wife.
JOHN STUART MILL	Unmarried.
HERBERT SPENCER	Unmarried.
DARWIN	Married: satisfactorily.
RUSKIN	Marriage annulled.
LANDOR	Quarrelled with his wife, and lived many years apart from her.
DICKENS	Separated from his wife.
THACKERAY	Wife became insane.
CHARLES READE	Unmarried.
FROUDE	Married: satisfactorily.
MATTHEW ARNOLD	Married: satisfactorily.
KINGSLEY	Married: satisfactorily.
TENNYSON	Married: satisfactorily.

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Browning	Married : satisfactorily.
Rossetti	Unsatisfactory married life, ended by wife, two years after wedding, dying of overdose of laudanum.
Edward FitzGerald . .	Separated from his wife.
James Thomson ('B. V.') .	Unmarried.
William Morris . . .	Married : satisfactorily.
Walter Pater	Unmarried.

Taking this list of sixty-eight names, all those of men of high, in some cases of the highest, literary talent, we find that there are only twenty marriages which can be called satisfactory, even if we include some, like those of Fielding and Southey, which can hardly be so described, and others like that of Defoe, of which next to nothing is known. Twenty-three of the marriages were unfortunate, and several disastrous ; and twenty-five of the persons mentioned were unmarried. Thus among these sixty-eight gifted writers less than a third were married and lived in ordinary content and comfort with their wives.

The result would be similar if we included women in our list. We might mention the cases of Aphra Behn, Maria Edgeworth, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, the Brontë sisters, Mrs. Hemans, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, to indicate that the woman-writer rather frequently avoids matrimony or is unfortunate in her experience of it. And if we turned our survey to France, Germany, America, the names of Goethe, Balzac, Dumas, Heine, Kleist, De Musset, George Sand, Walt Whitman, Poe, and many others leap to the mind, and suggest the same reflection. It would seem that a well-regulated family life does not in the majority of cases go with literary production of the higher kind either for men or women. In two cases out of three the great author is either unmarried or married badly. It is notable that only three or four of the more splendid names are found in our catalogue of successful marriages. It includes Moore, Crabbe, Smollett, Kingsley ; but not Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Byron or Burns. Wordsworth and Browning are among the exceptions—great poets who achieved at least average felicity as husbands and fathers. But more commonly, the great writer does not marry, or if he marries the union turns out badly.

It may be said, of course, that in this respect the great writer shares the common lot of humanity. Engineers, architects, painters, stock-brokers, cheesemongers, are often unmarried, and if married they do not always 'get on' with their wives. But one would like to know whether in these avocations the matrimonial failures are as numerous as among the men of letters. That is where the Professor of Psychological Gossip might do useful work. He might ascertain whether the proportion of the celibates and the ill-married is really as high among

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cheesemongers and stockbrokers as it has been among the poets and playwrights. He might conduct an historical survey through other professional biographies, and let us know the result. If we took the seventy most famous soldiers, statesmen, or artists between the age of Elizabeth and the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, should we find that only about a third were married and lived happily with their wives? Is failure in matrimony the penalty of eminence generally, or merely of literary eminence?

If the common opinion that the author is exceptionally unlucky in this respect proves to be well-founded, our scientific gossip-expert may be able to give us the reason. A friend of mine who though not scientific is rather shrewd maintains that no recondite cause is required to explain the marital ill-success of the man of letters. It may be summed up in one single ugly word, which is the word Juxtaposition. The 'literary temperament' is not so much to blame, according to this view of the matter, as the literary habit. The man of letters may or may not be 'domesticated'; but he usually gets an overdose of domesticity owing to the nature of his employment, and the conditions under which it is carried on. In most other pursuits husband and wife are occupied apart during the working day. Most men, from stone-masons to cabinet ministers, transact their main activities outside their own home, and aside from the presence of their wives and children. The mechanic picks up his dinner bundle and is on his way to the factory at dawn, only to return, tired and hungry, at dusk; the clerk, the Government official, the business man, make for their offices; the barrister goes to his chambers, the teacher to his class-rooms, the painter to his studio, the manufacturer to his 'works,' the solicitor, the soldier, the politician, the sportsman, all expend the daylight hours in some place, be it office, warehouse, law-court, barrack-square, committee-room, or polo-ground, to which wives have no access. The wife stays at home, looks after her house and her children, has her own occupations and interests; and after the long day's separation it is no great strain for the two partners, both a little exhausted by their separate toils, to converse in indolent amiability. The husband is willing enough to listen in lazy content to his wife's record of her day's doings, or to tell her something of his own. But the literary man, unless he is also a journalist, compelled to write in offices or wander forth in search of copy, the literary man, pure and simple, he does his work at home. He sits in his study, with his wife, so to speak, outside the door. If she is a discreet lady she does not lift the latch too often. But it is inevitable that the couple shall see a great deal of each other. They take their various meals together, they have opportunities for communication on and off through the twenty-four hours. There is no occasion for the husband to embrace his spouse on the suburban doorstep after breakfast, before he starts

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to catch the 9.15 train to town. He can caress her all day if he likes. Privileges so easily obtained are not always valued. One has heard the story of the conscientious person who had a painful revelation to make to a married friend. 'I think it my duty to tell you,' he said, 'that I have seen X. kissing your wife.' 'Fancy that!' replied the injured husband; 'and he is not obliged to do it!' And I have been told of a wise virgin who, before marriage, said to her adorer: 'I have only one thing to ask you, and that is, that you will promise not to be in to lunch.' But the literary man is often in to lunch. He is 'about the house' most days, and his wife is about him more or less; and if they get on each other's nerves a little, who can be surprised? For the man of action the little drama of domesticity may provoke some interest when it is enacted for him retrospectively; but the literary man has too many opportunities of witnessing it in rehearsal. Not all wives would resist interrupting the composition of an epic by deferring till the late evening the announcement that the cook was drunk, or that the kitchen boiler had burst; not all authors would accept the interruption in the right spirit.

A good deal of superfluous sentiment has been wasted on what is called the 'tragedy' of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, his wife. There was no tragedy; only the rather dull, rather shabby comedy of a real attachment crossed and thwarted by the constant irritating pressure of small uncomfortable things. Except for the genius of the man, and the distinct talent of the woman, there was nothing at all remarkable or romantic in the life-story of this couple. They began with a vivid affection on one side, and an ardent admiration on the other: probably about as large a supply of the complex emotion we call love as goes to the making of most unions. But they eventually got on each other's nerves, and tried each other's tempers, mainly because they were too much together. The childless, overstrung, sensitive woman, with her acidulated tongue and her hunger for sympathetic attention, was the worst person in the world to be locked up alone with a dyspeptic, self-absorbed man of letters. Besides, Carlyle had too much to fill his mind, and Mrs. Carlyle too little. Nowadays the one would have broken his studies with golf, and the other diversified the laborious trivialities of her house-keeping by joining the Suffragettes or the Primrose League; but these things were not done in the mid-Victorian day. Even as it was, in spite of Carlyle's indigestion and his wife's more serious ailments, they would probably have rubbed on together comfortably enough but for the fact that too much of their lives were passed in juxtaposition. If Carlyle had been compelled to attend at an office from ten to four daily, Mrs. Carlyle might have been a happier woman, and the world would have lost some interesting volumes.

But if that is an explanation it certainly does not cover all our

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cases, nor perhaps the majority of them. We may search through the ages, and examine periods when the domestic arrangements were widely different from those of nineteenth-century Britain, and still the same tale is told of futile marriages and uneasy households. Is there some larger, some more comprehensive, cause at work? Are we to suppose that the domestic unhappiness of genius is a device of Nature to guard against the premature production of a race of super-men? If every great writer were happily married, and produced and reared children like unto himself, we might in due course have a caste of geniuses, and human faculty in a few favoured lines might go on developing till men—some men at least—had attained to almost god-like stature. Suppose that a Shakespeare were the father of another Shakespeare, and he again gave the world a super-Shakespeare? Or that a greater painter and sculptor sprang from the loins of a Michael Angelo? That an Amurath succeeded an Amurath in the dynasty of the Newtons, the Leibnitzes, the Descartes, the Bacons—until man became indeed as the gods, and might be able to put forth his hand and take of the tree of life and eat and live for ever? But that, perhaps, was not Nature's plan. Here as elsewhere she sacrifices the individual remorselessly for the general good. Better a poet unhappy, a woman's life wrecked and wasted, than a break in the slow gradual process of movement towards the preconceived goal. 'So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life.' Genius is an excessive, and usually an abnormal, development of individual faculty. But the work of evolution goes on by raising the average of the species, and by the gradual improvement of all those qualities which are useful and the elimination of those which are superfluous. It may be that humanity has to be protected against the disproportionate growth of any special attribute. A race of geniuses might soon become a race of moral and intellectual monsters; and monstrosity, lying apart from the line of gradual advance towards the typical Idea, cannot be perpetuated. Is there some unknown physiological element of this kind operating to render genius so often sterile, so seldom capable of sober connubiality, so rarely crowned with the common blessings that life brings to meaner mortals? Is it for some such reason that an abnormal faculty so rarely passes down to the second generation? We cannot accept this as an illustration of Weismann's great axiom, for most of the distinctive qualities that go to make up the intellect and character of a Napoleon can hardly be regarded as acquired. But a Napoleon leaves only a weakling to bear his name; an Oliver Cromwell transmits his to an amiable ineffectual Richard; a Frederick the Second, an Alexander the Great, dies childless; the victor of Agincourt is succeeded by the feeble martyr of the Tower. Must we infer that the divine fire burns itself out when it has done its work with a single human soul and brain, that no brand can be snatched to kindle

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the flame in another? Or are we to suggest that genius is itself a thing so anti-social, so apart from the stream of tendency, that it cannot help in the great work of preserving the species, that it develops the individual, but would only impede the race in its upward struggle? It is not a procession in which the torch passes from one swift runner to another; but a solitary beacon streaming from the hills through one clouded night, and then flickering into lifeless ash and cinder.

SIDNEY LOW.

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OUR 'LOST' NAVAL SUPREMACY

After months of uncertainty the nation has at last a definite pronouncement on the state of the naval defences, by an authority the impartiality and fairness of which was admitted at the outset of the enquiry by Lord Charles Beresford on the one hand, and on the other by the Board of Admiralty by the retention of office. There is no ambiguity in the main conclusions of the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which has investigated the issues raised by Lord Charles Beresford in his memorandum of the 2nd of April last. For the lack of cordial relations between the Board and the Admiral both are held to have been in fault. This incident is closed, and no good is to be done by dwelling upon it, since Lord Charles is no longer actively employed, and the situation cannot therefore recur.

The question of importance is not the past but the present and future. Lord Charles made the very definite and alarming assertion in his communication to the Prime Minister that 'the fleets in home waters . . . are not organised in readiness for war now, to-day.' These words were written after the great Home Fleet had been organised by the Admiralty, and he added that 'Under the new scheme for the redistribution of the Fleet the true principles of organisation for war are infringed in those essentials, to the neglect of which it has been my duty to direct the attention of the constituted authority from time to time during my tenure of the command of the Channel Fleet. . . . I have to inform you that I regard the strategical and tactical situation arising from such a system of organisation with the very gravest apprehension.'

This was the vital point in the Admiral's criticism, with the addendum that the necessary small craft and destroyers did not exist. On these points the Committee's conclusions are unequivocal. They find that between the fleet organisation announced by the Admiralty in February, and regarded by Lord Charles in April with 'the gravest apprehension,' and that outlined by Lord Charles himself in his letter (the 2nd of April), there is 'no difference in principle,' and that it 'satisfies in substance all Lord Charles Beresford's requirements,' while they hold that there is no such deficiency of small craft

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and destroyers 'as to constitute a risk to the safety of the country.' On the chief subject of moment—the present organisation of the fleet in home waters—the Admiralty and Lord Charles are in agreement; in other words the Admiral's model scheme of April is practically the same as the Admiralty's definite plan announced in February and carried out in March.

In his reminiscences of service at the Admiralty Sir John Briggs records an incident of over fifty years ago, which may perhaps be recalled not inappropriately in this connexion. He states that 'an animated discussion was taking place between Admiral Sir Charles Adam and Admiral Dundas as Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Ward, the Political Secretary, was passing through the Board-room on his way to his private room. In an undertone, smiling, he said to me, "How those admirals quarrel!" "Oh, dear no, sir," I replied, "it is only their peculiar mode of conducting a naval discussion." Mr. Ward had scarcely left the room when Sir Charles Adam, in a loud voice, exclaimed, "I say it is so," Admiral Dundas replying, "That is exactly what I have been maintaining." "The d—— it is!" said Sir Charles; and then, addressing himself to me, said, "Did you think, Briggs, that we naval chaps have been agreeing all this time? How do you account for our not having understood each other?" "Well, sir," I replied, "if I may venture to say what I think, it is easily explained; both talked and neither listened." Sir Charles then good-naturedly said "Confound the fellow! I dare say what he says is not far from the truth."' It is unnecessary to labour the application of this anecdote.

The present organisation of the Fleet in home waters has been a slow evolution dating back to the 1st of January 1905, when ships in reserve, hitherto unmanned, were provided with nucleus crews—that is, crews containing all the essential officers and skilled men for fighting them. Two years later these ships were given larger nucleus crews and organised into the Home Fleet, with one fully manned division at the Nore—that is, these ships at the Nore had nucleus crews plus their balance crews always on board. Into this division all the new ships as completed for sea were passed. Then in March the final step in the organisation of the Home Fleet was taken. Since this date, to quote the Committee's report, the whole of the naval forces in home waters, with the exception of the Atlantic Fleet, have been united in the Home Fleet, under the command of a single flag officer. The former Nore Division is now the 1st Division, the old Channel Fleet the 2nd Division, both these being fully manned; the nucleus-crew ships form the 3rd Division, and the special reserve ships the 4th Division of the Home Fleet. The only portion of the force in home waters which remains outside the Home Fleet organisation is the Atlantic Fleet, which, though closely associated with the Home Fleet, is still retained as an independent command, capable of

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being detached, if necessary, to show the flag elsewhere without breaking up the organisation of the Fleet in home waters.

Thus we reached in March last—a month before Lord Charles Beresford sent his memorandum to the Prime Minister—an organised war force in home waters, complete in all its units, and thus graded:

In full commission: 25 battleships (including the three battleship-cruisers of the *Invincible* type), 11 armoured cruisers, 12 other cruisers and scouts, 48 destroyers, 52 submarines, and 8 auxiliary ships; repair ships, depot ships for destroyers, and 'mother ships' for submarines.

Manned with nucleus crews in proportion to the war-worthiness and usefulness of each vessel (ranging from 75 per cent. of the full crews downwards): 21 older battleships, 13 armoured cruisers, 33 other cruisers and scouts, 16 torpedo gunboats, 75 torpedo-boat destroyers, 36 coastal destroyers, and 12 auxiliary ships.

These 362 ships constitute the seagoing fleet in home waters in case of war, while other ships are entrusted with the local defence of important ports and harbours. This organisation is the fruit of a consistent and continuous policy of reform. To the excellence of this organisation Lord Charles Beresford has borne testimony since the publication of the Committee's report, and thus out of the late discussions has evolved a general agreement as to the results of Admiralty policy. In these circumstances the nation may well forget Lord Charles's condemnation of April last, probably due to incomplete knowledge.

This unanimity will be heartily welcomed by that section of the public which has for so long been tortured by doubts as to whether the best use was being made of our naval resources.

There is no reason for blinking the fact that it is upon the German Fleet that the eyes of the British people have been and are now fixed, and it happens that this confirmation of the wisdom of the Admiralty's dispositions comes at a moment when the German Navy has completed the first stage in its expansion as an ocean-going force, and will repay examination. It is now about to enter on what may be described as the '*Dreadnought* stage,' when, owing to various circumstances, it will be no longer concentrated and based on Kiel, but will be divided between that Baltic port and Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea. The German Fleet is now at its zenith as a concentrated war force, all the battle units in commission acting always in association under one Admiral.

During the coming winter—probably about the end of the year—the first two German *Dreadnoughts* will pass into the High Sea Fleet, and under a new commander-in-chief—for Prince Henry of Prussia is relinquishing his command—this naval force will, for a time, be divided. The Kiel Canal cannot give passage to the new ships, and as it is desired to have them in the North Sea, there they must be

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stationed. The accommodation at Wilhelmshaven is at present insufficient for the whole fleet, and consequently it will be divided between the two ports under peculiar circumstances; the pre-*Dreadnought* ships will be able to pass through the canal to reinforce the *Dreadnoughts*, but the *Dreadnoughts* will be too large to proceed through the canal if they are needed in the Baltic, and will have to steam by the longer route. No details are yet known of the new fleet organisation beyond the fact that this division of force has been decided upon. This disposition is inevitable. It marks the beginning of the work of transferring Germany's naval power from the Baltic to the North Sea. It has become the custom to speak of the German Fleet as though it were already based on the North Sea, but this statement has never rested on any foundation in fact, because Kiel has remained the main naval station. Now the first stage of the naval expansion at Wilhelmshaven is approaching completion, and hence the removal of a portion of the High Sea Fleet, which coincides with the passing under the ensign of the first of the *Dreadnoughts*. One more point is also of importance. Numerically the High Sea Fleet will not be increased by more than one unit as the German *Dreadnoughts* are completed. Seventeen battleships is the number assigned by law to the High Sea Fleet, and when a new ship is completed an older one will be withdrawn and placed in reserve. Some time must elapse before the German Fleet is again concentrated as to-day, and it is of interest at this moment to leave the more or less problematical controversy as to Germany's strength in 1912 or 1913 in *Dreadnoughts* and pre-*Dreadnoughts*, and review what has actually been accomplished during the past twenty years of continual effort towards naval expansion.

How far has Germany advanced towards her goal, which is to possess 'a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest naval Power a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy'? The consideration of this matter is appropriate because loose statements as to relative naval power have reduced the public to a confused idea that already the trident has passed from our hands, or at least that our supremacy has been so seriously encroached upon that we can hardly hope again to hold our traditional position on the seas. References have indeed frequently been made to 'our lost naval supremacy'; ten, even five years ago, it has been stated, the British Navy had a great and undisputed advantage as against any two Powers. To-day, so it is alleged, that advantage has been entirely lost; as against the two strongest Powers it can never be regained unless there is a complete change in Admiralty policy and in national finance. Lord Charles Beresford has spoken very much in this strain, giving his authority to counsels of despair. As recently as the 7th of August the Marquis of Lansdowne, speaking at Bowood, stated that 'we found ourselves

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now no longer enjoying the superiority of strength over a combination of two Powers to which we formerly looked, but barely able to hold our own against a single foreign Power in the competition for naval supremacy.'

This is a gloomy picture of the depths of self-depreciation to which the British people have fallen, particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that this year we are preparing to build twice as many ships of war of various classes as Germany alone, at present the most active of all the nations in shipbuilding. Is there anything to justify such statements as to the present degeneracy of our naval power? We know all that is to be known at present of the possibilities of the future, but what has Germany—the Power referred to by Lord Lansdowne—succeeded not in *planning* but in *doing* that the late Foreign Secretary should regard our aforetime naval supremacy as a thing of the past?

Twenty years ago the German people were spending two-and-a-half millions sterling only upon their fleet; to-day the expenditure has risen to nineteen-and-a-half millions. In the history of naval power no parallel can be found to this rapid growth in expenditure upon naval armaments. When we come to analyse the results which have been achieved at such colossal sacrifice by the German people, it becomes at once evident that naval power cannot be accurately judged by the outlay which is made upon it. Germany, for instance, buys her naval power in a relatively expensive market, paying about 25 per cent. more for her armour, and a higher price for all the material required for the creation of a fleet.

Every nation pays in varying ratio for its fleet, because the conditions vary. In the United States naval power is most costly because not only is the production of war material carried on in a protected market, where high rates of wages rule and raw material is dear, but the Americans have also to rely upon a voluntary system of enlistment, which results in a high scale of pay for officers and men. In Germany, where the tariff has not handicapped naval shipbuilding and equipment so seriously, and wages are lower, the conscript system provides the Fleet with relatively cheaply paid crews. Despite this advantage, however, Germany pays considerably more than we do for her naval power. In comparing naval strength, expenditure on naval armaments is never a true guide. In Japan, for instance, workmen in the arsenals are paid in pence where ours are paid in shillings. Other differences exist to vitiate any rough-and-ready attempt to evaluate naval expansion by the expansion in expenditure. The fact that Germany to-day is spending seventeen millions sterling annually more on her Fleet does not prove that she is obtaining the amount of additional naval force which a similar expenditure in this country would have secured. The contrary is indeed true; she has obtained

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and is now obtaining considerably less in return than is generally understood.

It is the fashion in England to refer to German naval expansion as though it had been well planned from the outset and had been pursued persistently, methodically, and economically. Is this conclusion borne out by an examination of the German Fleet as it exists to-day when it has reached its first stage of development, and is about to be reorganised in view of the early entry into the navy of the first two ships of the *Dreadnought* era?

Every one is familiar with the manner in which a driver with a heavy load behind his horses will manœuvre his way up a hill. He will take a zigzag course, crossing and recrossing the highway so as to diminish the upward gradient. He will reach the top of the hill, but the horses will probably have covered about twice the distance that they would have covered if they had had the strength to advance direct up the face of the hill. This has been the policy adopted in Germany. When the naval expansion movement began it had little popular support, and it was thought England had reached the limit of her naval expenditure. The plans were framed on modest lines. England took reciprocal action, and then, at the first breath of popular support in the German States, German naval policy was arrested for a moment and a fresh start was made. Then with the further growth of foreign fleets and a further awakening of popular opinion in favour of a great navy, another pause and another start, and so on. It has proved an expensive course of action, because time and again the naval standard has had to be recast and work has had to be done over again. It is for this reason that Germany is now building *Dreadnoughts*, because it is realised that she has hitherto made little progress *vis-à-vis* to Great Britain; it is for this reason the Kiel Canal is now being redug at a cost of 11,000,000*l*., it is not big enough for the new ships; it is for this reason that Krupps' establishment has been extended because it has not hitherto been able to supply many big guns and none bigger than the 11-inch weapons (hitherto each battleship has required four big guns with gun mountings, whereas now each vessel needs a dozen); it is for this reason that immense sums are being expended on dock extension, the existing docks are too small for the new ships; it is for this reason that costly dredging operations are being carried out, because at present the harbours are not sufficiently deep. The zigzag policy has proved delusive. German intention has been continuous, but the policy adopted has been neither methodical nor economical, and she has not obtained what ten years ago she hoped that she might obtain.

A glance backward for twenty years will illustrate this point. At the commencement of the period of German expansion the German Empire was a military Power. In 1848 the Danish Fleet with a few small vessels succeeded in blockading the German ports, so insignificant

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was Germany's influence on the seas. In the subsequent forty years comparatively little progress was made in the upbuilding of a German Fleet, and not until 1898 was a definite effort made by way of legislation to increase German prestige on the sea. At that time she possessed four completed battleships of the first class; these vessels displaced just under 10,000 tons each. There were in addition four second-class ships of slightly over 7000 tons displacement, and twenty-five small battleships or coast-defence vessels; eleven of them of 1000, eight roughly of 3500 tons, and the remainder old battleships of comparatively insignificant fighting power. There were in addition three battleships building, as well as seven cruisers. The German Naval Bill of 1898 fixed the establishment of the Fleet at seventeen battleships, eight coast-defence ships, nine large cruisers, and twenty-six small cruisers, which it was intended to distribute in two squadrons. The adoption of this new establishment necessitated the construction of seven more battleships, two large cruisers, and seven small cruisers, and it was proposed to build these ships by April 1905 at a total cost of 23,633,000*l.*, including the outlay upon ships already in hand. Eventually it was decided to make an effort to complete the vessels in six years instead of seven, and on this understanding the Government proposal was passed. This was the first step in German naval expansion, and as the late M. Weyl, a well-known authority on naval policy at that time, explained, 'Germany will still, after the programme is carried out, remain a second-rate, or rather a third-rate, maritime Power.' M. Weyl added, and his words may be recalled with profit at this moment, 'that the adoption of a fixed standard of strength appears a strange idea when the difficulty of foretelling the future progress of science and the changes it brings about in naval material is borne in mind.'

It is unnecessary to recall in detail the subsequent course of naval legislation in Germany, because this has been very effectively done in a remarkable article which lately appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* entitled 'The Faults of our Naval Policy.' It was there pointed out that, as foreseen by M. Weyl, 'naval programmes for a fixed term of years are an absurdity, because they are never adhered to either from the technical or from the financial point of view.' This is demonstrated very conclusively by the course of German naval policy. As the *Berliner Tageblatt* points out, the German Navy Law of 1898 laid down a programme for six years, but within two years a new law had to be passed fixing the building programme up to 1916, and providing for a fleet of thirty-eight battleships—in short, doubling the establishment. The financial basis of this law was that each battleship would cost about 1,250,000*l.*, the total expenditure on building battleships, cruisers, &c., being roughly 80,000,000*l.* By the time the new supplementary law of 1906 became necessary, conditions had changed so much that the battleships cost over 1,800,000*l.*, and the cruisers also pro-

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portionately higher than was at first intended. Finally came the third supplementary law of last year, setting the life of battleships at twenty years instead of twenty-five years. The net result of 'naval expansion by methodical progressive stages fixed by naval law' is that Germany has not carried to completion a single one of her Navy Acts, and has been led to spend vast sums of money unproductively.

It is an absurdity in face of the actual story of German naval expansion to hold up Germany as a model to be followed. The history of the naval movement in Germany is rather a warning which has a parallel in our one and only Naval Defence Act. As a result of a popular agitation in 1888, the British people suddenly realised that the British Navy was little, if any, superior to that of France alone. The Government of the day at last capitulated, and the Naval Defence Bill was introduced, making provision for the construction of seventy ships of war of various classes at a cost of twenty-one-and-a-half millions. The programme was regarded at the time as a statesmanlike and methodical effort to regain our naval supremacy. The seventy ships included eight first-class battleships, each of 14,000 tons displacement and seventeen knots speed; two second-class battleships, each of 9000 tons displacement; nine first-class cruisers of 7300 tons displacement; twenty-nine second-class cruisers of 3400 tons displacement; four third-class cruisers of 2600 tons, and eighteen torpedo gunboats of 735 tons each. Of this number thirty-two were to be laid down, built, armed, and equipped by contract at once—four battleships, five first-class cruisers, seventeen second-class cruisers, and six torpedo gunboats. Twenty vessels were to be begun immediately in the public dockyards—four first-class and one second-class battleships, three first-class and six second-class cruisers, and six torpedo gunboats. The remaining eighteen vessels were to be laid down as the slips in the dockyards became vacant.

The Government thus tied the hands of the British administration for four years, with the result that it was impossible in succeeding years to take adequate action to maintain the Fleet in face of increasing foreign competition. The relative strength of the Navy was little affected as a result of this Act, because rival Powers made an unprecedented effort to checkmate this widely advertised effort on the part of Great Britain to regain her lost supremacy. By the time the Naval Defence Act had run its course a Liberal Government was in power with Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, a Government strongly opposed to heavy expenditure upon naval armaments. What happened? In 1893 a 'naval crisis' occurred. It was recognised that we had been slipping behind instead of advancing, owing to the progress of foreign Fleets, particularly those of France and Russia. At that time we kept all our largest ships concentrated in the Mediterranean, and Lord Brassey, in the spring of 1894, came to the following conclusion:

'A Russian squadron has recently visited Toulon, and has there been

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received by the French people with an effusion of welcome which could hardly have been exceeded if Russia had rendered the most conspicuous services to the French people. The visit of the Russian fleet has drawn attention more particularly to the relative strength in the Mediterranean. It has been discovered that our squadron, as at present constituted, is inferior to the French squadron in the Mediterranean, and still more to the French supplemented by the Russian squadron.'

Lord Brassey then dealt with the British Fleet in home waters, including British ships only partially manned, and he gave this statement of the 'aggregate strength of ships in commission or partial commission in European waters':

	England	France
Battleships	21	15
Coast-defence Ships	1	3
Armoured Cruisers	6	2
First and Second-class Cruisers . .	4	6
Look-out Ships and Torpedo Cruisers .	5	8
Torpedo-gunboats	5	8

He also stated that surveying the whole problem we had forty-six battleships built and building and twelve coast-defence ships to fifty-one and thirty-one respectively possessed by France and Russia, while these Powers possessed thirty-four armoured cruisers to our eighteen. This was the relative position to which we had been reduced owing to the rigid policy of the Naval Defence Act. The Admiralty demanded a number of new ships. Mr. Gladstone resigned rather than be a party to the proposals, and in 1894 Parliament sanctioned the largest single-year programme then on record, comprising seven battleships of the first class, six cruisers of the second class and two sloops. In the following year the programme comprised four first-class cruisers, four second-class cruisers, two third-class cruisers and twenty torpedo-boat destroyers. Thus by *large annual programmes* we regained the leeway which we had lost owing to the adoption of a *fixed four-year programme*. The Naval Defence Act threw on later years an unprecedented burden because it tied the hands of the Government of the day until at last we were faced by a 'naval crisis.' The experience of Germany has been very similar. In successive Navy Acts she has fixed a standard of strength for her Fleet, advertised it far and wide, and other Powers —and more particularly Great Britain—have taken reciprocal action. She has been compelled to abandon Navy Act after Navy Act, and the result may be seen in the colossal estimates of to-day, which are in large measure the fruit of the zigzag policy.

It is questionable whether Germany's naval position *vis-à-vis* to Great Britain has improved as a result of the past twenty years of effort. Naval power can never be assessed accurately by the mere counting of noses, balancing this ship against that ship. The value of a fleet depends largely upon opportunity for its employment, in short

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on the international situation. Twenty years ago Germany had not entered upon her world policy. She was in the happy position of having many friends, among whom Great Britain was perhaps the most conspicuous because the friendship was becoming closer. No one who was in Berlin in 1888 will forget the extreme cordiality of the welcome which was accorded to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her visit to the late Emperor Frederick, nor will anyone who recalls the subsequent visits of the Emperor William the Second to this country doubt that at that time there existed a close community of interest between the British and German peoples. The British nation recognised in Germany the greatest military Power of the world, and the German people recognised, without bitterness, that Great Britain was supreme afloat. Parallel lines do not meet and there was no reason why the friendship between the two countries should not have continued, because at that time the British people viewed with considerable interest and sympathy Germany's need for territorial expansion in order to find an outlet for her vast and increasing population. It may be that if those relations between the two countries had continued, some means might have been found for assisting German policy in a spirit of friendship. At this date the two countries were keen commercial rivals, but their relations were marked by a sense of kinship and on both sides of the North Sea there was a desire to settle amicably, by a policy of give and take, all outstanding points of difficulty. Nothing indicated this temper more conclusively than Lord Salisbury's cession of Heligoland. This incident was merely one of many which occurred at this period. The *entente* appeared to be based on permanent foundations, and it was realised that the two nations were complementary one to the other—Germany being a great land Power and Great Britain the greatest of all sea Powers. At last under the inspiration of the Emperor there was a change in German policy, and the whole scene was changed; gradually Germany, by pin pricks here, by waving her world-flag there, by unrestful diplomacy and a domineering attitude towards neighbours, associated with a violent agitation for a great fleet—engineered from above—alienated her friends.

After twenty years of expansion, what is the standing of the German Navy to-day? It is true Germany has overtaken and passed Italy, Russia, and France in the race for sea power, but the British people certainly have no reason for lamentations. Germany has lost more than she has gained in this struggle for naval power. While she has been building ships and setting on edge the teeth of Europe in her effort to prevail upon the German peoples to provide adequate funds for a new Navy—for they were unwilling converts—the British Government, irrespective of parties, has been quietly developing a new policy, and at the same time has kept its sword keen. In these days memory is short; it is apt to be forgotten that when the German naval movement was in its infancy England was not only without a

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close friend, but was surrounded by powerful and bitter enemies. At her very gate she had France and Russia, the two next strongest naval Powers in the world in definite alliance and in alliance against her. British relations with the United States were strained; indeed at the time of the Venezuela incident there was talk of war between these two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Powers in the Mediterranean kept their love for Great Britain well under control and in a spirit of desperation Mr., afterwards Lord, Goschen boasted of our 'splendid isolation.'

Twelve years ago—that is when the first German Navy Act was passed and Anglo-German relations had become somewhat strained—built or building Germany possessed thirty-six armoured ships of various descriptions. At that date the largest British battleships displaced 14,900 tons, while Germany had under construction ships of nearly 11,000 tons. The German fleet was deficient in ships of the largest sizes, but it possessed a large number of vessels admirably suited for purposes of coast defence. There was no telling when events might not arise which would enable the German Fleet to be used with effect. From month to month there were rumours of possibility of war between England and France, and later on between England and France and Russia. The world faced the possibility of the three greatest Fleets being engaged in offensive operations, and at that time the German press regarded the outlook with hardly concealed jubilation—the initial naval propaganda had already cooled the friendship between the two countries. It was argued that if England engaged in hostilities against France and Russia, she might win but she would be crippled, and then opportunity would arise for using the German Fleet. Germany would play the part of 'honest broker,' even if she did not find opportunity for taking a more active rôle. The exact excuse for German intervention would depend upon circumstances, but whatever the circumstances Germany would intervene after England had been crippled. The German authorities openly argued thus: under the existing circumstances it is not necessary for the German Navy to rival the great fleets of the world then under the flags of Great Britain, France, and Russia. It was held that it was not essential that 'the German Fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest sea Power, because generally a great sea Power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us.' The idea underlying German naval policy was that the German Fleet should be maintained at moderate strength and should lie in the background until the moment arrived when the British Navy, as a result of war with France and Russia, had been seriously depleted, and then Germany would be able to step into the ring, and, either by offensive operations or by the silent pressure of a fleet-in-being, force from the British people humiliating concessions. This was the basis of German naval policy twelve

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years ago. At that time Germany was a very real and serious menace to the British Empire, because England stood apart and alone in 'splendid isolation' faced by the great armadas of Russia and France, then at their highest in popular esteem.

Twelve years have past; the Russian Fleet has practically disappeared in the whirlpool of the war in the Far East. France has lost her former position on the seas. France, Russia, and England have formed a triple *entente*. The community of sentiment between these three peoples is steadily increasing; it is based on enduring elements; the triple *entente* is not a political manœuvre; it is the consummation of a definite policy of friendship and is based upon the predominant needs of the three Powers—financial, commercial, and industrial. Along the shores of the Mediterranean the British Fleet passes exchanging cordial greetings with this Power and that. The relations between Great Britain and Italy have steadily improved in the past ten years. The misunderstanding between England and Austria-Hungary—at present of minor naval importance—is a new factor and it is impossible to judge how far it will prove a permanent factor in affecting the balance of power. But whatever course Austrian irritation may run, the British people have this abiding consolation, that, whereas ten years ago they occupied a position of isolation which was more or less splendid, now they have two close friends among the great Powers of Europe and are regarded with something akin to affection by many of the lesser Powers who look to the British Government as their main protection against the loss of their independence. Looking beyond the confines of Europe, the situation has also improved. There is no longer a dark cloud in the Far East threatening the peace of the world. Japan has ceased to be a counter under the influence of any ambitious Power. Japan, the only Power with a battle fleet east of Suez, is our ally and will remain so until 1915, and before that date arrives no one doubts but the alliance will be renewed. Our relations with the United States were never more cordial.

This is a remarkable change in British relations. *For the first time in her history England is on terms of closest friendship with all the great traditional naval Powers.* In the exchange of pleasant courtesies, all the embittered memories of the past are forgotten. Great Britain, instead of being faced by the two strongest fleets of Europe and of the world, with the navies of Germany, Japan and the United States as possible opponents, has now been forced by circumstances—and above all by the peace propaganda of the King—to measure her strength not in comparison with two or three Powers as was the case ten years ago, but in contrast with one Power only, and that Power Germany. It is true that in the past ten years, owing to the war in the Far East which engulfed the Russian Fleet, and owing to the mismanagement of naval affairs in France, Germany now

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possesses the second greatest navy in the world, but in *matériel* at least Germany is to-day little stronger than Russia was ten years ago; her allies, Austria and Italy, whatever their future, are at present of small consequence as naval Powers, and there is no rival fleet of importance in the background waiting to play the part of honest broker if England is drawn into war. Germany stands alone, isolated by her own acts and ambitions. Ten years ago British naval power was estimated and balanced in relation to the next two greatest fleets of the world: to-day it is measured in relation to one fleet only. This is a remarkable, a most significant change in the situation. It may not be a permanent factor, it cannot be used to limit our naval preparations, but it does bear on the consideration of German naval power as it exists to-day.

In view of these circumstances it is interesting to examine the German navy with careful scrutiny. According to the Rangliste der Kaiserlich Deutschen Marine for the present year, the German active Fleet is organised in one great command under the orders of Prince Henry of Prussia, who flies his flag in the battleship *Deutschland*. This High Sea Fleet is divided into two squadrons composed as follows:

First Squadron

Battleships

Hannover, *Schlesien*	Displacement, 13,000 tons; Guns, 4 11-in. (40 calibres), 14 6·7-in., 22 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 18½ knots.
Kaiser Karl der Grosse, *Kaiser Barbarossa*	Displacement, 11,000 tons; Guns, 4 9·4-in. (40 calibres), 18 5·9-in., 12 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 18 knots.
Zähringen, *Wettin*, *Mecklenburg*, *Wittelsbach*	Displacement, 11,643 tons; Guns, 4 9·4-in. (40 calibres), 18 5·9-in. (40 calibres), 12 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 18 knots.

Second Squadron

Battleships

Preussen, *Hessen*, *Elsass*, *Lothringen*, *Braunschweig*	Displacement, 13,000 tons; Guns, 4 11-in. (40 calibres), 14 6·7-in. (40 calibres), 12 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 18½ knots.
Schleswig Holstein, *Pommern*, *Deutschland*	Displacement, 13,000 tons; Guns, 4 11-in. (40 calibres), 14 6·7-in., 22 3·4-in.; speed, 18½ knots.

Associated with these two squadrons are the two small cruisers *Blitz* and *Pfeil* of 1300 tons, mounting a few quick-firers. These two small ships act as dispatch vessels. There are also eleven torpedo boat destroyers.

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CRUISER SQUADRON

Roon, *Yorck*	Displacement, 9350 tons; Guns, 4 8·2-in., 10 5·9-in., 16 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 21 knots.
Gneisenau	Displacement, 11,420 tons; Guns, 8 8·2 in., 6 5·9-in., 20 3·4-in.; extreme speed, 22½ knots.
Danzig, *Königsberg*, *Dresden*, *Berlin*, *Stettin*, *Lübeck*	Small protected cruisers of 3200 to 3600 tons, mounting 10 4·1-in. quick-firers, and a number of smaller guns; extreme speeds varying from 22 to 24½ knots.

Ignoring for the moment the cruisers, what is the fighting significance of the battle force comprised in these two main squadrons? The ships are well armoured; they are of fair speed and in point of age the oldest is the *Kaiser Karl der Grosse*, which was laid down at Hamburg in 1899. These sixteen men-of-war fall into four classes as follows:—

Five of the *Deutschland* type, with 20 11-in. guns, 70 6·7-in. guns, and 110 3·4-in. guns.
Five of the *Braunschweig* type, with 20 11-in. guns, 70 6·7-in. guns, and 60 3·4-in. guns.
Four of the *Wittelsbach* type, with 16 9·4-in. guns, 72 5·9-in. guns, and 48 3·4-in. guns.
Two of the *Kaiser* class, with 8 9·4-in. guns, 36 5·9-in. guns, and 24 3·4-in. guns.

The three armoured cruisers mount 16 8·2-in. guns, 26 5·9-in. guns and 52 3·4-in. guns. This is the gun enumeration of the armoured ships of the German High Sea Fleet, and there are sixty 4·1-in. guns and ten 3·4-in. guns carried by the small cruisers.

In comparison with this German force we have lately had assembled in the Thames and in the Solent the corresponding British High Sea Fleet—otherwise the First and Second Divisions of the Home Fleet. It is impossible in a limited space to make a detailed comparison of the two commands, British and German, but admitting that men-of-war are gun platforms and that gun power is the main factor, they contrast thus:—

Type of Gun	Number	
	British	German
12-in.	136	None
11-in.	None	40
9·2-in. or 9·4-in.	100	24
8·2-in. or 7·5-in.	42	16
6-in., 6·7-in. or 5·9-in.	326	274

In face of this contrast there can be no doubt as to the unchallengeable position of the 'ever ready' section of the British Home Fleet, and, moreover, this 'deadly parallel' entirely ignores the Third and Fourth Divisions of the Home Fleet, maintained on a peace footing

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with nucleus crews. In the German Fleet there is no peace organisation to compare with this.

But the relative positions of the two navies may be indicated in another way. Battleships are the *ultima ratio* in naval warfare. How do the two fleets stand at present in battleships, whether in commission or out of commission? The most conclusive evidence on this point is available. Below, the two fleets are contrasted, showing the number and the penetrative power of all their main guns, according to an admitted formula :—

Theoretical penetration *in inches* of the best Krupp armour at 5000 yards, using capped projectiles.

Great Britain			Germany		
Guns		Penetration	Guns		Penetration
72	=	17½ inches		None	
84	=	15 to 16 inches		None	
68	=	11½ inches	40	=	12 inches
20	=	10 inches		None	
72	=	8¾ to 9 inches	40	=	8½ inches
316 with a penetration varying from 17½ to 8¾ inches			80	=	12 to 8½ inches

This is a sufficiently effective contrast of the fighting power of the two fleets in armour-piercing guns and yet it ignores the British lead in armoured cruisers, which also carry a large number of armour-piercing weapons. The British Navy has thirty-five such vessels, Germany possesses eight and eight only.

This is the British naval position in contrast with Germany. The British Fleet would take into action nearly five times as many armour-piercing guns as the German Fleet or, deducting the six British battleships in the Mediterranean—the only battleships not concentrated in British waters—over four times as many. Germany is admitted to be the second strongest naval Power, and it therefore follows that since in armour-piercing guns we are as five to one against Germany, we are rather more than five to two against Germany and the United States or France, and five to two is above the two-Power standard. This comparison is not intended for wide application. It is merely a simple method of conveying an idea of the present superiority of the British Fleet as a corrective to the wild and misinformed statements which have recently been current. They have disturbed the public mind at a moment when no justification exists for anxiety as to our present position. There is nothing heroic or statesmanlike in misleading a nation by depreciating its sacrifices in the past. The British people have made heavy sacrifices and it is disheartening after years of effort, after the expenditure of vast sums year by year, to be informed that the goal of endeavour has not been attained. The goal has been reached. This is not a party question, because the British Fleet as it exists to-day is, with few exceptions, the fleet which was built under Unionist administrations. If it were less than adequate, the discredit

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would belong not to the present Government but to its immediate predecessors.

There is nothing in these figures, on the other hand, which condemns the alarm recently experienced—alarm as to the future. It is well that the issues should not be confused. They may be thus stated :—

At present the British Navy is above the two-Power standard.

Next year it will still be above the two-Power standard.

In 1911 the German, French and American Fleets will be strengthened by a number of new ships—how many is subject for speculation and not for definite assertion. In this year, owing to the fact that under last year's programme only two armoured ships were laid down for the British Fleet, our lead will decrease.

In 1912 the German Navy will have benefited by the recent acceleration of shipbuilding, and the British margin of superiority in the most modern armoured ships might have almost disappeared had it not been determined to lay down eight British battleships of an improved *Dreadnought* type in the next six months.

In 1913 the German Fleet will gain by at least four more large armoured ships ; next year's British programme must neutralise this accession of German naval power.

This is the extent of the problem. For some years to come persistent statesmanlike effort will be necessary if we are to hold our afore-time position, but we grasp the trident to-day as firmly as, if not more firmly than, at any time during the present generation, and assuredly have not been false to our heritage.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

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THE WINGS OF WAR

EIGHTY years ago, in a period of which some of the general characteristics appear to us almost as remote as those of palæolithic man, the Liverpool to Manchester Railway was opened, and the new age was begun. How many of those who officiated at that ceremony, the harbinger of the conditions of the modern world, realised the vastness of the change, the all-penetrative quality of the effect, which steam was to apply to the evolution of man? Could they have seen, as in a vision, the gigantic alterations, direct and indirect, which were to accrue politically, socially, economically, even mentally and morally, through the mere development of a mechanical device, how should they have contained their amazement, or how been able to continue the even tenour of their previous way?

But, in the nature of things, no such conception was possible. The human imagination cannot grasp the aspect of the future, even though logical thought might tear the curtain back and grant a glimpse into the dim vistas of the time to come.

So now, in 1909, the human race stands, certainly and obviously, at the portals of a changed world. The surfaces of sea and land suffice mankind no more. No longer doomed to disport themselves only in the lowest stratum of the ocean of air which enwraps our globe, men shortly shall be free to move upward and downward, to and fro, in its viewless depths, and its paths, unlaid save by the chemistry of nature and of time, shall give them passage to new destinies and new conditions.

Is this prospect assured? Is it the case, some will ask, that aerial navigation already offers these possibilities to the nations of the earth? The reply is 'No,' if we confine our survey to that which has been as yet achieved. If we choose to leave out of account the entire promise of coming time; if we ignore the march of mechanical invention; if we resolutely assume that that conquest of the air, which is being effected visibly and with increasing rapidity week by week and day by day, will suffer sudden and permanent arrest at the moment when this article is written or is read; if we clothe ourselves with infallibility like to that of those men of science who, in the third decade of the nineteenth

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century, declared it to be impossible that any ship should ever cross the Atlantic under steam—then, in that case, these forecasts are vain, and, for us, the shadow of a new future does not lie across the earth.

But if we decline to ignore the obvious; if we grasp the fact that the best brains of the world will soon be engaged (if they are not engaged already) in the solution of the problems of aerial flight, and that a large part of the difficulties which have long delayed that solution has already been removed; then the question of the effects which this portentous change in human affairs is calculated to produce will acquire immediate and painful interest. Amidst the crowds of rejoicing English people who witnessed at Dover the gallant and all but successful attempt of M. Latham to cross the Channel in a flying machine, one wonders if any reflected that they were assisting at the first stage of the funeral of the sea power of England.

Already the dirigible balloon of the Zeppelin type can traverse a thousand miles without replenishment of fuel; already, according to a reported interview with one of the Wright brothers, it would be possible to construct an aeroplane which could rival that performance. Who is hardy enough to set a limit to the achievements of the next ten, or even of the next five years? The truth is that the coming conquest of the air by man is now a certainty, and that what is left in doubt is the date of the different stages of achievement.

We know, for instance, that the Atlantic will before long be crossed by a lighter than air machine, but we do not know whether the Wrights are too sanguine in anticipating the event within twelve months. We know again that it will be traversed by a machine heavier than air within a very few years, but we do not know whether the number of those intervening years will be two, or three, or five, or ten. (Probably most men who realise the rate of progress of the art of aviation will be inclined to one of the earlier estimates.)

It is proposed here, then, to lift the gaze from the immediate present, and to dare to look towards the not distant future. Let us suppose that ten or fifteen, or may it be twenty, years have elapsed, and that that has happened which is bound to happen. Let us imagine that lines of flying machines have been started all over the world, and that passage through the air is the accepted mode of human transit. Then we shall find also that what may be termed the centre of military gravity will be in process of shifting from the sea and the land to that aerial ocean which encompasses both.

If any doubt this, let them consider that even if aerial navigation should be confined to the comparatively awkward and slow vessels which the persevering genius of Count Zeppelin has created, our position in Egypt will probably have become untenable in five years from now, unless by the possession of an aerial navy of our own. For we may at least assume that within that space of time, dirigible balloons will have immensely increased in radius of action and in carrying

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capacity. If a voyage of two or three thousand miles should then be within their reach, and if Germany and Austria should then possess a large fleet of these craft (as they certainly will, unless airships of that type become obsolete in the interim), it would be within the power of those States to transport in less than forty-eight hours what would be literally 'a flying column' of several thousand men to any point or points in Egypt which they choose to attack. It may be objected that such a force would have neither cavalry nor artillery, but for scouting purposes cavalry would not then be wanted, while by that date some dirigibles, at all events, would be built to carry and to discharge light guns. At any rate, it is plain that all existing military and naval arrangements for the defence of Egypt would be revolutionised by the presence of such a possibility as that which is likely, if not certain, actually to accrue.

I quote this instance of Egypt, however, merely as an illustration of the manner in which what I have called the centre of military gravity will be transferred to the air. The object of military force, whether exerted on the sea or on the land, or (in future days) in the region above, is to coerce an enemy. The coercion is effected by the defeat of his armaments, the destruction of his property, and as has been frequently the case in the past and may probably be the case again, by the general slaughter of his citizens. Now an aerial navy within at the most half a generation of the present time, and most likely very much sooner, will have it in its power to destroy both life and property, whether at sea or on shore, and it could only be effectually prevented from exercising that power by a force possessed of like attributes, that is, by another aerial navy.

Therefore it is absolutely certain that, so soon as flying machines are produced (whether lighter or heavier than the air) having (1) wide radius of action, and (2) the means of giving direction to the explosives which they emit, then navies on the sea and armies on the land will alike be obsolescent. For sea navies and land armies will then be equally impotent to protect the lives and the property of the nations which maintain them, or to defeat the aerial fleets which destroy those lives and that property.

Only conceive the plight of the British mercantile marine, if exposed to the swift attack of assailants from the air. Conceive also the inability of the British Navy (so long as it remained tied to the face of the sea), to give protection to that marine. As M. Bleriot, in his memorable Channel flight, passed over English men-of-war before he attained English soil, so in the future may the crews of English fighting ships be doomed helplessly to gaze into the skies while fleets which they are powerless to reach pass over their heads to the destruction of that which they seek to defend.

(It is perhaps necessary to observe here that I speak of the future, and that nothing short of insensate folly could make the need of

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providing for that future an excuse for neglect to strengthen the existing navy now.)

As a commerce destroyer, the flying machine of days to come will indeed have an enormous potentiality. Poised, like a hawk, high in the skies, with a huge expanse of ocean under survey, and able to sweep upon her prey with a speed far exceeding perhaps that of the swiftest wind, her power of wreaking mischief will be immense, so long as ships continue to float on the surface of the sea.

Less absolutely annihilatory, though yet tremendous and crushing, would be the power of an aerial fleet to effect destruction upon land. It has indeed been said that explosives launched from an airship or an aeroplane would inflict no greater injury than similar explosives hurtling through the air in a shell. But the bombardment of a town can only be attempted by a fleet or an army. To use the first requires the greater sea power ; to use the second, the greater land force. But against a fleet sailing in the abyss of air, both these superiorities would be valueless. Unless every large town in Britain could be provided with a numerous and powerful artillery, warranted, even in dark night, to hit objects which those who aim it cannot see, no protection against aerial attack could be given either by the British Navy or the British Army to British cities. Against each such city, the aerial force could concentrate its attack, and bombard it at will, choosing its own time, and able also—since we are speaking of time some years hence, when speeds will have vastly increased—to renew within a few hours the stores which it expends.

But it cannot be requisite to labour this point. It must surely be admitted that the existence of an aerial fleet, capable of causing an immensely wide destruction and incapable of defeat save by another similar fleet, must involve the passing to those fleets of the supreme interests of war.

What follows again from this position is that we are approaching the verge of a change far greater than that which occurred sixty years ago, when the introduction of steam suddenly rendered obsolete all the sailing warships of the world. That change eclipsed only the then existing fleets of all the nations. This change, now coming, will eclipse their armies, too.

And in that eclipse is evidently involved a vast revolution in the life of Europe. The very foundation of the modern European system is the obligation of compulsory military service. *Pace* our English Radicals, whose ideas of the universe are perhaps more profoundly opposed to fact than those of any set of politicians who ever preceded them, all human arrangements are in reality based upon force, and force in Europe takes the form of vast masses of men, of whom as many as possible are to be brought into the firing line. Upon the efficient fulfilment of this necessity, the maintenance of the political geography of Europe depends. Because Russia failed to fulfil it, we have lately

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seen that geography altered, and Bosnia and Herzegovina incorporated in the Austrian Empire.

But the moment in which flying machines become the dominant factors of war will be a moment at which the whole European polity will be pierced at its base. To bring masses of soldiers into line of battle will become an aimless act of archaic stupidity. For they will be unable to defeat the machines; and they will be unable to prevent them from ravaging the resources of the individual and of the State.

Hence the necessity of universal compulsory service will pass away—to the infinite loss of the moral and physical health of the European peoples—and, in the stead of masses of briefly-trained men, will arise a new set of elaborately-trained warriors to man the aerial machines of the future.

If this diagnosis of tendency be correct, the governing conditions of the twentieth century will approximate to those of the seventeenth and the eighteenth. In that age victory was gained by rapidity of fire, and such rapidity could be attained and, above all, maintained in action, only by persistent, prolonged and elaborate training. That training, again, involved the creation of standing armies, of a set of men, that is, who lived under conditions widely differentiating them from their fellow-citizens, and under the influence of ideas which made them a class apart. This class necessarily took its orders from the executive authority, which in those days was usually the sovereign, and constituted, in the hands of that authority, the irresistible instrument of despotic will. From this cause proceeded the unbounded domestic power of Louis the Fourteenth and of Frederick the Great; of the French kings and of the German princes; of Oliver Cromwell, and of the Russian Czars. They ruled absolutely because, within their own dominions, no force existed competent to resist that which they wielded.

Thus were the entire internal politics of the civilised world governed by the needs of fire discipline.

If there is any truth in these observations, and if fleets of flying machines are fated (as appears certain) to become the arbiters of war, then every reflecting person must see that democracy is likely to encounter a very great peril. Unless those fleets can be handled and can be fought so easily as to render elaborate training unnecessary, a special class of men must be set apart to their use, and these will give to whatever authority they obey an absolutely overwhelming power.

The supreme authority in any State, whatever it may be called, must be always, in fact, either an oligarchy or an autocracy, because, in the nature of things, no large body of men can direct administration. Therefore the executive authorities of the future will certainly be assailed with a tremendous temptation to substitute personal rule for the forms of democracy. It has often been said that a great

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navy is no menace to liberty; nor could it be hitherto, since its power stops with the sea. But a fleet of airships will suffer from no such disability, and as regards the State to which it appertains, it will be omnipotent and omnipresent.

If the multitudes of people assembled, even as this is written, at Rheims realised the probable effects on European institutions of flying machines, it may well be doubted if their cheers would be so loud.

But to Englishmen, and to British citizens generally, the one question which is of dominating interest is that of the probable result of this revolution upon Britain and upon the British Empire. That result is at once sure and terrible, though the exact date of its accomplishment cannot be foretold. We shall be torn from our pedestal of insularity and flung into the same arena in the dust of which our fellow-nations strive. That shield of sea-power will be taken from us, which more or less has been ours since in the thirteenth century Eustace the Monk cut off, in the Channel, the succours of Louis the Dauphin. We shall be able no longer to live in the saving shadow of Trafalgar. The blood which we have paid as 'the price of Admiralty' has secured us our past. Will it do nothing to secure our future?

The answer must depend on the soul of England—on the spirit and fire that still live in our race. For the mastery of the seas, which our fathers won for us, their children, was gained by effort long continued, by self-sacrifice, by virile energy, by nerve, by daring, by all the qualities of men.

Will not like qualities be needed now, and, if that be possible, in even greater abundance than were required of old? What pen or pencil is adequate to present the scenes of future strife? When the midnight enemy rush through the air at speeds now undreamt of; when the opposing fleet grapples with them in the void; when every man in either navy is face to face with instant death—will not then discipline and devotion be wanted in a measure equal at least to the needs of yore?

And if heroic valour, skill, nerve, and quick decision will be necessary in those who obey and those who command in the conflicts of the air, not less will foresight, patient preparation, and patriotism (which is another name for self-sacrifice) be required of the nation which wishes to preserve its independence amidst perils greater, because swifter and more instant, than were ever known before. Moreover, the power to bear armaments is at once the trial and the sum of a nation's strength. Its manufacturing ability, its wealth, its public spirit, the honesty and soundness of its work and its workmen are all tried, as by fire, in that test.

Therefore both the warlike exploits of our forefathers, whether by sea or land, and the example of sacrifice set in times past by the nation as a whole, remain to us as abiding sources of strength, whence,

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if we will but bear them in mind, we may draw the spirit that will bring victory in conflicts to come.

But this much of advantage at least we shall derive from the substitution of aerial fleets for squadrons and armies fighting on the surface of the world—that the number of men required for the purposes of war will be incomparably less than is required now. The fact that naval strength involves the need of fewer men than military strength gave us advantage in earlier days, and it was this fact which enabled England, a century back, with a population of some ten millions, to hold her own against the twenty-five millions of France. But under the new conditions the difference is likely to be greater far. Germany, which now with such fervour of national enthusiasm seeks the lead in this conquest of the air, may find and will find in the ultimate issue that she has thrown away the privilege of numbers and placed herself on an equality with less populous states. By her own action, she is taking means which must eventually destroy the entire military system on which she now bases her national life.

If these results are amongst the progeny of the power of the air, others, not less momentous, remain to be estimated. The abolition of distance means the approach of the east to the west, and involves a danger to Australia and New Zealand which none but the wilfully blind could fail to see.

The distance from Hong Kong to Port Darwin on the northern shores of Australia is but 2300 miles. Every indication points to the attainment of high speeds by the flying machines of the future. Nor is it possible that China will very long resist the causes which will compel her adoption of these. If she decline to adopt them, she must become the subject empire of some other race. And when she does adopt them, then, it may be in fifteen years, it may be in thirty, a reservoir of humanity containing five hundred millions of beings will be brought within a few hours distance of an almost empty continent.

Again, while at present over 4000 miles of ocean divide Japan from Canada and from the United States, that distance will shrivel into insignificance in presence of the new means of communication.

It is vain to shut our eyes to the immense and ominous signs of coming danger; it is vain to refuse to recognise the gigantic shadow cast by the wings of war.

HAROLD F. WYATT.

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L'ART FRANÇAIS CONTEMPORAIN

Il n'est pas commode de tracer un tableau exact et clair de l'état où est présentement l'art français. Cette difficulté résulte de deux faits qu'il importe d'abord de noter : la prodigieuse abondance de la production contemporaine et l'extraordinaire désordre de cette production.

Autrefois, à chaque printemps, ouvrait, en notre Paris, 'le Salon.' Les œuvres de peinture et de sculpture qu'on y voyait n'étaient pas extrêmement nombreuses ; et elles avaient entre elles un petit air de famille, puisqu'un seul et même jury les gratifiait de son assentiment. Ce jury n'était pas sceptique ; il n'était pas non plus très éclectique. Si bien que nous eûmes, à côté de ce salon officiel, un salon des Refusés, un salon des Indépendants. On put alors vérifier que ces Indépendants avaient assez d'analogie les uns avec les autres pour constituer un groupe qu'une précise volonté d'art animait. Et puis, le salon officiel se divisa ; nous eûmes la Société des Artistes français et la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts : deux Salons officiels. C'est beaucoup ;—mais ce n'est pas tout !...Nous avons encore le Salon d'Automne. Et, si l'on voulait énumérer seulement les autres sociétés qui, en toute saison, requièrent l'attention du public parisien, que de pages il faudrait,—et fastidieuses !...Il y a les Aquarellistes, et encore les Pastellistes, et aussi les Miniaturistes ; n'oublions pas les Orientalistes, ni certes les Intimistes, ni les Peintres de marine, ni les Peintres de montagne...Les autres, oublions-les, par lassitude. Ceux-là suffisent à démontrer que tous les prétextes sont bons, de nos jours, à la formation d'un groupe de dissidents ; la moindre circonstance fournit l'étiquette.

En même temps que pullulent ces 'Sociétés' diverses, les expositions particulières se multiplient. Car il est agréable de n'être que quelques-uns ; mais il est plus flatteur encore d'être seul. Nous regorgeons de ces artistes dédaigneux qui refusent d'exposer avec les camarades et qui, pour la chère exhibition de leur génie, louent une salle, impriment un catalogue et organisent une réclame congruente.

Lorsque la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts s'est détachée de la Société des Artistes français, on a pu croire que celle-ci serait, de ce fait, diminuée, allégée d'autant...Pas du tout !...Les vides se sont comblés avec une rapidité merveilleuse,—merveilleuse

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et terrible. De son côté, la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts accueillit à peu près autant d'exposants que sa rivale. Quant aux Indépendants, l'année dernière ils présentaient à nos regards éblouis (et fatigués) quelque sept mille toiles. Je crois qu'on peut évaluer à plus de vingt mille, à vingt-cinq mille peut-être, le nombre des œuvres d'art—ou prétendues telles—que les expositions importantes et classées offrent annuellement à l'admiration d'un amateur de peinture et de sculpture.

C'est trop !...Un statisticien nous effarerait s'il calculait combien de kilomètres carrés de peinture, combien de tonnes de bronze, de marbre et de pierre sont tous les ans travaillés par nos artistes célèbres ou obscurs.

Et l'on s'étonne que les campagnes soient abandonnées ; et l'on constate avec émoi que l'agriculture manque de bras !...Comment donc en serait-il autrement, lorsque les beaux-arts accaparent et inutilisent tant de citoyens valides et normalement constitués !...

Avec cela, plus d'écoles ; plus de maîtres non plus. Jadis, aux splendides époques de l'art, certains artistes, que leur génie distinguait de la foule peignante ou sculptante, groupaient à leur suite les talents moindres, les employaient et les disciplinaient....C'est fini de cette maîtrise et de cette abnégation. Avouons-le, c'est la faute des maîtres : ils ne sont peut-être point assez évidents, assez indiscutables et surtout assez engageants. C'est aussi la faute des disciples : ils manquent tout à fait. Le moindre barbouilleur ne rêve que de marquer son autonomie. Un des plus éminents artistes de ce temps disait d'un peintre —je ne sais plus lequel :—M. un tel ?...Il ne fait rien : il cherche sa personnalité !

C'est dangereux, cette recherche ; c'est ridicule et poignant si, après tout, il n'y a rien à trouver. La véritable individualité n'est pas le résultat d'un effort : elle est involontaire. Et la recherche opiniâtre de l'originalité peut être considérée comme le signe alarmant d'une époque où les individualités font défaut. Je le dis avec tristesse.

Il y a longtemps que les corporations d'artistes et les ateliers, qui ont flori à la Renaissance, n'existent plus. Mais le dix-neuvième siècle français en eut à peu près l'équivalent : ce furent les groupements organisés de novateurs, lesquels suscitaient logiquement la rude opposition des conservateurs. Un Delacroix dresse contre lui la résistante énergie d'un Ingres. Classiques et romantiques se répartissaient en deux camps ; et, dans chacun de ces deux camps, il y eut toutes les nuances d'esprit réactionnaire ou hardi. On vit, par l'initiative des novateurs, se dérouler une logique évolution de manières d'art. Les peintres de Barbizon retrouvèrent un vif et un frais sentiment de la nature, qu'ils embellissaient encore, et plus qu'ils ne le croyaient. Et puis, survinrent les Réalistes, qui, pour être sûrs de ne pas embellir la réalité, l'enlaidirent parfois outrageusement. Et puis préludèrent les Impressionnistes : le scrupule de la vérité méticuleuse les empêcha de

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synthétiser en une seule image les aspects divers d'une même nature ; ils furent les amis fervents des minutes et ils divinisèrent le fugitif instant. Bientôt ils semblèrent ' vieux-jeu,' lorsqu'apparurent les Pointillistes ou Néo-impressionnistes, les Seurat, les Signac, des savants ceux-là, qui avaient étudié la subtile chimie et la physique des couleurs et qui recoururent aux artifices les plus malins pour réaliser l'atmosphère, avec ses transparences, ses demi-opacités, ses passages de lueurs, ses papillottements et ses incertitudes ravissantes.

Et puis, alors, ce fut tout. Avait-on déjà été jusqu'au fin du fin ?... L'on n'inventa plus grand'chose.

Tandis que, successivement, naturistes, réalistes, impressionnistes, néo-impressionnistes défilaient en longue série révolutionnaire, l'art académique durait et ressassait éperdûment sa formule ancienne et surannée. Je ne dis pas que les uns avaient raison contre les autres ; et, pour le moment, je ne choisis pas. Mais je constate qu'il y avait, dans la succession des écoles nouvelles, une logique remarquable et, dans la querelle obstinée des novateurs et des conservateurs, de l'ordre.

Cela, nous ne l'avons plus. Les néo-impressionnistes ont été, si je ne me trompe, la dernière manifestation d'une idée d'art qui ait réuni les jeunes artistes dans un commún projet. Ils durent encore : ils ne règnent plus.

Les conservateurs ont-ils donc triomphé ?...Pas le moins du monde !...En même temps que l'attaque perdait sa vivacité, la resistance s'éparpillait. On a vu de vieux peintres, longtemps fidèles à des traditions périmées, faire, sur le tard, les jeunes gens et lancer de petites audaces bien déplorables : tentatives sans verdeur, molles complaisances ! ...

Au total, complète anarchie.

Examinons cette anarchie complète dans les différents arts que pratiquent nos contemporains.

. . . . . .

Les peintres d'abord, car ils sont les plus abondants, les plus terriblement féconds de nos artistes.

Sans malveillance aucune, et au contraire avec le sincère désir d'y découvrir les tendances nouvelles de notre peinture française, j'ai soigneusement visité les dernières expositions de la Société des Artistes Indépendants. Puisqu'ils sont si indépendants, me disais-je, sans doute n'ont-ils pas subi l'influence de leurs prédécesseurs ; s'ils l'ont, malgré eux, subie, sans doute en sont-ils fâchés et se révoltent-ils contre elle : leur révolte et leur invention me donnera la clef des volontés prochaines.

Eh ! bien, je fus déçu. Les Indépendants manquent d'originalité ; ils manquent de spontanée indépendance. Ils imitent Monet, Renoir, Sisley ; ils imitent, à l'occasion, Gustave Moreau ; ils imitent Whistler ; ils imitent Gauguin, Signac et Seurat ; ils imitent M. Matisse et, en outre, M. Lobre ou M. Zuloaga. Et même, dans leurs

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rangs confus, on remarque des imitateurs extrêmement modestes, quoi ?...de Cabanel et de J.-J. Henner !...

D'ailleurs, il y a, au milieu de ce fatras, de jolies œuvres. Mais les tendances !...Comment les démêler, les tendances, parmi tout cela ?... Enfin, voici les observations que j'ai faites.

Ces peintres, pour la plupart, ne composent pas et n'achèvent pas des tableaux, à proprement parler : ils se contentent d'études, de croquis, de notes. Il leur suffit d'avoir signalé leur intention ; mais ils ne tiennent pas à la réaliser tout à fait. Leur manière est analytique.

Leur intention n'est pas souvent très nette. Ce qu'ils font a quelque chose d'aventureux : on se demande s'ils le font exprès. Ce qu'ils font ressemble un peu à ces célèbres 'tranches de vie' que livrèrent à leur clientèle, naguère, les littérateurs. Il y avait là peu de réflexion, peu d'effort. On ne savait pas beaucoup pourquoi les littérateurs, et on ne sait pas beaucoup pourquoi les peintres avaient choisi et choisissent telle portion de la réalité plutôt qu'une autre pour la copier. Les tranches de vie étaient arbitrairement limitées, comme aujourd'hui les paysages des Indépendants s'arrêtent aux bords d'un cadre qui pourrait tout aussi bien être plus large ou plus étroit. Et, bref, ce sont des fragments, qu'on nous donne.

Ce n'est pas désagréable. Les peintres de genre, qui combinaient leurs petites scènes, veillant à de vaines symétries, obéissant à des règles désuètes et employant de fades procédés, étaient fort ennuyeux. Il fallait réagir contre de telles fabrications ; et, alors, plut un certain laisser-aller. Des œuvres qui n'étaient pas du tout composées eurent un air de sincérité, de loyauté, de franche vérité, qui amusa, qui fut, pour le spectateur blasé, rafraîchissant et à peu près délicieux, accordons-le simplement.

Mais tant de nonchalance, à la fin, lasse ; et tant de négligence choque. En fait, un bel art ne se contente pas d'impressions bien attrapées, adroitement notées.

En second lieu, ces peintres sont, pour la plupart, accaparés par des recherches de technique, non de pensée. A peine ose-t-on le leur reprocher : ils font, en somme, leur métier de peintres, en songeant à la fine et à la splendide couleur. D'autres, jadis, la négligèrent par trop. Ceux-là, on se demande pourquoi ils avaient résolu de peindre plutôt que d'écrire, et en prose. Leurs tableaux seraient aussi bien—ou aussi mal—des récits. Ils n'aimaient point assez leur instrument.

Les Indépendants, eux, sont devenus fous de leur instrument. Ils en viennent à oublier que la peinture, comme chacun des différents arts, est un moyen d'expression,—dirai-je : pour des idées ?...Je le dirai, s'il est bien entendu qu'ici je ne parle pas d'idées littéraires. Les idées ne sont pas nécessairement littéraires : certaines, en effet, demandent à être exprimées par des mots ; mais à d'autres conviennent mieux les sons, à d'autres les formes, à d'autres les couleurs, etc. C'est ainsi qu'elles se répartissent comme d'elles-mêmes entre les

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différents arts, littérature, musique, sculpture, peinture, etc. Il ne faut pas, parce qu'on peint, renoncer à exprimer des idées et ne faire que peindre, à tout hasard ; ou bien, alors, l'art qu'on réalise est quasi insignifiant : je le comparerais au babillage des rhéteurs...

Il y a de la rhétorique, d'ailleurs souvent ingénieuse, dans l'art des Indépendants...Il y a mieux que de la rhétorique, il y a de la pensée, dans le *Saint-Mathieu* de Rembrandt, dans la *Kermesse* de Rubens et dans *l'Embarquement pour Cythère*. Et, pourtant, on ne peut pas dire que Rembrandt, Rubens ni Watteau aient sacrifié la peinture à l'idée ; ils ont voulu seulement qu'une idée animât leur peinture. ..

Autrement, si l'on n'a de curiosité que pour de subtiles rencontres de couleurs, à quoi bon donner aux taches diverses de la couleur les contours des objets et des personnages réels et intelligibles qu'on voit ici-bas ? Pourquoi ne pas tout simplement peindre, sans nul souci de représenter rien ?...Quelques-uns, il est vrai, vont jusque-là, c'est à dire jusqu'à l'extrémité de leur esthétique plus ou moins consciente : ils sont logiques, oui, jusqu'à l'absurde.

On se lasse, à la fin, de ces jeux ; on est choqué de ces laborieuses plaisanteries : un bel art est plein de pensée.

En troisième lieu, ces Indépendants, qui ont, pour la plupart, subi l'influence, directe ou non, des Impressionnistes, peignent en clair, en vif. Ils n'ont pas trop de ces tons noirs, de ces tons gris, de ces tons sales qui étaient en usage il n'y a pas très longtemps encore et auxquels n'ont pas renoncé les élèves attardés de maîtres qui, selon le mot d'Hugo, sans devenir antiques, ont vieilli. Le Salon des Artistes français,—le vieux,—est le plus sombre ; la Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts l'est beaucoup moins ; les Indépendants ne le sont pas du tout : aussi leurs panneaux de toiles inégales et souvent insignifiantes ont-ils un frais et gai aspect. C'est le plaisir des yeux et leur amusement.

Nombre de ces toiles ont l'air de fresques...Comparez aux tableaux de Luini, d'habitude un peu ternes, ses fresques du Brera. Celles-ci ont les jeunes et jolies couleurs des matins de printemps, bleus et roses. C'est à la différence du procédé qu'est due cette différence de la tonalité générale. La fresque, vivement exécutée, sans surcharges et sans mélanges, laisse la couleur telle quelle, en son état de simplicité charmante...Eh ! bien, les Indépendants,—et, souvent, parce qu'ils bâclent,—procèdent un peu à la manière des peintres de fresques. Sans doute plusieurs d'entre eux, avec plus de zèle et d'application, gâteraient-ils cette apparence : n'importe ! le résultat, même hasardeux, est agréable.

Observons cependant que cette peinture ne semble pas solide. Elle paraît fragile comme l'improvisation ; elle n'a pas de support, elle est à fleur de toile, on ne sait pas ce qu'elle deviendra...La couleur de la fresque pénètre l'enduit de chaux et de sable fin sur lequel on l'a posée ; aussi, elle n'est pas seulement une pellicule légère et calami-

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teuse ..Combien de temps dureront les tableaux de nos Indépendants? ...Louons ces peintres qui—modestes, après tout—ne songent pas à la postérité.

Ils font, en somme, de la peinture décorative ; ou, du moins, ils en feront. Ils ne font pas, je l'ai indiqué, de tableaux ; mais plutôt, ce qu'ils exposent, ce sont des études,—des études qui serviraient mieux à des ensembles décoratifs qu'à des tableaux de chevalet...Oui, la seule chose un peu nette que j'aie aperçue, en traversant les salles des Indépendants, c'est la prochaine fin du tableau de chevalet, du tableau de musée.

Ah ! ce qu'on peut dire contre le tableau, je ne le nie pas. Où le placerez-vous, ce tableau, dans quel ensemble architectural, ornemental ? Vous ne le savez pas : alors, comment pouvez-vous en prévoir, en préparer l'effet ? Ne sera-t-il pas, où on va le mettre, bizarre et falot ?...

Le tableau passera de mode, comme le livre. Le temps où nous vivons, temps de vie extérieure et de vie collective, préfère au livre le théâtre et au tableau de chevalet un ensemble décoratif. C'est bien ; et, principalement, c'est inévitable sans doute. Je le regrette inutilement !...Le liseur solitaire a plus de loisir attentif que n'en a une turbulente foule ; aussi le livre peut-il être plus chargé de pensée, plus délicat de forme et plus fin qu'une pièce de théâtre. Je ferais, entre le tableau et l'œuvre décorative, une pareille comparaison.

Mais, à quoi bon déplorer les caractères de l'époque où l'on vit ?... La nôtre manque de silence, de solitude et de recueillement. Personne n'y peut rien. Et, si les peintres d'aujourd'hui réussissent à nous créer un bel art décoratif, il ne faudra que les remercier et les féliciter.

Seulement, y réussiront-ils ? Aux siècles glorieux de la peinture décorative, il y avait des princes opulents, tyranniques mais fastueux, et des papes heureusement simoniaques. Je me demande si une démocratie, même bourgeoise, pourra subvenir à tant de luxe...

J'ai mis la meilleure volonté du monde à considérer les salons des Indépendants comme la réserve de l'art prochain ; et j'ai tâché d'y démêler, dans le pire désordre, les signes d'une féconde nouveauté. J'y entrevois une peinture gaie, claire, aimablement décorative, agréable à l'œil, dépourvue de pensée profonde, ou de toute pensée, assez peu intéressante,—et qui n'est pas du tout réalisée, et qui aura peut-être beaucoup de peine à se réaliser.

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Dans les salons officiels, en vérité, rien de nouveau.

S'il faut l'avouer, cela ne serait pas bien grave, à mon gré. Je ne tiens pas beaucoup aux nouveautés. J'adorerais un art résolument traditionnel ; un art qui, au lieu de se donner des airs d'invention perpétuelle, aurait noblement pris son parti de la lenteur des modifications humaines, de leur lenteur et de leur assez petite importance ; un art qui, voulant être le compagnon fidèle de la race, ne tâcherait

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point d'aller plus vite qu'elle, mais, animé des vertus profondes de cette race, en continuerait l'imposant devenir ; un art qui, dédaigneux d'une vaine agitation, chercherait le repos et trouverait son point d'appui dans le passé ; un art qui aurait assez de confiance dans les ressources que les âges ont accumulées en lui pour ne pas demander à de faux semblants un attrait momentané ; un art qui aurait une assez exacte connaissance de la véritable nouveauté pour savoir qu'en tout cas elle n'est point une génération spontanée ; un art enfin qui, partant d'une saine philosophie, conformerait sa méthode à l'inévitable nature des choses !...Combien est émouvante, profonde et belle une œuvre si, liée aux réalités d'un peuple, à ses réalités anciennes et durables, elle dépend de nos fibres assez pour les faire tressaillir toutes !...

Seulement, hélas ! nos peintres traditionnels sont, si j'ose dire, des traditionnalistes honteux. Ils craignent beaucoup de ne pas paraître assez avancés ; et ils ajoutent à leurs vieilleries des gamineries inutiles, presque toujours. On sent qu'ils sont traditionnels à contre-cœur et faute d'avoir trouvé quelque chose de neuf. Leur traditionnalisme perd ainsi toute valeur et toute efficace vertu...C'est pitié !... Ils n'imaginent pas sous les espèces d'un vénérable usage : ils ressassent.

En somme, ce qui manque le plus à notre peinture contemporaine, c'est une esthétique. Aux peintres innombrables que nous avons, on voudrait, sinon des règles rigoureuses, du moins une volonté commune, ou quelquechose d'analogue à une volonté, une tendance un peu nette.

Certains siècles sont honorables dans l'histoire pour avoir produit, non seulement de grands artistes, mais une splendide idée de l'art : idée religieuse, ou bien nationale, ou bien encore idée frivole magnifiquement, si les peintres et les sculpteurs, comme aussi les poètes et les autres écrivains, ne songeaient qu'à l'amusement délicieux de l'art...Notre temps a de beaux artistes ;—il en a même d'assez beaux, —mais si hésitants !...On les voit, d'année en année, changer de manière ; et leurs envois d'une seule année sont ensemble peu cohérents...Dira-t-on qu'ils se renouvellent ? dira-t-on qu'ils prodiguent les diverses et abondantes ressources de leur génie ?...On serait enchanté de le dire ; mais, la vérité, c'est qu'ils ne savent pas ce qu'ils veulent : ce qui leur manque, c'est une claire volonté esthétique.

Depuis quelques années, l'extrême facilité des voyages a permis à nos jeunes peintres de visiter les grandes et composites galeries de l'Europe entière ; en outre, les études relatives à l'art se sont multipliées, mettant à la portée de tout le monde la connaissance de toutes les techniques. Et puis, le XIX^e^ siècle, en sa deuxième moitié principalement, s'est consacré à la recherche de procédés nouveaux. Il en a inventé plusieurs,—de bons et de mauvais.

Aujourd'hui, tout cela, toutes les techniques et tous les procédés, pêle-mêle, en prodigieux désordre, tout cela est offert au choix des artistes qui surviennent. Ils choisissent on ne sait pas comment ni pourquoi ; on ne devine pas les raisons de leur préférence : ils ont

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l'air de l'avoir tirée au sort. Nous voyons soudain renaître d'anciennes esthétiques, lesquelles, en leur prime jeunesse, devaient correspondre à quelques nécessités de l'heure, à quelque idéologie régnante, à quelque difficulté pratique ; ces conditions n'existent plus : et alors, ces antiquités, qui font leur réapparition subite au milieu de circonstances tout autres, sont déconcertantes et un peu comiques.

Des peintres d'intérieurs emploient—les imprudents !...des procédés qui convenaient à la peinture du plein air. Des peintres de tempérament paisible ont, sans presque s'en douter, des hardiesses de jadis et qui jadis réagissaient contre un usage maintenant aboli : leur geste est drôle et insignifiant. Des peintres inconsidérés unissent en un seul tableau des influences contradictoires, etc...Quel désordre !...

Ce désordre serait admirable et charmant, s'il résultait de la vive et tumultueuse exubérance du génie, s'il était le bel épanouissement de spontanéités incoercibles. Ce n'est pas du tout cela ; et le désordre auquel nous assistons ne vient pas d'un excès de richesse : il est le résultat d'une pauvreté nombreuse et un peu folle.

. . . . . .

Nous avons la réputation, nous Français, de posséder présentement une école de sculpture que l'Europe entière nous envie. Ou, du moins, on le dit en France ; mais je ne suis pas sûr que l'étranger le sache. En tout cas, si l'Europe nous envie notre école de sculpture, faut-il avouer que je la lui donnerais bien ?...

Je n'ai pas une admiration passionnée pour la peinture contemporaine, non. Mais la peinture contemporaine est, à côté de la sculpture contemporaine, une merveille éblouissante.

Nous avons beaucoup de sculpteurs ; nous en avons trop. Nous en avons moins que de peintres, cependant ; et il est à noter qu'aux derniers salons des Indépendants il n'y avait, pour aussi dire, pas de statues. Je crois que voici la principale cause de ce fait. La grande—et si médiocre—innovation de nos artistes d'avant-garde consiste à ne point terminer les œuvres d'art qu'ils exposeront ; ils les laissent en un état d'inachèvement bizarre qui évidemment leur plaît ; ils aiment une sorte de chaos mystérieux d'où émergent des formes vagues, très vagues et indéterminées. Or, la peinture peut, à la rigueur, se prêter au vœu d'une si étrange esthétique ; la sculpture, non. Avec ses lignes nettes, elle a une précision presque nécessaire et qui choque assurément le goût de nos ténébreux novateurs.

Et puis, nous l'avons vu, ces novateurs peu inventifs subissent encore, bon gré mal gré, l'influence des Impressionnistes. Quelque véhément mépris qu'ils affichent pour un Pissarro, un Renoir ou un Claude Monet, ils n'ont pas secoué cette contagion. Ce qu'il y a de hasardeux ou de peu réfléchi dans leur talent les mène naturellement à un art d'instantanéité furtive, d'émoi trouble et passager. Or, si la peinture convient à ces prestes notations, il n'en est pas de même de la sculpture : le bronze et le marbre sont de pesantes et dures

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matières dont le caractère éternel et immuable contraste avec les souples et changeantes rapidités de l'impressionnisme.

C'est pour cela qu'ils négligent un peu la sculpture.

Ils ont cependant leur sculpteur privilégié : c'est Auguste Rodin. Ils l'admirent passionnément et ils ont organisé autour de lui une gloire extravagante. De tous les artistes français d'aujourd'hui, Rodin est certainement le plus célèbre : il a fait un bruit formidable ; et ce n'est pas fini. Il règne, et non seulement à la manière d'un monarque : il est passé à l'état de demi-dieu. Je l'appelle un demi-dieu pour m'exprimer avec une sorte de modération ; j'aurais dû dire : un dieu entier, Zeus !...

Et il s'en rend bien compte. S'il ne se considérait pas lui-même comme ce dieu maître des dieux, il n'attacherait pas une importance souveraine aux moindres marques et aux plus petites écorchures que ses doigts font sur un bloc de glaise. Mais il veut que tout soit moulé, mis en plâtre et offert à la ferveur des multitudes. Jamais, en aucun temps et en aucun pays, aucun artiste n'a été si fier de ses ratures : il les confie au bronze. Certes, il y a de beaux 'repentirs,' selon le joli nom qu'on donne à ces primes erreurs et qui approchent de la vérité. Pour M. Rodin, ce ne sont pas des repentirs, mais des sujets d'orgueil. Il ne choisit pas parmi eux ; il les garde tous : et, quand ils sont assez divers et incohérents, il s'en tient là, content, et n'ose plus toucher à son indéchiffrable brouillon. C'est un cas prodigieux d'intoxication de soi-même.

A la dernière exposition que j'aie vue de lui, il y avait trois statues. La première s'appelait *Muse*. Et elle ne méritait pas ce nom. Ce n'était pas une muse ; et ce n'était guère davantage autre chose. Imaginez une femme, une sorte de femme, debout, la jambe gauche levée, appuyée sur quelque roc ; et cette femme regardait son pied gauche : elle l'eût regardé, du moins, si elle avait eu des yeux. Pourquoi elle marquait de l'intérêt à ce membre inférieur, on ne le savait pas trop ; mais elle avait au mollet une espèce de varice qui faisait éclater la peau. Le pied droit était formidable. Le cou était un cylindre énorme ; la tête, celle d'une brute...Mais il y avait, dans le dos, des modelés assez jolis.

La deuxième statue s'appelait *Triton et Néréide*. Ainsi, c'était un groupe ?...On l'apprenait par le catalogue. Sans le secours de ce volume, on ne s'en fût point aperçu. Au bout de quelque temps, on remarquait tout de même les deux personnages. Ils faisaient de très singulières gymnastiques. Tel était, d'ailleurs, l'enchevêtrement qu'on n'y démêlait presque rien. Pourtant, l'artiste avait eu la précaution de couper les bras et les jambes de ces gaillards : s'il avait laissé les bras et les jambes, cela eût fait un vil paquet de macaroni confus...Mais la petite poitrine de la Néréide était charmante, délicatement sculptée, enfantine, précieuse.

La troisième statue s'appelait *Orphée*. Un petit Orphée, un jeune

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homme, était en train de dégringoler. Un personnage en train de dégringoler peut-il être un sujet de statue ?...Immobiliser le mouvement, quelle aventure !...Mais le jeune homme dégringolait à cause d'un objet fort lourd et qu'il portait sur l'épaule gauche : cela ressemblait à un morceau de monument ; et c'était une lyre, puisque le jeune homme était Orphée. Derrière la lyre, il y avait une main, toute seule, coupée au poignet, une main qui était tombée là on ne savait pas comment, et qui n'était pas empruntée à Orphée, lequel avait ses deux mains, ou peu s'en faut...Mais la petite hanche, maigre, fine, était assez joliment travaillée.

Ces trois statues étaient laides. Et elles étaient simplement laides,—non pas d'une de ces fortes et complexes laideurs qui, au total, font une espèce de beauté, si une pensée les éclaire, ou bien si une volonté d'art les anime : ces trois statues étaient laides et insignifiantes. Des critiques éperdus, ou inspirés, ont décerné à M. Auguste Rodin, le titre de penseur. Il est censé mettre, dans ses blocs de matière détraquée, des idées de merveilleux philosophe. Mais, ni dans la *Muse*, ne dans le *Triton*, ni dans l'*Orphée*, il n'y avait aucune idée, même petite. C'était le néant et le chaos tout ensemble ;—et c'était le hasard, principalement !...Je ne connais pas d'art plus accidentel que celui-là. Et je n'en connais pas de plus prétentieux, de plus acharné à séduire une clientèle de snobs, à l'étonner par les moyens les plus faciles.

Et ces œuvres étaient tristes, parce que, en dépit des manigances pitoyables, elles donnaient une douloureuse impression d'impuissance. M. Auguste Rodin n'aboutit jamais à terminer un ensemble. Ce n'est pas tout à fait sa faute si, chaque année, il n'expose que des fragments, des blocs en quelques points achevés, ailleurs dégrossis à peine et dont la masse est telle que la nature l'a fournie. Il ne peut pas aller plus loin dans l'accomplissement de sa tâche. Il voit petit ; et il est capable de pousser à la perfection quelques détails : l'ensemble lui échappe. J'ai dit que le dos de la *Muse*, la poitrine de la *Néréide* et la hanche de l'*Orphée* étaient de jolis morceaux de sculpture : c'est vrai. Seulement, ces gentillesses partielles ne font pas des statues véritables.

M. Rodin serait un charmant sculpteur de statuettes. Il a toute l'habileté qu'il faut pour modeler en blond délicat d'étroits espaces, pour réussir de gracieux profils, pour suivre et combiner avec goût de souples lignes. Et il y a, dans sa manière, un agrement voluptueux, dont il abuse même quelquefois pour réaliser de trop sensuelles galanteries. Il est pourvu d'une douce ingéniosité manuelle. Bref, il aurait pu imiter avec succès Mino da Fiesole, je suppose. Mais on l'a persuadé qu'il était Michel-Ange !...Alors, il travaille, il se tourmente pour faire grand : il ne le peut pas. Ses statues—et, par exemple, la *Muse*—même hautes et larges, sont des statuettes agrandies : elles restent petites, malgré leurs dimensions. On l'a persuadé qu'il

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était un révolutionnaire : il est un disciple dévoyé des Italiens du XVI^e siècle, et cela malgré toutes les menues excentricités de ses expositions. On l'a persuadé qu'il était un métaphysicien sublime ; alors, il se torture pour exprimer des idées ou, du moins, pour en avoir l'air : ce n'est pas l'affaire de ce subtil praticien.

Du reste, M. Rodin a beaucoup d'imitateurs. Il est un des rares artistes français de notre temps qui aient fait école. Seulement, ce que ses nombreux imitateurs imitent de lui, ce n'est pas l'habileté manuelle, le soin de quelques détails, l'adresse du métier, la rouerie professionnelle : tout cela est trop difficile pour eux. Ce qu'ils imitent de leur maître, c'est le chaos ostentatoire, c'est l'inachèvement, c'est la brutalité de l'ensemble et enfin la laideur générale : tout cela est très facile à imiter. Et l'on arrive sans peine à des effets qu'un scrupuleux artiste réprouve, mais qui attirent les regards étonnés des multitudes,—succès que les élèves de M. Rodin, de même que leur maître, ne méprisent pas.

Quand on visite les expositions d'art français moderne, on y remarque deux sortes de statues. Les unes ressemblent à des tas de décombres, jetés pêle-mêle et comme déversés d'un tombereau ; on n'y discerne pas grand'chose : ce sont les œuvres des rodinistes. Les autres toutes rondes, polies, léchées, fadement élégantes, niaises : ce sont les œuvres de nos classiques. Je ne sais pas si je déteste davantage ceux-ci ou ceux-là.

Cette école de sculpture qu'on dit que l'Europe nous envie est dépourvue de toute originalité. Elle subit l'influence de la dernière Renaissance italienne. Elle n'a pas encore réussi à s'en dégager : de nos sculpteurs, les uns s'y soumettent bien volontiers,—ce sont les classiques ;—et les autres protestent contre elle,—ce sont les rodinistes. Mais, dociles ou révoltés, par sympathie de disciples ou par antipathie d'esclaves mécontents, ils travaillent tous en fonction, si je puis dire, en fonction du XVI^e siècle italien. La docilité des uns est bien médiocre et basse ; la révolte des autres est bien sommaire et impuissante. Au total, quelle désolation !...

C'est la manie actuellement, chez nous, d'élever, sur les places publiques, à tous les carrefours, dans les avenues, dans les rues, des monuments et des statues à la gloire de mille gens,—politiciens, inventeurs, écrivains ou philanthropes,—qui n'ont pas tous une grande importance ni même une notoriété bien durable. Cette pratique a de nombreux inconvénients, dont le principal est d'enlaidir considérablement l'aspect de nos villes. Paris en a beaucoup souffert. Et ainsi, l'on peut, hélas ! connaître la qualité de notre sculpture française... Ah ! je comprends la haine désespérée qu'éprouvent nos novateurs à l'égard de cette sculpture académique !...Mais, il est triste de le constater, pour réagir là-contre, ils n'ont encore rien trouvé de mieux que les décombres dont je parlais tout à l'heure.

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Aux belles époques, la sculpture et l'architecture ont été deux arts fraternels. La sculpture était l'ornement de l'architecture ou, si l'on veut, l'architecture était l'encadrement de la sculpture. Cet accord se réalisa d'une manière particulièrement admirable à divers moments et, par exemple, au V^e^ siècle grec, au XII^e^ et au XIII^e^ siècles français, au XV^e^ et au XVI^e^ siècles italiens. Le Parthénon, la Cathédrale de Chartres et, à Florence, la place de la Seigneurie, sont des réussites héroïquement harmonieuses. L'architecture et la sculpture ont besoin l'une de l'autre ; et elles souffrent, l'une et l'autre, de négliger cette relation réciproque.

Un des défauts de notre sculpture moderne, en France, consiste à omettre les conditions d'encadrement que l'architecture lui offrira. Cela, on ne saurait trop le dire !...Et il faudrait y insister. Mais d'autre part, si la sculpture moderne voulait se soumettre, comme elle devrait logiquement le faire, à notre architecture moderne,... on frémit à l'idée de ce qui arriverait :—car notre architecture moderne est tombée dans la hideur et l'absurdité. Pour en avoir la douloureuse certitude, il suffit de parcourir les rues de Paris et d'y regarder courageusement les constructions les plus récentes. Quelle horreur !...

Il reste de vieilles maisons ; même modestes et détériorées par le temps et les réparations, elles gardent un aspect agréable, un air de bon goût, une simplicité raisonnable et charmante. Il en reste de moins en moins. Nos architectes ont hâte de les démolir toutes. Je les comprends : ils détestent ces témoins de la gentillesse d'autrefois.

Je dis que la nouvelle architecture est laide et absurde. Laide, il suffit de la regarder pour s'en convaincre. Et, absurde, je voudrais l'indiquer. L'architecture est peut-être l'art le plus évidemment soumis à des règles nettes et précises...Je sais bien que la notion de règles n'est plus en faveur et qu'en m'exprimant ainsi je semble faire bon marché de cette liberté que revendiquent si gaillardement nos artistes. J'en fais bon marché, en effet. Qu'ils le veuillent ou non, les règles de l'architecture résultent de la nature des choses et elles ont été mises en lumière de la façon la plus frappante par Schopenhauer dans les appendices de *Le monde comme volonté et comme représentation*. L'architecture a pour objet d'organiser la lutte égale ou l'équilibre de deux forces dont l'une se pose et l'autre s'oppose ; l'une est une force d'action, l'autre de réaction ; l'une est la pesanteur et l'autre la résistance. Le combat de la pesanteur et de la résistance, c'est tout le noble, puissant et pathétique drame que représente l'architecture...Schopenhauer considère que c'est l'architecture grecque qui l'a le mieux représenté ; je crois que l'architecture gothique y a réussi mieux encore. Mais, quoi qu'il en soit de l'application, le principe demeure. Oui, l'architecture est bien cela ; ce duel intime et profond de la pierre est, en réalité, sa substance vivante et magnifique.

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Les conséquences de cette théorie ne sont pas douteuses : à toute pesée doit correspondre un organe de résistance et toute résistance doit correspondre à une pesée. En outre, il faut que la pesée et la résistance soient exactement proportionnées l'une à l'autre. Si la pesée l'emporte sur la résistance, l'édifice est calamiteux. Si la résistance l'emporte excessivement sur la pesée, l'édifice est lourd, chargé de matériaux inutiles : il est affreux. Dans l'architecture grecque, le nombre, la hauteur et le diamètre des colonnes répondent harmonieusement aux dimensions et au poids de l'architrave. Dans l'architecture gothique, les arcs-boutants sont pareillement mesurés à l'action des voutes, à toute cette charge formidable et déterminée que les 'maîtres de l'œuvre' ont eu l'habileté de répartir en divers points où vient buter la résistance.

Eh! bien, ces principes si clairs et impérieux, nos architectes les méconnaissent avec une naïve effronterie. Dans les immeubles qu'ils construisent maintenant, il y a de fausses colonnes qui n'ont rien à supporter ; et, aux points où doivent aboutir les pesées, il n'y a pas de résistance apparente. Il y en a : autrement, la maison s'écroulerait. Mais on dirait qu'ils cherchent à dissimuler la résistance, comme ils empâtent les pesées, tandis que leur devoir d'art consisterait à dégager la résistance et la pesanteur, à les faire ostensiblement jouer l'une avec l'autre, l'essentiel plaisir d'une belle architecture étant le spectacle de ce combat.

De tout ce qui précède, il ne résulte certes pas que je recommande à nos architectes modernes de bâtir, pour notre logement, des temples grecs ni des cathédrales gothiques. La lutte de la résistance et de la pesanteur n'est pas la formule d'un style architectural particulier : elle est l'architecture même. Et l'on peut la traiter comme on voudra, de cent mille manières diverses et ingénieuses, pourvu qu'on ne la méconnaisse pas.

Mais voyez seulement les façades qu'on bâtit à présent chez nous : c'est horrible et c'est la déraison même. Une ornementation dépourvue de finesse et de vraie élégance est plaquée sur un organisme qui précisément n'est pas un organisme, mais de la bâtisse absurde, folle sans drôlerie.

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Examinons le mobilier. Même décadence. Et c'est fort grave, si, comme l'architecture est le cadre indispensable de la sculpture, le mobilier est l'accompagnement redoutable de la peinture. En admettant qu'on veuille ravaler le mobilier jusqu'à n'être qu'un art secondaire,—et l'on aurait tort, à mon gré,—il a beaucoup d'importance à cause de tout le dommage qu'il peut faire à la présentation d'une belle œuvre picturale.

Or, jamais on n'eut moins de goût. Nos artisans sont habiles à imiter les styles anciens ; ils ont été, jusqu'à ce jour, incapables d'imaginer un style qui serait le style de cette époque-ci. Aussi les

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amateurs ne sont-ils plus que des collectionneurs d'antiquités. Dans les immeubles effrontés que l'on bâtit, les plus riches et les plus fastueux de nos bourgeois groupent de leur mieux ce qu'ils ont pu attraper de Louis XIII, XIV, XV et XVI, d'Empire et voire de Restauration; à quoi ils joignent de l'anglais moderne et du lorrain...Quelle peinture trouverait-on qui pût s'accorder avec de tels ensembles archaïques et incohérents ?...

Si l'on y songe, comment notre époque, qui a perdu le sens d'une judicieuse architecture, saurait-elle construire un fauteuil ? Les principes de ces deux arts sont les mêmes : un joli fauteuil vaut par son architecture ; ici encore, il faut que la pesanteur et la résistance concordent. Mais, au lieu de rechercher des combinaisons rationnelles, on n'aboutit qu'à des singularités ridicules, symboles de catastrophes, menaces de chutes inquiétantes, instruments de tortures médiévales.

Les lignes n'ont pas de netteté, de fermeté. Elles se confondent; on ne se reconnaît pas dans leur embrouillement ; on ne sait pas à quoi elles servent ; on ne voit pas comment elles suivent la direction de telles forces plutôt que de telles autres. Désastreux mélange et tempétueux enchevêtrement d'une sorte de vermicelle exaspéré.

Dans nos salons opulents, quelle sauvage accumulation de mille et mille choses qui n'ont pas été faites pour se trouver réunies ! que d'importation ! Pêle-mêle s'y confondent l'Orient, l'extrême Orient, l'Occident, tous les pays du monde, à de quelconques doses et selon le hasard des emplettes. Quel bric-à-brac de cauchemar !...

Les menus objets familiers, les bibelots qui sont le détail nombreux et varié de la vie quotidienne, pourquoi aujourd'hui sont-ils si étrangement vilains ?...Nos orfèvres, à moins de copier des échantillons d'autrefois, ne sont plus capables de faire un gracieux hochet d'enfant.

Cela justement à l'époque où les procédés industriels, où les instruments d'art se sont admirablement perfectionnés !...Eh ! bien, voilà précisément la cause, si bizarre que l'événement paraisse, si incroyable même. Je donnerai deux exemples de cette aventure.

Les vitraux furent, en notre pays, merveilleux au XII^e^ et au XIII^e^ siècles. Ensuite, cet art, qui n'a pas duré longtemps, périclita. Aujourd'hui, ce que font nos verriers est abominable. Ce n'est pas tout. Mais prenez une simple verrière du XIII^e^ siècle et faites la copier trait pour trait, au millimètre, par un artiste d'à présent. Il semblerait que ce ne fût pas très difficile. Les vitraux du XIII^e^ siècle sont des mosaïques de verre, la juxtaposition de morceaux de verre dont chacun est d'une seule couleur. Il n'y a donc qu'à en calquer la forme et la disposition. Eh ! bien, la copie sera, je l'affirme, hideuse. A quoi cela tient-il ?...Le verre qu'on employait au XIII^e^ siècle est épais, rugueux, impur. Aujourd'hui, on obtient du verre en plaques parfaites, également épais dans toute son étendue, d'une pureté sans défaut, d'une transparence impeccable et où la couleur est identiquement répandue en toutes ses parties ; la taille du verre est facilitée

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par l'usage du diamant qu'autrefois on ignorait...Alors ?...Le verre, médiocre et médiocrement coloré, du XIII^e siècle valait mieux. La lumière ne le traverse pas tout d'un trait. Elle s'y attarde, elle s'y promène ; elle s'y joue et ses jeux sont charmants ; elle se nuance, elle se diversifie, elle vit. Premier exemple du danger que sont, pour l'art, le perfectionnement industriel, l'excellente qualité des matériaux.

Second exemple, l'art du médailliste. Nous avons, en France, des médaillistes très célèbres ; deux surtout : Roty, qui est inférieur à sa renommée, et Chaplain, qui vient de mourir. Il y a, je ne le nie pas, de belles médailles de Chaplain ; son 'Gaston Paris' est probablement son chef d'œuvre : travail exact et sobre, élégance de bon aloi, la ressemblance obtenue par les moyens les plus honnêtes, la synthèse du caractère réalisée avec une délicate puissance, etc...Mais comparez le 'Gaston Paris' de Chaplain avec une médaille grecque, je ne dis pas avec l'une des plus extraordinaires ; non, avec une médaille grecque quelconque...Aussitôt, vous verrez l'œuvre moderne pâlir, s'affadir, s'anéantir. Sur la médaille grecque, les reflets ont une étonnante vigueur, un accent superbe ; la médaille moderne est blonde, terne, ennuyeuse. Et pourtant, les médaillistes anciens avaient des outils presque barbares : ils plaçaient entre deux empreintes une boule de métal et ils tapaient là-dessus à coups de marteau ; les bords éclataient et bavaient. A présent, les procédés de frappe sont des prouesses de mécanique souveraine. Pas un défaut, pas une inégalité, pas la moindre tare ; c'est une réussite mathématique. Voilà l'inconvénient mystérieux des procédés superfins : ils gâtent tout.

En résumé, tout se passe comme si la qualité d'une œuvre d'art était en raison inverse de la facilité que trouve l'artiste à son exécution. La difficulté vaincue n'est pas le rêve que l'artiste doit poursuivre ; mais la difficulté à vaincre est la condition même de son heureux succès. Or, le progrès—comme ils disent !—le progrès industriel a fourni aux artistes ou aux artisans de notre époque des commodités qui galvaudent leur talent, détruisent leur imagination, avilissent leur caractère.

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Tel est, en fin de compte, le tableau qu'il m'a paru juste de tracer de l'art français contemporain. Je n'ai pas flatté mon modèle ; je n'ai pas eu non plus l'intention de le dénigrer. Il est en état de désordre et de décadence regrettable.

Pour que surgît une très belle et noble époque d'art, il faudrait, quoi ?...une philosophie. Oui, je le dis : une philosophie !...C'est une erreur de penser que l'art puisse fleurir avec splendeur s'il n'a point ses racines dans une pensée profonde.

Voyez ce qu'a fait, au moyen âge et à l'aube de la Renaissance, la pensée religieuse. Elle a suscité le grand zèle des bâtisseurs de cathédrales. Et, sans doute, on abuse d'un trop commode symbolisme quand on traduit en mysticisme la forme et les dimensions de leurs architectures ; leur esprit positif travaillait à un problème rigoureux

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qu'ils ont, à force d'étude, résolu : mais leur pratique était animée par la foi. Semblablement, la pensée religieuse animait les sculpteurs des portails et les peintres verriers. Elle anima les Cimabue, les Giotto, les Angelico et tous les peintres qui, à côté de ceux-là, exerçaient leur profession. Et l'on sait toute la ferveur qui, des vallées d'Ombrie, alla, gagnant de proche en proche, exaltant les âmes d'artistes, quand le gai saint François d'Assise eut prêché son évangile d'allégresse...

Ce que la pensée chrétienne avait réalisé, le paganisme le fit à son tour, quand déborda la Renaissance, avec son prodigieux amour de la vie. Les peintres et les sculpteurs du XVI^e siècle, même s'ils traitent des sujets chrétiens, dépendent d'une idéologie antichrétienne, d'une philosophie prise à l'antiquité grecque et latine, mais renouvelée et comme revécue.

Les paysagistes français, qui, au milieu du XIX^e siècle, restituèrent dans l'art le sentiment de la nature, faisaient aboutir à la peinture la philosophie, lentement venue à eux et par divers intermédiaires, la philosophie de J.-J. Rousseau.

Et peu s'en fallut que les métaphysiques allemandes n'aboutissent à un art; elles y eussent abouti, si Arnold Boecklin avait été un grand peintre et un esprit digne de ses ambitions.

J'ai cité ces différents exemples pour montrer qu'une doctrine n'est pas plus indispensable qu'une autre à cette animation de pensée qui a favorisé les belles époques de l'art : une doctrine ou une autre, mais une doctrine !...

Il est un fait qu'on doit noter comme l'explication d'un grand nombre de phénomènes de l'heure présente, en mon pays : pendant la majeure partie du précédent siècle, la philosophie française a chômé. Peut-être en faut-il rendre responsable un Victor Cousin, qui d'ailleurs est lui-même effet, s'il est cause. L'influence déprimante de Cousin dura longtemps ; et puis, quand elle eut cessé de nuire, les philosophes qui se révélèrent furent des historiens de la philosophie plutôt que des créateurs de systèmes. On ne vit pas un système d'idées s'organiser, prédominer, produire un état nouveau, un état vivant, de la conscience française. La connaissance des systèmes variés, entre lesquels on ne choisissait pas, eut pour conséquence naturelle le scepticisme.

Alors, les peintres—pour ne parler que d'eux,—l'esprit libre,—trop libre !—ne s'occupèrent que de trouver des procédés ingénieux, amusants : voilà tout. Aujourd'hui, on hésite parmi ces divers procédés et, faute d'une idée profonde qui suscite une volonté d'art, on n'a aucune impérieuse raison de choisir l'un plutôt que nul autre. Surtout, on n'a aucune volonté d'art à laquelle on puisse et veuille astreindre, comme il convient, le procédé.

Est-ce qu'une doctrine, est-ce qu'une philosophie va bientôt prendre les âmes françaises et régner ?—On ne le dirait guère; et même, on ne le dirait pas du tout !...

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Ce n'est assurément pas que nos contemporains ne soient pas idéologues. Ils le sont ; et peut-être ne le sont-ils que trop. Seulement, le grand effort de la pensée contemporaine, se détournant de la métaphysique, va vers la sociologie. Il est tumultueux, discordant ; il n'a encore rien donné.

Donnera-t-il quelque chose ? Et, ce qu'il donnera, quel emploi l'art en fera-t-il ?...Problème alarmant !...

Il peut survenir un grand homme, un héros de l'esprit, qui s'empare de toute cette anarchie et qui en fasse un art sublime...On n'attend que lui...Mais on l'attend !...

André Beaunier.

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THE BOOK OF LISMORE

In the year 1814 the Castle of Lismore in Ireland was repaired, and the workmen employed upon tapping the walls, testing the floors, and generally examining the structure, came upon a walled-up passage which they opened and explored. An old wooden box was found, containing a crozier and a vellum manuscript of 197 leaves, 15½ inches long by 10½ inches wide. The parchment was soiled and damp, and gnawed by rats and mice. Perhaps the leaves were tied together so tightly that the rodents' heads could not pierce inwards very far, perhaps the ink had a disagreeable taste, perhaps it was a miracle in keeping with many already recorded there; the fact remains that only the margins were injured, and most of the text itself, the lives of nine ancient Irish saints and a few other fragments, was preserved. It seems that the book was made in the fifteenth century for Finghin Mac Carthaigh Riabhach and his wife Catherine, who was a daughter of Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, and was compiled from the Book of Leinster, the lost Book of Monasterboice and others, by at least three scribes, all of them careless and ignorant. They are said, the three scribes, to have made many mistakes; thirty-six pages have been lost, many more are illegible from damp or because the writing has faded, or, worst of all, because an illiterate man called O'Floinn rewrote portions of it in 1816.

Traces of different periods are to be found also in the language, which is a mixture of old Irish, late middle, and modern forms. The manuscript has been deciphered and translated into a beautiful terse English by Professor Whitley Stokes, who died since I began writing this paper. The whole work was published in a volume of the Anecdota Oxoniensa in 1890.

So far my science goes, but no farther. I do not understand a word of the Erse tongue, and I am not learned in the lives of saints; but the Book of Lismore, which came by chance into my hands, has been a well of delight to me, and I long to share my pleasure with others.

It must be difficult to write the life of a saint—to give at once the sense of holy isolation and of reality; to put before the reader a warm, breathing, human being and yet keep the gleam of the halo. Where there are no miracles to record the task may be lighter, for many people find it easy to believe that a man has conquered human nature

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and is wholly good, but cannot admit that he has turned water into wine or healed the sick. Yet it should puzzle most of us to say which achievement is the more supernatural. The fact remains that the records of miracles are apt to be flat and uninspiring; they do not express the saintliness of the miracle worker, and are simply not believed. Now the Book of Lismore, though it abounds in miracles, preserves so intimate, simple, one might almost say domestic an atmosphere, that the saints never lapse from humanity, and remain throughout all their achievements living men and women.

I had quite wrongly imagined that the saints of the first few centuries, who worked miracles, and whose thigh-bones and thumb-joints heal to this very day, were usually grim ascetics, living in caves or else tramping for ever along the roads; silent, stern people, solitaries, denouncing kings and women, and mortifying their own flesh. But I have learned that the Celtic saints, and I believe also the contemporary French saints, were of a very different type. They lived, it is true, on remote islands, or at the back of desolate mountains, but not only were they seldom alone, having schools of young monks and nuns and aspiring disciples about them, but they seem to have constantly visited each other, and exchanged miracles, as it were, instead of greetings. Nor did questions of sex trouble them—once a saint, the difference between men and women became unimportant, and St. Brigit could visit St. Patrick, and St. Canair visit St. Sénan, and no one even shake their heads. The Great of the Earth also used to visit the saints; kings and lords, and bishops with their retinues, and they were suitably entertained. If the provisions ran short it was of little consequence. Brigit had only to bless, say one sheep and a few loaves, and there was enough and to spare for her congregation, and Patrick's congregation too.

Brigit, the Mary of the Gael, is perhaps the most interesting and attractive of the female saints, though, for reasons to be given later on, I confess to a great weakness for Canair. Brigit was, both before her birth and after it, recognised as a saint. Her father was one Dubthach, a rich man of Munster, her mother a bondmaid out of Connaught. Now Dubthach's consort was jealous, and threatened to leave him, and to take her dowry with her, if he did not sell the bondmaid. There came to Dubthach's house 'a poet of Húi Meic Úais from gathering treasures.' The poet seems to have understood that here was another treasure to be gathered, for after hearing the story he bought the bondmaid, though Dubthach would not sell the unborn child. Many years after, 'when boldness and strength and size came to Brigit,' she desired to go and visit her fatherland. But though her father, already aware of her fame as a holy virgin and a worker of miracles, was joyous when he heard of her return, they did not get on very well together. Brigit had an irritating habit: 'Of her father's wealth and food and property, whatsoever her hands would

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find or would get, she used to give to the poor and needy of the Lord.' Her father made up his mind to sell her, and took her to Dunlaing, son of Enna, King of Leinster. But when Dunlaing asked her why she stole her father's property and wealth, she answered boldly to the King, 'If I had thy power with all thy wealth, and with all thy Leinster, I would give them all to the Lord of the Elements.' After this the King refused to buy her, for he realised that her merit was higher before God than his own. 'Thus then was Brigit saved from bondage.'

Brigit refused to marry, though a certain man of good kin asked for her. She was remonstrated with in this fashion: 'Idle is the pure eye in thy head, not to be on a bolster beside a husband;' but she remained unmoved, and went with certain other virgins to take the veil.

When the ceremony was begun 'a fiery pillar rose from her head to the roof ridge of the church. Then said Bishop Mél, "Come, O holy Brigit, that a veil may be sained on thy head before the other virgins." It came to pass then, through the grace of the Holy Ghost, that the form of ordaining a Bishop was read out over Brigit.' She obtained this rank in spite of all possible prejudice against her sex. Even in those days there was a strong distrust of women's pretensions, but the Bishop declared he had no power in the matter—the dignity 'had been given by God unto Brigit beyond every woman.' After this she seems to have led a proper saint's life, working miracles, healing the sick, reproving the sins of lying and unkindness, and giving away everything she could lay hands on. Her great piety enabled her to read the hearts of everyone about her, and those harbouring a secret malice or a stealthy hate were wise to keep out of her sight. Even a minor sin, such as sloth, was not safe in her presence, as witness the story of her visit to 'another virgin, even Brigit, daughter of Conaille.'

When Brigit with her virgins went to eat their dinner she began to look for a long while at the table. The other Brigit asked, 'What perceivest thou?' Said Brigit, 'I see the Devil on the table.' 'I should like to see him,' said the other virgin. 'Make Christ's Cross on thy face and on thy eyes,' saith Brigit. The virgin made it, and she beheld the Satan beside the table, his head down and his feet up, his smoke and his flame out of his gullet and out of his nose. Said Brigit: 'Give answer to us, O Devil!'

'I cannot, O Nun!' saith the Demon, 'refuse to answer thee, for thou art a keeper of God's commandments, and thou art merciful to the poor and to the Lord's household.'

'Tell us, then,' saith Brigit: 'Why hast thou come to us among our nuns?'

'There is a certain pious virgin here,' saith the Devil, 'and in her companionship am I, enjoining upon her sloth and negligence.'

Brigit said to that virgin: 'Put the Cross of Christ over thy face, and over thine eyes.' She put it at once; the virgin beheld the hideous monster. Great fear seized the virgin when she beheld the Demon. Said Brigit: 'Why dost thou shun the fosterling whom thou hast been tending for so long a time?' The virgin then made repentance and was healed of the Demon.

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This terrible power of insight might have made Brigit unpopular; but she was really humble, and withal generous of her supernatural gifts, and was adored even in her lifetime. I fancy her a very simple being, shrewd, more than clever, with rapid intuition rather than knowledge, illuminated, not intellectual. It is told in the book how she once went into Magh Lemna to converse with Patrick. He was preaching the Gospel there. 'Then Brigit fell asleep at the preaching. Said Patrick: "Why hast thou fallen asleep?" Brigit prostrated herself thrice and answered, "It was a vision I beheld," saith she.' Patrick seems to have accepted this explanation without question, although he asked her at once to declare the vision. She was quite equal to this task, and it proved to be a prophecy of the greatness both of Patrick and herself, which was opportune. Brigit, however, though more apt to dream than to listen to sermons, was also associated with scholars, and they are under her special protection.

The origin of this patronage is told thus:

Brigit was once with her sheep on the Curragh, and she saw running past her a son of reading; to wit Nindid the Scholar was he. 'What makes thee unsedate, O son of reading?' saith Brigit, 'and what seekest thou in that wise?'

'O nun,' saith the scholar, 'I am going to heaven.'

'The Virgin's Son knoweth,' saith Brigit, 'happy is he that goes the journey, and for God's sake, make prayer with me, that it may be easy for *me* to go.'

'O nun,' saith the scholar, 'I have no leisure; for the gates of heaven are open now, and I fear they may be shut against me. Or, if thou art hindering me, pray the Lord that it may be easy for me to go to heaven, and I will pray the Lord for thee, that it may be easy for thee, and that thou mayest bring many thousands with thee unto heaven.'

Brigit recited a paternoster with him. And he was pious thenceforward, and he it is that gave her Communion and Sacrifice when she was dying. Wherefore, thence it came to pass that the comradeship of the world's sons of reading is with Brigit, and the Lord gives them, through Brigit's prayer, every perfect good that they ask.

This Irish Brigit and the Brighid of the west of Scotland are endowed with the same characteristics of gentle firmness and simple loveliness—the figures may be different, but the haloes are the same—and the same quality of love and worship is given to them both.

'Her name among created things is dove among birds, pine among trees, sun among stars . . . her heart and her mind were a throne of rest for the Holy Ghost. . . .' and in the beautiful passage of rhetoric with which the life closes, Brigit is described as 'she that helpeth everyone who is in a strait and in danger: it is she that abateth the pestilences; it is she that quelleth the anger and the storm of the sea. She is the prophetess of Christ: she is the Queen of the South; she is the Mary of the Gael.'

In great contrast to Brigit's simple life are the many adventures of the famous Patron Saint of Ireland, Patrick. As is generally known, he was not an Irishman by birth, but a Briton, and although our chronicler declares that he was of the Jews by origin, 'the learned,'

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who are said to vouch the fact, bring as proof, merely, that miracles were wrought for him which made it manifest that 'he was of the children of Israel, for of them were the Jews besides.' This does not seem conclusive, unless every saint is a Jew, which I should be loath to admit.

Patrick's life, unlike Brigit's, was full of adventure: he was born in Nemptor, and he came of the Britons of Ail-Cluade, which means the Rock of Clyde, and in modern terms Dumbarton. His mother's sister, having no children, took him in fosterage; she probably never regretted her charge, for in those days it was no mean help to have a child saint in the house. Patrick wrought numberless miracles, nearly all concerned with small domestic difficulties: he made firewood out of icicles; he turned drops of water into fire; he brought back dead cows to life; he made the tribute of curd and butter, which the King's steward demanded, out of snow; he healed his sister Lupait, when she struck her head against a stone, with the sign of the Cross; he raised both his foster father and a child from the dead. 'God's name and Patrick's were magnified thereby.'

Then a great disaster overtook those Britons of Ail-Cluade who happened to be on a journey in Armorica, for the country was ravaged by four exiled sons of the King of Britain. Patrick's father and mother were slain, and Patrick and his two sisters, Lupait and Tigris, were seized and sold into bondage, all in different parts of the land. Patrick became the property of Miliuc, the King of Dalaradia, and his three brothers, 'and such was the zeal of the service in which Patrick abode, that each of the four households which he used to serve supposed that it was to it alone that he was a servant; and yet he was subject to the other spiritual direction, even a hundred genuflexions in the morning, and a hundred at evening, and but one meal from the one watch to the other.'

Miliuc, when he realised that Patrick was that priceless treasure in all ages, a really good servant, bought him from the others. It was the custom of the heathen to free their thralls every seven years; but when the time drew near, Miliuc naturally did not want to lose Patrick. In order to retain him, he bought a bondmaid and presented her to his thrall. 'They were brought together in a house apart on the night of the wedding,' but Patrick was a saint: he preached to the bondmaid and they spent the night in prayer. In the morning Patrick saw a white scar on the bondmaid's face, and asking her about it he discovered that she was his sister Lupait. 'Said Patrick, "I am thy brother, and it is I that healed thee, and it is God's mercy that causeth us to meet again after our scattering abroad." Then they gave thanks to God, and afterwards they went into the wilderness.' It was here that Patrick heard the voice of the angel telling him that it was time for him to depart and go to Italy to learn the Holy Scriptures. Miliuc would not let him go unless he paid a

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talent of gold; this demand presented, of course, no difficulties to such as Patrick, and a boar obligingly dug up a mass of gold for him next day. He was then allowed to go free.

Patrick went to sea and, after various adventures, got to his birthplace, Nemptor. The people of his fatherland begged him to stay with them, but 'this was not got from him.' For already the great work of his life was clear to his sight: his heart yearned to preach to Ireland. 'Whenever he slept it seemed to him that it was the isle of the Gael that he saw, and that he heard the chanting of the children from the wood of Fochlad.' So he went first to Germanus, 'sage Bishop of all Europe at that time,' and, being then only thirty, read the Ecclesiastical Canon for thirty years more, till at last Germanus sent him to Rome to be ordained a Bishop.

He was sixty, and one fancies even Patrick may have been beset with doubts. Would there be time? Had he garnered all knowledge and all power only to die before his mission were accomplished? Also the hard-heartedness of the Gael was well known, for had they not rejected the preaching of Pelagius? Now listen to what befell Patrick.

> Then he went to sea with nine in his number; and he came to the island, where he saw the new house, and a married pair therein. And he asked the young man who dwelt in the house how long they had been therein. 'From the time of Jesus,' saith he, 'and He blessed us, together with our house, and we shall be thus till Doom; and God hath enjoined thee,' saith the young man, 'to go and preach in the land of the Gaels; and Jesus left with us a staff to be given to thee.' So Patrick took the staff of Jesus with him . . .

I have wasted much time in fancy over this married pair in their new house. Who might they be? Would it be possible to find them still, as Doom is not yet come? The people that harboured this legend understood the character of the Lord who sat in the garden of Lazarus, how gentle and tender He was to all human love, knowing it to be a fragment of the Divine fire which burned within Himself. Did He find two lovers so guileless, so untainted, that He deemed fit to give them this happy fate; or when He went down for three days to the spirits in prison, did He release any two who had sacrificed their lives for love in an ancient time of blood and rapine; or take pity on Orpheus and Eurydice, or Brunhilde and Siegfried, or Deirdre and Naise? Did He smile, and, leading them out of bondage, place them upon an island in a new house, young and happy till the day of Doom, with no task laid upon them but to give the staff to Patrick?

Nothing hindered Patrick now in his voyage to Ireland, and his life becomes a record of journeys from one valley to another, preaching and baptising, working miracles and prophesying. When things went well he gave practical blessings; when ill, as at Inver Dé, where the fishermen did not welcome him, he placed a curse. 'He set his word on the Inver that there should never be produce therein,'

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He lived long enough to see many saints established in Ireland, two of whom he prophesied concerning before their birth—namely, Colomb Cille and Sénan. He knew Brigit also, and preached to her, as we have seen; he converted numberless kings, and established many churches and monasteries. But, besides all this, he it was who obtained some of the peculiar privileges of the Irish—an interesting fact when one remembers that he was a Briton. For instance, he left seven persons, alive for ever, safeguarding Ireland. Seven very old persons—what may they not have done? When the British Government of the day is dismayed and disappointed at the result of well-meant efforts to anglicise Ireland and restore it to prosperity, let them remember with awe these inscrutable seven, who cannot be consulted or canvassed, who do not write to the papers, who do not make speeches, and who yet may upset the best-laid schemes of mice and men. Patrick seems also to have secured that every Saturday, to this day, seven men of Ireland may be taken by him from torment to heaven. Also, everyone that sings Patrick's hymn on his deathbed shall not be in hell at all. But, best of all, to Patrick himself was it granted to be the Judge of Doom for the men of Ireland. What with his evident partiality for Irishmen, the privileges attached to the singing of his hymn, his seven men rescued every Saturday, it is obvious that not many Irishmen go to hell—a fact which may account for some of the insouciance and gaiety of the Irish character.

I will quote at length the account of Patrick's death, for it is characteristic in its eloquence, its childishness, its beauty.

> Now, when the hour of Patrick's decease arrived, Bishop Tassach gave him Christ's body; and he sent his spirit to heaven in the hundred and thirty-second year of his age. Howbeit Heaven's angels came to meet Patrick's soul, and took it with them to Heaven with great honour and reverence. And though great be his honour at present, greater will it be at the meeting of Doom, when the men of the world will arise at Michael the Archangel's command. And the men of Ireland will go to meet Patrick to Down, and wend along with him to Mount Zion, where Christ will deal judgment to Adam's children on that day; when, moreover, Christ will sit on His throne in glory, judging the three households, even the household of Heaven, and the household of Earth, and the household of Hell. And the twelve apostles will sit along with Him on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And then will Patrick sit on his throne of judgment and judge the men of Ireland. For Patrick is the apostle of Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irishmen, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday. And after the sentence of Doom, those who have fulfilled his command and his teaching, in fastings, in prayer, in alms, in compassion, in gentleness, in forgiveness, and in the other divine commands, will go along with him into the heavenly Kingdom.

Beside the principal saints whose lives are recorded in this book there seem to have been hosts of others. We learn, for instance, in the life of Findian of Clonard, that he had a large company with him. It is true that Findian was especially favoured in the drawing about

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him of saints, for once when he was cleansing a well an angel came to him and told him he must dig a new well east of the church. 'Oh, my lord,' saith Findian, 'this pains that we have taken for a long time, what will come thereof?' 'He, whoever he be, over whom shall go the mould which thou hast dug,' saith the angel, 'will obtain mercy from the Lord.' Naturally, when this became known, people flocked to him from all parts of Ireland. One might imagine that sinners rather than saints were in need of God's mercy, but he is said to have had three thousand saints about him, all of whom built churches and monasteries round some reliquary which he had given them.

Now and then a rival attraction would appear, such as Ruádán of Lothra, and Findian was implored to go and confront him, for many pupils were leaving him. Ruádán had a lime tree 'from which there used to drop a sweet-tasted fluid, in which everyone would find the flavour which he desired.' Findian went to see, and made the tree dry, but Ruádán only ordered water to be brought from his well, prayed over it, and the 'water was turned into the taste of the fluid.' The clerics wished Findian to ban the well also, but to his everlasting credit he refused. 'Oh, dear brethren,' said Findian, 'why are ye giving trouble to Ruádán. For if he wished to change into sweet ale all this water beside the church, God would do it for him.' The end of the story is curious. Both Findian and the saints entreated Ruádán that his life should be like that of everyone, and Ruádán consented. He had not been 'living in community,' and it was this fact, and not jealousy, which made Findian yield so far to the fears of his pupils as to urge Ruádán to conform. Jealousy apparently was unknown; indeed, the greater saints were constantly acclaiming one another, and recognising new comers even before they were born.

Coming now to the life of Brenainn, we find that his birth was foretold by Bishop Eirc, who, after a year, took him to his own foster mother, even Ita, and the nun gave Brenainn 'exceeding love, for she used to see the service of angels above him.'

Angels in the forms of white virgins
Were fostering Brenainn,
From one hand to another,
Without much disgrace to the babe.

'Without much disgrace to the babe' is a delightful touch. If even saint children equipped with marvels and miracles were not always treated with proper respect, what can be said of the prospective politicians, poets, generals, and judges, whom we see any day of our lives being pushed and poked unceremoniously by their mothers and nurses, a 'disgrace' which they often bear with imperturbable gravity and dignity? This respectful bringing up was not wasted on Brenainn. He was impervious to temptation from the beginning.

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On a certain day Bishop Eirc went to preach the word of God. Brenainn, who was then aged ten years, went with him into the chariot. He is left alone in the chariot after the cleric had gone to the preaching. Brenainn sat in the chariot, singing his psalms alone. Then a fine, full-grown, yellow-haired girl, of royal race, comes to the chariot to him, and looked on him, and sees his beautiful bright countenance, and attempts to jump at once into the chariot, and play her game with him. Then he said to her: 'Go home, and curse whoever brought thee here,' and he takes the reins of the chariot and begins flogging her severely, so that she was crying and screaming, and went to the place where her father and mother, the king and queen, were biding.

Bishop Eirc seems to have rebuked him sternly for beating the stainless maiden, and Brenainn offered to perform penance for his deed, and he was ordered into a cave till the morning. But all night troops of angels went up to heaven and down to earth around the cave, 'and the sound of Brenainn's voice singing his psalms was heard a thousand paces on every side.' Brenainn's character was thus vindicated; not so, I fear, the yellow-haired maiden's, though the chronicler is silent about her.

It is rarely indeed in the lives of these saints that women are looked upon as dangerous. Brenainn, it is true, is warned by Ita when he wishes to learn the Rules of the Saints of Ireland, 'Do not study with women nor with virgins, lest someone revile thee,' but she seemed to fear evil tongues more than actual harm to her foster son. Most of the saints, as we have seen, lived in the world, and took a prominent part in affairs, communing from time to time with their fellow saints, whether men or women. There was one, however, who, after founding many monasteries and building many churches, settled upon the island of Inis Cathaig and allowed no women to land. But even in those days women were not banned by a mere decree. The following story may remind some people of the persistence and courage of certain bands of women at the present day, who should certainly take Canair as their patron saint.

Canair the Pious, a holy maiden of the Benntraige of the South of Ireland, set up a hermitage in her own territory. There one night, after nocturns, she was praying, when all the churches of Ireland appeared to her. And it seemed that a tower of fire rose up to heaven from each of the churches; but the greatest of the towers, and the straightest towards heaven, was that which rose from Inis Cathaig. 'Fair is yon cell,' she saith, 'thither will I go, that my resurrection may be near it.' Straightway on she went, without guidance save the tower of fire which she beheld ablaze without ceasing day and night before her, till she came thither. Now when she had reached the shore of Luimnech, she crossed the sea with dry feet as if she were on smooth land till she came to Inis Cathaig. Now Sénan knew that thing, and he went to the harbour to meet her, and he gave her welcome. 'Yea, I have come,' saith Canair. 'Go,' saith Sénan, 'to thy sister who dwells in yon island in the east, that thou mayest have guesting therein.'

'Not for that have we come,' saith Canair, 'but that I may have guesting with *thee* in *this* island.' 'Women enter not this island,' saith Sénan. 'How canst thou say that?' saith Canair. 'Christ is no worse than thou. Christ came to redeem women no less than to redeem men. No less did He suffer for

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the sake of women than for the sake of men. Women have given service and tendance unto Christ and His apostles. No less than men do women enter the heavenly kingdom. Why, then, shouldst thou not take women to thee in thine island?'

'Thou art stubborn,' saith Sénan. 'What, then,' saith Canair, 'shall I get what I ask for, a place for my side in this isle, and the Sacrament from thee to me?'

'A place of resurrection,' saith Sénan, 'will be given thee here on the brink of the wave, but I fear that the sea will carry off thy remains.'

'God will grant me,' saith Canair, 'that the spot wherein I shall lie will not be the first that the sea will bear away.'

'Thou hast leave, then,' saith Sénan, 'to come on shore.' For thus had she been, while they were in converse, standing up on the wave with her staff under her bosom as if she were on land. Then Canair came on shore, and the Sacrament was administered, and she straightway went to heaven.

This is an instructive tale. Notice the insistence of Canair, her imperviousness to rebuke; when she is told she is stubborn she merely says 'How, then,' and repeats her request. Note, too, Sénan's somewhat unworthy temporising when he tells her that the sea will wash away her body, and Canair's serene confidence that this will not be allowed by God to happen. The man finally yields, and Canair has her desire. As she went straightway to heaven there was doubtless peace on that island, while it was made manifest that her stubbornness was not disapproved of.

As I turn the pages of this old and enchanting book I realise that there is no particular reason why I should stop at one story rather than another, and that I had better break off, if I can, before I have wearied the reader. So that I will not, as I should like, make extracts from Findchua's life, or Colomb Cille's, or describe that happier stage of Sénan's pilgrimage before he was beset by Canair. All these may some day be the subject of a further paper.

I have, I hope, at least shown that the Book of Lismore has a rare charm of thought and phrase, and gives vivid pictures of a time far removed from our own, not merely in tongue and custom, but in its very heart.

EDITH LYTTELTON.

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VIRTUES OF THE LONDONER

THE faults of the Londoner can always be recognised and identified; his good qualities soon become taken as a matter of course, and fail, after a while, to obtain honourable mention. Just as it is necessary, now and again, to pull oneself up with a jerk in walking about town and to recollect that because the scene is familiar it need not be deprived of one's admiration, so in regard to the inhabitant, it is worth while to take the view of the stranger and to make a guess at his impressions.

A visitor must admit that in London he is treated with courtesy. In the shops this is expected as something within the bargain, and brusqueness exhibited across the counter would be a startling novelty. Wherever payment has to be made, politeness is thrown in as a matter of course. The general good manners of town are more apparent in casual circumstances. A traveller in a public conveyance wants to be set down at a turning not within the knowledge of the conductor; at once every passenger gives up other interest, and attention is concentrated on the problem. The delight of an omnibus on discovering the presence of a Colonial who cannot distinguish between St. Margaret's and the Abbey is something that cannot be concealed; brisk competition ensues for the privilege of acting as guide. A Londoner of whom a direction is asked takes a moment to recover from his surprise at the question (it seems incredible to him that anybody should be ignorant of the way to Charing Cross), but the situation once realised he will take considerable trouble in giving the information required; some may count it a defect that in doing so he sometimes forgets to range himself, as a constable does, side by side with a questioner, with the result that in his recommendations left becomes right and right becomes left, but his intention is always admirable. As for the policemen themselves, the excellence of their behaviour can be estimated in recollecting the stir occasioned when the conduct of a member falls below the high standard and an impartial magistrate has to speak of him in tones of reproof. Performing a considerable duty in looking after decorum, it may be claimed that the constable is equally valuable in representing officially the good manners of town. Even among the class who regard him as an opposing force, he is looked upon as one whose general knowledge has no limitations; and I heard a notorious

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ex-convict the other evening consulting earnestly with a member of the S Division on the best way to deal with reluctant scarlet runners. The improvement which has taken place in the manners of children in the street finds its best signal in the fact that the presence of the unusual person rarely excites them into the derisive comments that formed subjects for the old pages of *Punch*. Let me add a further proof. A double line of St. Pancras schoolboys, marching to the public baths for their swimming lesson the other morning, were passed by a short procession going at a trot to Highgate Cemetery: every youngster at the right moment took off his cap.

The diminishing number of squabbles and disturbances in London streets must be reckoned as an important item on the credit side. Now and again lads of the hard-up districts will set out to create tumult, and sometimes success attends the efforts; they are aged between fifteen and eighteen, and the action is the result, partly of an intense desire to prove that they are fully grown, partly because, the time being generally autumn, there is really little else for them to do. For the rest, domestic argument takes place less frequently in the roadway, and any attempt to revert to the old methods of public debate is met with urgent counsel from neighbours; the parties are recommended to transfer consideration to a private committee of the house. The decrease in outdoor fights is due, I believe, to the fact that so many youths are being taught to box: a scientific knowledge prevents them from behaving stupidly, and the training gives some control over temper; the tussle of the street is generally engaged upon by fools who are not sure whether they can fight, but are inclined to make an experiment. Here, the increasing temperateness of London in regard to drink is a factor. Anyone who knows the other large towns of Great Britain (and Ireland) can give the names of a dozen where the display of inebriety is more flagrant; Glasgow, for instance, on a Saturday night at ten gives a spectacle that would astonish a Cockney, making him inclined to disbelieve the evidence of his eyes. I do not know that the number of total abstainers has become much greater, but the aid of statistics is unnecessary to prove that moderation is more popular. A grown man scarcely dares to brag of his tipsiness the night before; only the type of the callow junior clerk speaks with pride of excess in this regard, and even he has to select his audience carefully for fear of being made the recipient of some contemptuous remark. There are reasons for this. The London workman does not have to labour so hard for his wages as do the similars in other towns; his days are less monotonous and evening joys are provided; the town smiles at him during his leisure hours, and the look-out is brighter than at, say, Wigan. Also, his earnings are not so large that he feels able to afford the dear excursions into luxury on which the Northcountryman engages. His language is limited, and it will take a good many further years of State

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education to enlarge his vocabulary; but he is discovering some adjectives that form a variant on the two which, for many years, made up a great part of his conversation. He must have ascertained that their power of expressing thought had limits, and there was certainly a touch of pathos in the circumstance that he had to use them to help him to describe annoyance, satisfaction, regret, contentment. A sensitive ear may still be hurt in Bethnal Green at moments when conversation becomes rapid, but it receives nothing like the amount of damage incurred a dozen years ago.

The Londoner of every grade prides himself on alertness of retort, and he knows the chief element of a repartee is that it should be served instantly. Deliberation is of no avail. A promise to think it over and write does not gain marks in a contest of words. From his boyhood the Londoner has lived in an atmosphere of chaff, and if he has no special capability in invention he can always imitate. This, for instance, is the plan of the omnibus conductors. All omnibus conductors are not witty, but a few of them happen to possess a fair talent in the direction, and colleagues less gifted have only to adopt and adapt the methods; the fact that similar circumstances are frequently encountered where similar remarks are considered pat and appropriate, gives the class a reputation higher than it deserves. Also, the Londoner likes fun. A good anecdote, started in town, flies with extraordinary rapidity, so that one has to be fleet of foot to be the first messenger for more than a few hours. A man who can make up an excellent story and send it about rarely gets more than a small share of the applause, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has, in some small way, lightened the days and given excuse for laughter; the town has some practice in the art of laughing; I wish it had more. The Londoner is a child who can be induced to amend manners if only the right blend of firmness and of persuasion be used. Years ago in setting out for the play, and proposing to obtain the unreserved seats, it was taken as a matter of course that a desperate struggle must precede entrance to any popular theatre, with a body of folk swaying and surging in front of the pit entrance, women screaming, umbrellas snapping, hats disappearing, lads shouting until the doors were suddenly unbarred by an official who sprinted up the staircase, whereupon the patrons forgot enmities, dismissed friendships, and rammed and crammed and jammed themselves into the opening; the street resembled, ten minutes later, the field of Waterloo on the day after the battle. Similarly, there existed Promenade Concerts where the music was cautiously arranged so that no bar should be above the comprehension of the unmusical, and young blades of town, devoting themselves to the ample refreshment counter behind the orchestra, counted the evening wasted unless they could say afterwards that they had been turned out of the place on account of riotous behaviour. All this has changed. All this has improved. It was only necessary in one case to issue a request that patrons of

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the theatre should line up in two's instead of forming a turbulent half circle, only required in the other that something better than infantile waltzes should be offered; the Londoner ranged himself at once, and few sights impress more deeply those who have memories of town as it was than the spectacle to be seen at Queen's Hall, where hundreds of people, closely packed in what is called the promenade, listen attentively to a thirty-five minutes' symphony, without so much as a sign of impatience beyond a glance of reproach at the water fountain for showing indifference. To find anything resembling the old behaviour inside a theatre you now have to go to Edgware Road on a Saturday night; even there the tumult only lasts while preliminaries are being mentioned on the stage: so soon as the heroine trips on with a basket of roses, the gallery—ordering itself, in sterner tones than those used by the officials, to keep order—settles down quietly to watch her duel against horrid fate. Even the comments wrung from the audience in moments of stress are now exceedingly rare; in the larger theatres they have almost ceased, but some time since, when a notable actor manager made his appearance in Act One through double doors, throwing them open with an air and standing there in impressive silence for the moment, a voice from the gallery did call out, 'Next station, Marble Arch!' For the rest, the disturbance within theatres comes from occupants of the private boxes, whose elocutionary powers are better than they know.

The general impression of the Londoner on holiday, and one that will require many pens working through many years to eradicate, is that he goes intoxicated to the Heath, where he dances foolishly after changing hats with his lady companion, roaring his way home at a late hour, and generally breaking the peace into small fragments. I spent nearly the whole of last Bank Holiday at Hampstead. I saw in the afternoon two boys simulating inebriety, but stopping this on seeing one of their teachers; in the late evening, in the course of half an hour's walk home, I detected three men and one woman who were extravagantly lively as a consequence of drink. There was dancing on the Heath, and good dancing too; skipping (we should all feel a great deal better in health if we found some corner and skipped privately for half an hour every day), swinging in boats, a dozen different opportunities for testing skill, from shooting at a ball that danced on a spurt of water to the aiming at cocoanuts on dwarf sticks, and the crashing of a hammer on a machine which registered the amount of force put into the task; everywhere a good blend of decorum and gaiety. Now, when you consider the anticipations preceding the day, the encouragement to youth on finding itself in a large open space to run amok and create mischief, the fact that here is an occasion on which there is money to be spent, friends encountered, relatives welcomed, it will be agreed that the Londoner has discovered how to take his pleasures sanely. Not, of course, everyone

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goes to the open on Bank Holiday. Many a Londoner devotes the hours to his back garden. The pride of a townsman who by courage, ability, and artfulness can induce flowers to grow is something that may possibly be equalled—it can scarcely be surpassed; if in addition he owns a cucumber frame, or, with ordinary luck, raises lettuces, then he becomes a man who must only be addressed in tones of great deference. In second-class compartments of City trains you will see, any summer morning, young and middle-aged men ignoring their newspaper and risking the acquisition of a squint in anxiety to admire the rose in their buttonhole; waiting with a certain impatience to respond to inquiries concerning its title. Children of the hard-up districts are being encouraged in this direction, and their flower shows given during the daffodil and hyacinth time in such neighbourhoods as Shoreditch and Bethnal Green give them some of the joys of paternity. Where no facilities exist for private cultivation, window boxes are used, and increasingly used, from Grosvenor Square west to Canrobert Street east, and there is good reason to believe that the time will come when any window in any quarter of town will reckon itself naked and ashamed unless its sill contributes some colour and some brightness to the general effect. The sentiment which the Londoner, young, middle-aged, and old, hides in regard to so many subjects is not concealed where flowers are concerned. You can make yourself more popular by taking bunches to the infants' department of the County Council schools than by practising any other form of bribery.

The small people in the hard-up quarters of town are so wonderful in their, perhaps, premature cleverness that it is difficult to see why greater efforts are not made to carry them safely through the perilous first year of their lives. The fact has to be recognised that parents are sometimes careless, often ignorant; it must be said in their favour that they are rarely intentionally unkind; they show gratitude for any assistance given in the preservation of their little ones. In Brunswick Place, Hoxton, we have started a home for wasting babies intended to deal with small patients not considered to come within the scope of hospital work, but all the same likely to make but a brief stay in the world unless treated wisely and correctly. It is amazing to notice the swift improvement in health, appearance, and spirits. They come in, desolate mites with the skin hanging loosely on their puny limbs, a tired air of not caring whether they live or not; a week or two of proper feeding and cleanliness and they become round-faced and cheerful, answering readily to the complimentary attentions of even a clumsy bachelor. The London child, if it does get over these dangerous early months, becomes a wiry person with a good deal of vitality, and, in spite of surroundings, not more subject to the absences of good health than a child who lives in the fresh air of the country. Theoretically, five people living in one room ought not to live; as a matter of fact they do have a fairly good innings, although the cen-

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turies that are sometimes scored on village greens are rarely recorded at Abney Park. The Londoner owes something to himself; a good deal to his town, where events are always happening, new incidents being prepared, and a lively interest continuously excited.

He is an enthusiastic collector of occurrences, for which reason he never can, however urgent the task on which he may be engaged, refrain from adding himself to any crowd that is assembling, and he does not leave until he has ascertained all the particulars. The Londoner possesses some of the instincts of a journalist; his desire to be in a position to report exclusive news is sufficiently acute to encourage him at times into exaggeration. The City man, arriving home, likes nothing so much as to be able to put the question 'Whom do you think I met to-day?' insisting that his wife should guess, and keeping her upon the tenterhooks of suspense before proclaiming the information. Failing imperial news of this kind, he has, with any luck, a sheaf of incidents that his observation has gained, from the presence of distinguished visitors at the Mansion House to the crippling of a motor omnibus in Newgate Street; the wife, on her side, offers a number of happenings which have come under her notice since his departure at twenty to nine that morning. Thus a fair exchange is made, to the advantage of both parties. I have mentioned that the Londoner is sometimes tempted into exaggeration. This happens only when the actual event is, from circumstances not within his control, lacking in sparkle and pungency. He cannot be charged with the instinctive untruthfulness that belongs to the inhabitants of some portions of His Majesty's kingdom, and is to be found also among the imported aliens. The county court judges of town will give him a good character; when he makes an adventure into perjury he does it with so much clumsiness that fraud disappears. The Londoner, indeed, has a profound respect for the law, although he may sometimes break it, and the most determined iconoclast is a fervent worshipper of the policeman's glove, ready and anxious to obey its slightest movement. The obstructive gates which once protected the squares could not bar more effectually, and it is small wonder that the traffic director always has a chapter to himself in the books written by foreign visitors to town, a chapter as long as that devoted to English sports.

The attention to sport is no longer a monopoly of the English, certainly not the exclusive property of the Londoner; but he has the idea that everything of importance in this respect takes place at or near to his town, and he receives with incredulity the statement that a conspicuous event has occurred elsewhere. Once his interest is excited there are no limits to it, and the afternoon papers cannot come out frequently enough to satisfy his appetite. A good score by a Middlesex man cheers London from end to end; some excellent bowling by Surrey compels the most worried to throw off their cares;

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a year or two since you could tell by the exultant air worn by many that Kent had a chance of becoming the champion county. For some reasons, I regret the disappearance of the men in by-streets whose air of mystery was so elaborate as to destroy mysteriousness; who walked about, but were ever on point duty; who accepted slips of paper and coins in the manner of a conjuror and, I dare say, caused them to vanish; the existence of these bookmakers' agents did mean that folk in minor circumstances shared the thrill that comes to many in the endeavour to gain cash without working for it laboriously. I think they were entitled to share this so long as opportunities were offered to any, and they have a grievance now on finding that the opportunities are reserved for the few, but I am bound to say one hears very few complaints. Here is a characteristic of the Londoner (which he shares with his countrymen), the readiness to shake hands once a fight is over. He may struggle and wrangle and argue and post bills and speak at street corners while the struggle progresses; but once the matter is settled by a superior authority he wastes no time in treasuring rancour, and is indeed obviously relieved to find the contest over. The Londoner has spacious and regular opportunities for public oratory, in the parks, near railway arches, at open triangles; because of the existence of these opportunities only a few take advantage. The Londoner does not mind listening, generally presenting a shoulder to the speaker and his features wearing an expression of amusement; he prefers the cruet-stand type of address, with plenty of mustard and vinegar and pepper, and on the north side of Hyde Park will stroll from the Christadelphian group to one with a red banner in search of the most vigorous speech, the voice which can be heard without auricular effort. He looks upon it all as an entertainment, regards the strenuous exertions of the man on a chair as he would watch a turn at the music halls. There came at one time to Regent's Park on Sunday mornings an ex-convict who, underneath a tree, spoke with enormous fury of the hardship of prison life, of his grievances against warders, whirling his arms about madly, frothing at the lips, and in general eccentricity outbidding the occupants of the Zoological Gardens close by. He always had a good complacent audience until, his energy exhausted, he started to speak more calmly and to give a warning based on personal experience—a recommendation to pursue the straight path; at the first words of this part of his discourse the crowd began to break off in flakes, and in less than three minutes his audience consisted of two nursemaids and a German waiter. No one can beat your townsman in bearing other people's troubles with equanimity.

The Londoner is made up of a good many types, benefiting greatly by those contributed every day by the country, and it is not claimed here that he is turned out of one mould. Whether born in town or recruited later, he does, however, acquire certain charac-

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teristics that are mainly the result of his surroundings, and the average Londoner is the man who has been under consideration. An upright judge, attending to the evidence and giving ears to both sides, will not be likely, in summing up, to declare the Londoner perfect; a severe judge may give his opinion in what is called scathing terms; a generous judge will say that the Londoner with all his faults is rather better than the world has any right to expect him to be. It is with this last view that most of us, hoping for kindliness when we ourselves are arraigned, will agree.

W. Pett Ridge.

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DEBUSSY: HIS SCIENCE AND HIS MUSIC

Amongst the various productions new to the Covent Garden stage during the past season were the *Samson et Dalila* of Saint-Saëns and Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. To pass from the quite blatantly unimaginative but effectively solid operatic erotics of M. Saint-Saëns to the poetically imagined, beautifully wrought, yet so totally 'unoperatic' music drama of M. Debussy, is about as abrupt and ludicrous a transition from the materially sensuous to the sensuously spiritual as can be endured with equanimity. Since the days of Berlioz and Bizet, France has given the world nothing more individual in music than Debussy's work, unless it be Charpentier's audaciously conceived and brilliantly realised opera *Louise*, also given here this summer. In London we are now fairly familiar with most of Debussy's by no means too prolific output. Indeed, although experienced experts are wont to consider the possible issues of British taste in art an ungaugeable quantity, it would almost seem, from sundry small signs and tokens, that we may have embarked upon a serious Debussy cult. Special attention was first drawn to him here some four or five years back by Mr. Henry J. Wood's performances of the symphonic prelude *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Nor could Debussy have been introduced under better auspices. The small, lyrical, perfectly studied design of his style, like that of Tshaikovski, is exactly calculated to draw forth Mr. Wood's best capacities of interpretation.

Everywhere, but pre-eminently in his own country, Debussy is at present exercising a paramount, if not too invigorating influence. The best compliment to be paid to one or, at most, two of his younger compatriots—Reynaldo Hahn for instance, with his minute, crystalised, but notably independent talent—is that they dare at least to be themselves.

When essaying an estimate of the tendencies, influences, relative values and actual accomplishment of any artist, one would always wish to know as much as possible concerning the man himself. His origin and environment; his opportunities, what he had made or missed of these; his attitude towards life and his fellows are all points

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of departure that serve in no small degree. But although Debussy was already before the French public some eighteen years back, uncommonly little can be gleamed about him. We know nothing of the status, condition or ancestry of his parents and family; nothing of his early childhood. He was born, we are told, at St. Germain-en-Laye (Seine-et-Oise) in 1862. That he must have evinced a marked bent for music is clear, for by the time that he was fourteen he was gaining prizes at the Paris Conservatoire, where, at the age of twenty-two, he was awarded the Prix de Rome. The Conservatoire authorities remember him as an unusually satisfactory pupil. Genius has rarely shown itself so docile. Some slight, very reticent glimpses of Debussy later on point to probable conditions of stress, if not of actual poverty. At different times, he has had to earn a livelihood as teacher and journalist.

His criticisms are not likely to be preserved by posterity as literary classics. Musically they imply a deft individuality, sincere and unstereotyped, but much too intense and concentrated in its own creativeness to be altogether catholic in its judgments. Nor has he always troubled to envisage his subject from every point before expressing an opinion. Thus Debussy can find the songs of Schubert merely 'inoffensive, innocently repeating the same effect, couplet after couplet.' Of Bach, though, he can say that 'he still exercises a sovereign influence for good in music.' Those who know Debusssy's own compositions will readily seize the significance of his unstinted admiration for what he so aptly styles Bach's 'divine arabesques.' Beethoven, on the whole, satisfies him more continuously than Wagner. He is repulsed, but all the same frankly interested by the 'very remarkable cinematography of Richard Strauss.' His advice to his readers, and possibly also to his colleagues, occasionally to assist at a sunrise, rather than to engender mechanically monotonous postures of mind by too frequent hearings of 'pastoral' music, reminds us somewhat of the counsels of Brahms, prudently tendered to an importunate lady pianist, eager alike for his instructions and his precepts as to how best she might grow musical: 'Gehen sie in dem Walde spazieren, so oft wie möglich, Fräulein, so oft wie möglich.' But the most incisive piece of musical criticism by Debussy that one knows is contained in the little pianoforte piece *Dr Gradus ad Parnassum*, the first number from *Le Coin des Enfants*, published last year. This little piece is written with a delightful *bonhomie* and quite guileless simplicity. But behind its very guilelessness there lurks a brilliant note of satire upon 'the seeking of noon at fourteen o'clock.' Debussy has dedicated these pieces to his child 'avec des tendres excuses de son père.' Had he proffered his dedications to 'music colleges, academies and critics' not all might have perceived the joke, though the solemn ghost of Clementi flitting across a page of Debussy's *Gradus* might well relax into a smile. The quiet

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irony of this piece in itself secures Debussy a place beside his compatriot and contemporary M. Anatole France.

One informing, if lightly sketched, character study is supplied in a couple of lines by M. Bruneau: 'Ce très exceptionnel, très curieux, M. Claude Debussy. Peu connu de la foule, ne se montrant nulle part, ne produisant, j'imagine, qu'à son heure, il vit en solitaire.'

And it is just in his accent of solitary aloofness that Debussy often makes most direct appeal to us. He is the least democratic of composers since Chopin. *Jardins sous la Pluie—Et la Lune descend sur la Temple qui fut—La Flûte de Pan—Le Tombeau des Naïades—Reflets dans l'Eau—L'Ombre des Arbres dans la Rivière*; here are a few of the titles of his pianoforte pieces and songs. In each he can convey a delicious, yet fastidious, suggestion of sylvan repose, and remoteness, and softly-rounded beauty.

It may seem a far cry from William Morris to Debussy. Yet Debussy would surely well echo the spirit of: *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*; *The Wood beyond the World*; or *The Epoch of Rest*. But whereas Morris was attracted to the old Norse myths, Debussy reverts to Greece. It is the type and manner of his own meticulous elegance which makes him ejaculate in his criticisms of Wagner's *Trilogy*: 'How insufferable all these people in helmets and wild-beast skins become by the end of the fourth evening!'

His *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* has a verbal basis in Mallarmé's eclogue of the same name, a poem which a few French, and many English readers, can still find rather a hard nut to crack. In England, though, we need not confine ourselves to Mallarmé for a suitable context to Debussy's prelude. The melodious lilt of his violins and flutes, of his clarinets and oboes and harp, weaving a shimmering mesh and web of harmonies, and the impression of whimsically delicate and restrained *volupté* left in the mind, can take us straight to Keats:

> There crept
> A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
> For not the faintest motion could be seen
> Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
>
> . . . . .
>
> I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
> As though the fanning wings of Mercury
> Had played upon my heels; I was light-hearted,
> And many pleasures to my vision started.
>
> . . . . .
>
> So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside,
> That we might look into a forest wide,
> To catch a glimpse of Fauns and Dryades,
> Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
> And garlands woven of flowers wild and sweet,
> Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:

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Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph—poor Pan—how he did weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream ! a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

To say of Debussy, however, that he loathes the confusion and rush and realities of a modern world and finds the externals of contemporary civilisation hideous, need in no wise imply his supremacy amongst composers living or dead. What constitutes his peculiar charm is his perfection and ease in presenting his sentiment.

He is looked to as the impressionist of impressionists of the various schools of modern music. He has frequently been styled the 'Monet' of music. One would almost prefer to compare him amongst painters with Turner. Both painter and musician have veiled and shrouded the perspective and design of their ideas in a lovely phantasmagoria and chiaroscuro of atmosphere. Standing before *The Fighting Téméraire*, or revelling in the flood of golden, mellow light that suffuses the Turner known as *Mortlake Terrace*, whole passages of Debussy can involuntarily occur to one. But with all that, he is as ardent an exponent of detail as ever breathed. He seeks continually to get to the core (if there be one) of mood states and atmospheric intangibilities, with as much exactitude as the old Dutch painters sought in their loving, homely presentments of the concrete realities of everyday human existence.

Charpentier's *Louise* is at the very antipodes of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, since Charpentier is exhilarated and inspired by the very sights and sounds that drive Debussy in desperation to the stillness and silence of the forest. The scene of *Louise* is laid in the very heart of modern Paris, amidst the hum and roar of street traffic ; and one of the most poignant and affecting episodes of the opera takes place in a dressmaker's atelier, filled with apprentices, busy at their sewing machines.

Each composer can interest and convince us equally by reason of the truth and capacity with which he delineates life as he loves it, or would have it be.

In the mass of criticisms called forth by *Pelléas et Mélisande* it is repeatedly claimed that the monody to which Debussy has confined his voice parts, together with his whole method of construction and treatment, announces a completely new and revolutionary departure. Those who have been in Russia (it should be mentioned in parenthesis that Debussy has been there himself, and has incidentally expressed surprised admiration for the beauty and originality of much of the music that he heard there) may remember the name of the composer Dargomùishki. Dargomùishki died in 1869. In 1872 was produced at Petersburg his posthumous opera *The Stone Guest*, carefully finished after his own sketches by Rimski-Kòrssakov. The production created

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as much sensation and furore in Russia as was occasioned thirty years later in Paris by Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

Various previous operas of Dargomùishki had all been more or less tentative experiments on the lines of his last effort. The text of *The Stone Guest*, Pushkin's very Slavonic and characteristic version of *Don Juan*, is a gem of Russian literature. Dargomùishki has set Pushkin's play word for word in its entirety, with not a single break throughout for aria, duet or chorus. A leading Russian critic of the day commented upon the achievement :

> Dargomùishki has really invented a new and novel kind of recitative; a monody of expressive emphasis. Small words are just slightly underlined, so to speak; he has seized the intonation and accent of speech and transmuted it into a chant of so fine and delicate a quality that it demands undertones of equally fine and delicate harmonies to fill in each interstice of syllable and phrase. Dargomùishki's recitative, be it noticed, is of a wholly different character to the broad, declamatory, arioso-like style evolved by Wagner in his remarkable *Tristan and Isolde*.[1]

Dargomùishki himself claimed for his method, just as Debussy does to-day for his, that in due respect for the characters on the stage they must be left to develop the poet's intentions undisturbed, whilst the composers' mission should be to tell their story and paint each character carefully by means of the orchestra. No other Russian musician has ventured as far as Dargomùishki upon the road of dramatic realism. Several have been greatly influenced by his tenets; but at best they still seem to seek a compromise between old and new. At the time, his supporters credited him with the invention of the music-drama of the future; and many Russians to this day uphold him as the author of the one and only true operatic faith.

It seems highly probable that a study of Dargomùishki's score may have disposed Debussy in the direction of his own conclusions. But with all their identity of purpose and principle the temperament of the two musicians, their racial qualities, their chronological periods are altogether too divergent for there to be the slightest resemblance in the fabric and colour of their results. Dargomùishki was passionate, realistic, alternately humorous and gloomy, exuberant in his expression, where Debussy is contemplative, introspective, dreamy, reserved. Another feature, in which he has a certain analogy with the Russian school, though, is his constant use of whole-toned scales. The Russians derive these from their national folk-music, the existence of which in Russia to-day musical archæologists would trace back to Iranian migrations prior to the civilisation of ancient Greece.

With Debussy, another source seems feasible, namely, the evolutionary instinct of an abnormally sensitive cerebral clarity in his con-

[1] *Critical Essays on Music and the Theatre.* Ssèrov. Petersburg, 1874. When Ssèrov wrote this criticism, *Tristan and Isolde*, though it had been completed in 1859, was still a comparatively recent production. It was first given in 1865. Whether Dargomùishki knew the score, one does not know, but probably not.

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ception and retention of musical sound. An instinct, be it noted, not necessarily linked with any very deep intellectual or emotional traits. The whole nature of Debussy, and his manner of working, indicate a very gradual maturing of his faculties. We must remember that he could take no less than nine years to write his music-drama; and the keenness of his later powers of conceiving and hearing sound in his own way, which has so scandalised his former professors as well as the host of other critics, appears to have been still dormant in his Conservatoire days. As Mr. William Wallace effectively points out in his book *The Threshold of Music*, the auro-musical sense of man, compared with the development of his other sensatory organs, has been obviously slow of growth. It is as yet little more than two centuries since the human ear first grasped the fact that it could appreciate certain overtones vibrating from any given note. It is evident that we are still far from realising in sound any equivalent for the 'thousand dazzling colours of the rainbow' recognised by Ovid.[2]

It was not until the establishment of the tempered scale by Bach that the possibilities of chromatic, that is semi-tonal, harmony dawned upon the ear of musicians. And now we are surely entering upon an epoch when we shall be able to perceive and hear not merely in semi, but in quarter-tones. Max Reger in Germany, Cyril Scott here in England, Debussy in France, are the pioneers of the new musical hearing, based, however, upon the very oldest that man knows of.

Bach's theory was not so much a deviation or a revolution from the whole-toned scale, but simply an evolution. At the time it seemed, and it still seems to many ears, the only possible means of attaining modulation. But it restricted musicians to a clear demarcation between major and minor (consonant and dissonant) tonality. No such demarcation exists in a whole-toned scale. It is in itself major-minor, minor-major; moreover what was dissonant to one generation has easily become consonant to another. We can feel now in music, as in nature, that concord and discord are inextricable the one from the other. The musical monument of the *Wohltemperirtes Klavier* bequeathed us by Bach epitomises in itself the poetic, emotional content of music and the complete grammar of acoustics, down to his day, and foreshadows the rest.

It has been said that Debussy has reverted to the limits of the eighteenth-century orchestra of Mozart. This is true. But the contrast of the Mozart and Debussy scoring is like laying down Herrick's *Hesperides* to pick up Shelley. In the scoring of his *Pelléas and Mélisande* Debussy is listening acutely to all the faintly mingling vibrations of his tone, consonant and dissonant. He wants it to undulate, and float and awaken and permeate his hearer's consciousness, even as it has awakened and permeated his own. His treatment

[2] *Die Geschichtliche Entwickelung des Farbensinns.* Hugo Magnus. Leipzig, 1877.

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of the voice is often quoted as a drastic iconoclasm, tending to insipid monotony and affording little or no scope for the advance of the singer's art. With this one ventures to disagree forcibly. Adequately interpreted, the *legato mezza voce* foundation of Debussy's monody implies the finest evolution of the technique of the old *bel canto*. Could Lamperti, the last veteran of the old Italian masters of singing, have inspected Debussy's score, one can imagine his gratitude to a composer who has sufficient love and pride and comprehension for the capabilities of the human voice, that he asks from it, not mere crude, external surfaces of emotion, but each of those dynamical variations and shades and changes of vocal colour requisite, if the singer would discover the inner psychology of a living character. We have perhaps one singer alone in England at present fully trained to appreciate the restrained resonance of diction, and the absolute purity and flexibility of intonation involved in the correct vocalisation of Debussy. This is Mr. Gervase Elwes. And with some little education and due care Mrs. George Swinton, Mr. Frederic Austin or Miss Sara Davies, with one or two others, might also have here a wide scope for their intelligence and artistic gifts.

As to the ideal Mélisande—'cette princesse inconnue . . . enfouie . . . petit être si tranquille, si timide et si silencieux . . . pauvre petit être mystérieux' . . .—she will remain as rare as an ideal Ophelia. Under certain aspects Debussy requires a good deal more from his interpreters than does Wagner. To Wagner, at a pinch, if needs must be, we can listen with closed eyes. The desire for dramatic mime has never been part of the German national genius to anything like the same extent that it is born and bred in the Italians and French. By dramatic mime one means the play of eye and hand, of facial expression and gesture, wholly independent of words: the kind of play that can make Guitry's interpretation of 'Crainquebille' quite unforgettable, for example; or such as Irving understood so well, or such as rejoices us to-day in the acting of Mr. Norman McKinnell. The vivid concentration and culminating of the dramatic action in the orchestra of the Wagnerian music-drama is a Teutonic factor that can render us oblivious of the sight of Falstaffian sopranos and rotund tenors, and all those lamentable increases to which the singer's flesh is peculiarly heir. But this is impossible with the Frenchman Debussy. He has grown up too close to the best traditions of the oldest schools of the dramatic art. His characters must look and act, as well as chant their *rôles*.

It may be stated unreservedly though, that the closely woven, delicate filigree web of Debussy's workmanship in his music-drama cannot support a wide arena. The performances at Covent Garden were given with a nicety and care most unwonted in the frugal procedure of that institution. But Covent Garden was big enough to engulf Debussy, just as His Majesty's Theatre was small enough

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miserably to cramp the massive, rock-hewn substance of Ethel Smyth's opera *The Wreckers*. *Pelléas et Mélisande* at His Majesty's, and *The Wreckers* at Covent Garden, on the other hand, would have provided better evidence of the artistic perspicacity of the respective managers concerned; and would, moreover, have enabled inquiringly interested audiences to judge and appreciate each work in its proper proportions and values.

Music, as we are beginning to understand it in the present age, reveals itself more and more clearly as the one distinctive art medium shared by the cosmopolitan civilisations of our era that older races lacked. But art, like history, after all can never be anything else than a mirror reflecting the changelessness of life and death against the ceaseless shifting of environment. The trio of classic Greek tragedians would be quick to perceive in Maeterlinck's play certain parts of a legacy inherited directly from themselves. Debussy's music would have to afford them wholly curious and novel sensations. We can picture them listening with puzzled, inquisitive, but ever quickening comprehension and pleasure. It is even not beyond credence to imagine a serious colloquy across the centuries between these three. They might finally settle that choruses, messengers, gods in—and out-of the machine, what not, might well be summarily ejected from their dramatic appurtenances, since our modern orchestra is there to colour as well as to frame their picture. And how gorgeously beautiful the Greek language would sound chanted in Debussy's monodies against a twentieth-century orchestral background! Whether either Æschylus or Sophocles or Euripides would definitely elect M. Debussy to supply his special needs, *donne à penser*.[3]

Maeterlinck would doubtless proffer strenuous advice in the negative. For his own plays M. Maeterlinck does not approve of musical settings of any kind. But more especially has he vetoed Debussy's treatment. He dismisses Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* as 'a thing entirely foreign to him.' Nevertheless there is a peculiar quality in Maeterlinck's art which to a musician irresistibly evokes the expedience and cogency of a musical setting. This quality has been felt by both Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Ernest Newman, two critics equally keen in the study of verbal euphony and musical fitness.

> It is interesting (writes Mr. Newman) to note that many things in Maeterlinck either move us by their very vagueness, just in the way that music does, or else seem like a fragment from a libretto needing to be set to music before they can attain their full significance. . . . Many of his passages without music seem to be only the skeleton, the scaffolding, of an emotional effect. They read almost like a libretto, without its music.[4]

[3] If the Greeks should hesitate at Debussy, we may venture to surmise that they would not have an instant's pause of consultation before betaking themselves swiftly, in shuddering flight, from before the *Elektra* of Richard Strauss-Hofmannsthal.

[4] *Musical Studies*, Ernest Newman. John Lane. London 1905. In his considerations of Maeterlinck and music, Mr. Newman seems oddly enough still to have been

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But it is one thing to deepen and emphasise the effect of what Mr. Shaw further delineates as 'fragile word-music,' and another to catch the pulse-beat and slow onward sweep of a tragedy. Subdued, slight, vague as may be Maeterlinck's outlines, and whatever other defects his play may possess, his *Pelléas et Mélisande* must be acknowledged to sound the true tragic chord.

Beethoven told us several times what tragedy can mean in music. Schumann has done so in his *Faust*; Wagner in *Tristan*; Verdi in *Othello*. Has Debussy caught the beat of it in *Pelléas et Mélisande?* In view of the immense delight that this miraculous score of his can never fail to afford one's purely musical sense, the query comes with all diffidence. From his opening bars the glamour of his orchestra is upon us. He makes us, too, forget footlights and all the artifices of scenic stage appliances. We are with him in the silence and mystery, the glimmer and dimness, of the forest. He echoes the melancholy cadence of the sea. He catches the fleeting beauty of the clouds. All of this, the innermost spirit of his own art, happens by a fortuitous coincidence to be also the Maeterlinckian landscape in its every touch. Debussy has given it to us repeatedly. It is there in the symphonic poems *La Mer* or *Nuages*, as well as in those delightful pianoforte pieces and songs of his.

As to the *Electra* of Sophocles—in the performances at the Court Theatre a fortnight ago the author would scarcely have failed to appreciate the slight but most pregnant touches supplied by Mr. Granville Bantock's music. Here was something quite apart from the thin, droning dulness which more than one British composer has tried to foist upon Greek tragedy. Sophocles, as we all know, was a past-master at the psychology of the tenacious woman with a grievance. In *Electra* he gives her full tongue. The type lives on. In the present day Sophocles would write a new *Electra*. He would call it *Mrs. Pankhurst*, with chorus. Mr. Granville Bantock would be commissioned for music, and would, it is to be hoped, be given free latitude to double his orchestra, quadruple his chorus and intersperse his melodrame plenteously.

In his exquisite music to the love scenes between Mélisande and Pelléas again he probes right inside the rapture and youth, and yet the austere fervour and purity and reverence, of the Maeterlinck conception. Nor has any more beautiful child-study in music ever been penned than his portrayal of Yniold. One only begins first really to be forced to hesitate when it comes to Debussy's psychology of the old king, Arkel.

Je suis très vieux et cependant n'ai pas encore vu clair, un instant, en moi-même; comment voulez-vous que je juge ce que d'autres ont fait? Je ne suis

unacquainted with Debussy, since he makes no mention of him, drawing his deductions chiefly from an hypothesis of presumable Wagnerian modes of handling.

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pas loin du tombeau et je ne parviens pas à me juger moi-même. . . . On se trompe toujours lorsqu'on ne ferme pas les yeux pour pardonner, ou pour mieux regarder en soi-même. Cela nous semble étrange; et voilà tout. Cela nous semble étrange, parceque nous ne voyons jamais que l'envers des destinées . . . l'envers même de la nôtre. . . . L'âme humaine est très silencieuse. . . . L'âme humaine aime à s'en aller seule . . . elle souffre . . . elle souffre si timidement . . . Mais la tristesse . . . mais la tristesse de tout ce que l'on voit . . . oh! oh! oh! . . . Si j'étais Dieu j'aurais pitié du cœur des hommes. . . .

Here, unless the composer can give the whole heart-grip of the chastened philosophy of this rare old age, its sweetly tender tolerance, its pitiful groping to fathom the wherefore of things, Maeterlinck is fully justified in his imperative demand for absolute silence. Again, too, one has to hesitate before Debussy's Golaud, 'homme comme les autres,' whom Maeterlinck, if we read him aright, will have full-blooded, a man in the prime of his physical energy, prosaic and unimaginative, if we will, but emphatically straightforward, honest and kindly, till he is caught in the meshes and toils of the agony and torment of his own sexual jealousy and suspicion.

And then there is that last moment of all in the play when to the peace and rest of death follows the sharp, tragic reaction of the claim and call of life. Mélisande's new-born child is in the cradle beside the death bed. The old King takes it in his arms.

Venez: il ne faut pas que l'enfant reste dans cette chambre. . . . Il faut qu'il vive, maintenant, à sa place. . . . C'est au tour de la pauvre petite.

A musician can linger happily over the gentle repose, the contented calm of the harmonies of the death-dirge that softly closes Debussy's score. Decidedly this is not Maeterlinck's last chord. For Maeterlinck there is no finality of repose. Life has once more issued out of death. The muffled march and tread of tragedy has begun again. For the hour the step may be light as a child's. But it is inexorable. . . . 'Mais la tristesse . . . mais la tristesse de tout ce que l'on voit! . . . oh! oh! oh!'

No criticism is worth as much as the value of the scrap of metal that indites it, unless it be an attempt in one's impression of an artist's work to tell the truth, neither more nor less; and this naturally all the more where occasion occurs to deal with one of the most sensitive of poet-musicians. Between Debussy and Maeterlinck, then, one has to confess it, there seem to exist here and there several discords too sharp and unblendable even for Debussy's magic manipulations of dissonance. Or rather the musician has been at pains, unconsciously or from the sheer inclination of instinct, to soften and veil and shroud in a haze a psychology already too prone to veil and hide itself. In the revelation of his own most individual attribute Debussy has fallen upon a paradox. He emphasises the accent of Maeterlinck's crucial element of weakness. It were presumptuous and precipitate, though, to limit judgment at this stage. Debussy, be it observed, continues

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to hover round the very fabric and substance of tragedy. During the last three or four years he has been engaged in the composition of an orchestral scene, *King Lear*. This score is at present in course of publication. The thought of Debussy as an exponent of the most essentially relentless and remorseless of the Shakespearean tragedies may give rise to dubious apprehension. Yet who can tell? It may so chance that in the strength and stamina of Shakespeare he has found just the meed and measure of support that he craves. *King Lear* belonged to England first before it became the world's heritage. It is to be hoped therefore that to English listeners M. Debussy will vouchsafe the earliest opportunities of hearing and studying his score.

A. E. KEETON.

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THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

INTEREST must be aroused in the minds of all thinking people by the story of the George Junior Republic, a great American institution for reclaiming boys and girls who, from the viciousness of their surroundings or other causes, have made a bad start in their life's journey. The essence of the scheme is self-government, and it might well be called a Lilliputian Republic of boys and girls, with Mr. George to superintend and help them in their efforts to become industrious and upright men and women, as well as good citizens of the great Republic of the United States.

Mr. William R. George, the originator of this great idea, worked for many years amongst the poor of New York, especially the 'Hoodlums' of that city, and thereby gained a knowledge of city boys that few men possess.

The wonderful inspiration from which the Junior Republic proceeded flowed like a great river, from quite a small source. Each summer, from the year 1890, Mr. George took a party of poor boys and girls from the City of New York, for fresh air and country life, to his summer home in Freeville, which is nine miles from Ithaca in New York State. This did much to benefit their health, but Mr. George was not satisfied with their moral progress. People in the neighbourhood were very kind in bringing clothes and food for them, but Mr. George soon realised that it was bad for the character of the children to receive so much and give nothing in return. It encouraged a spirit of greed and caused more grumbling than gratitude; he therefore told them they must work for the clothes they needed. This they at first refused to do, but when they found that Mr. George remained firm in his decision they changed their minds. A boy wanted a garment, and came to the conclusion that he would work for it. Another followed his example, and soon they were all working for clothes which they had formerly received as charity; and when the holiday came to an end they went home proudly with their earnings and with a feeling of self-respect they had never experienced before. In this way the golden rule of the George Junior Republic, 'nothing without labour,' came into existence.

During the following summer another important factor of the scheme was developed. The lawless boys used to steal apples from

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the orchards in the neighbourhood, and each morning after chapel they were punished with corporal punishment in the presence of their companions. Mr. George disliked this task, but it seemed the only thing to do. One morning two boys were sullenly waiting for punishment, with the others listlessly watching; they had lost all interest in it, as they had seen the same thing enacted so often. Suddenly an inspiration came to him: he told the culprits that they should be judged by their companions. This immediately caused general interest in the proceedings, and the boys judged and gave sentence so fairly that Mr. George determined that this plan should be adopted in the future. So greatly did he dislike corporal punishment, that when some work had to be done he decided that hard labour should be ordered whenever the offence justified it. This was felt to be a far greater punishment, and it caused the offences to be reduced considerably. One day his assistant was ill and he had no one to superintend those who had been sentenced to hard labour, so he spoke to one of the boys who had always been sullen and difficult to approach and made him overseer. This boy became much interested in the work, and was very proud of his office; he did so well and made the culprits work to such good purpose that the number of boys punished that summer sensibly decreased. This was the beginning of Mr. George's great inspiration, and that year he thought out his big scheme, and his meditations gave birth to the George Junior Republic.

I will now as shortly as possible describe how the Republic is worked. The citizens are self-governing, they make their own laws, elect their president, judge, police, and other officers. They punish each other, passing sentence in court quite independently of Mr. George or the superintendent, who are, nevertheless, always present. The citizens are boys and girls from the age of fourteen years to twenty-one, and are taken from evil homes and surroundings and rescued from lives of sin. Even rich parents send their sons and daughters to this Republic when they find they are beyond control. Those parents who can afford to do so are obliged to pay a fee for any child sent to the Republic, but there are others who, perhaps, have no parents, or are too poor to pay anything for their maintenance.

The Republic has an ideal situation, the nearest town, Ithaca, N.Y., being about nine miles away. It is surrounded by beautiful country, wooded and hilly, with a creek running near where the boys and girls bathe and swim. It covers an area of about 300 acres of good agricultural land. There are ten cottages, with a house mother to manage each, two gaols, a very good school-house, a library, and a beautiful little chapel where undenominational services are held. The services, Sunday school, and Bible classes are well attended, although attendance is not compulsory. In addition there are car-

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penters' and joiners' shops, and a large bakery where they make the 'G.J.R. wafers' which are becoming known throughout the States. Excellent bread is also made at the bakery, which is sold to the public, and each loaf is wrapped in paper and sealed by the bakers, so that no other hands touch it. I give this as an example of their up-to-date method of carrying on business. There is also a large laundry where the latest appliances are used, and farming and gardening are well managed, so that the boys and girls get the best training in the different departments.

The citizens can buy and order things they need from a store which is run by the Republic. Each citizen has a cheque-book instead of using coin; the cheques are only of value in the Republic; when the boys and girls leave, their savings are paid to them in the money of the United States. Their motto is 'nothing without labour,' and they have to pay for their board, lodging, and clothing with the money they earn. If they are lazy and have not sufficient money in their possession to pay for their maintenance, they are treated as vagrants and sent to the workhouse belonging to the Republic, where they are compelled to work. When the boys and girls first come to the Republic they ask for work in any department for which they think they are best fitted. The boys generally go first to the 'Boys' Hotel,' where they pay least and have the plainest fare and accommodation. After they have been in the Republic long enough to have saved a little, and are earning a higher wage, they choose the cottage they like best and ask the house-mother whether they may lodge there. If she has room she takes them in, if not they wait for a vacancy or go to another cottage. The girls, when they first arrive, sleep in a large dormitory in the cottages and afterwards attain to rooms of their own.

The bedrooms are small but very comfortable, and they are allowed to hang pictures and decorate them. Some of the rooms are most tastefully arranged, and everything is done to encourage neatness and refinement in their surroundings.

The house-mother has an important position to fill, and much depends upon her in the training and moral development of the boys and girls. She teaches the girls who work in her house to be good housemaids and cooks, to be neat and tidy in their dress, to take a pride in their bedrooms, to make the sitting-rooms and dining-rooms pretty with flowers and plants, and does all she can to refine them, make them happy, and help them to become good women.

One day a week the citizens of the Republic hold a 'Town meeting,' when they discuss any reforms they wish to make, or perhaps amend some law which has been passed by them. These meetings are most interesting, their organisation is good, and some of the boys speak remarkably well.

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The court is one of the great features of the Republic. Before it commences the room is full of citizens talking and laughing. When it is time to begin the clerk of the court calls for order, and immediately there is silence. They are all very much in earnest, and the court is an impressive sight. The judge keeps perfect order, and the visitor is astonished at his dignity and his knowledge of law and legal terms. In passing sentence he speaks earnestly and well, and affords striking testimony to the thoughtfulness and judgment acquired by this system of self-government. The court is a great help in the moral training of the citizens. To stand up in a room crowded with their fellow-citizens, 'helpers,' and visitors, confess their sin and receive condemnation from one of their companions, is in itself a severe punishment without the addition of imprisonment or fine. There can be no question about partiality or the judgment being unfair. They are tried by jury and they can employ a lawyer, one of themselves, to defend them. Imprisonment is a serious matter, and they are very thankful if they can get off with a fine, even though it may cripple them financially. The prison rules are very strict, the food is plain, the beds are in iron cages, two to each cage, where the prisoners are locked for the night. These cages have an advantage over cubicles in that they are easily kept clean, have plenty of air and light, and the inmates can always be watched. The prisoners walk in 'lock step,' and have a keeper with them who is one of the citizens. They work in gangs on the farm or in making new roads or other outside work. They are not allowed to speak to the citizens. The girl-prisoners also have very strict rules and have a keeper with them, and are obliged to walk in single file with their hands behind their backs when they go through the village. Both boy and girl prisoners wear prison uniform.

The education in the Republic is good, and all the citizens are well taught. There is a headmaster with four or five women teachers under him, and the citizens are obliged to attend school five hours a day, either morning or afternoon. The prisoners also attend school, but are taught in a separate building. The first boy who graduated at a University had entered Cornell without further preparation; others have taken good degrees at Harvard and Cornell. One who graduated from the Harvard Law School is practising law in Syracuse, another is practising in Cleveland, another is a civil engineer, others are engaged as farmers, bookkeepers, salesmen, plumbers, bakers; one is an agent for a telegraph company, another is a buyer for a large New York department store. One boy has returned to the Republic to take charge of the printing shop, and another has charge of the bakery. This shows how some of the boys rise through the training they receive at the George Junior Republic, and take good positions among the citizens of the United States. Of the girls who have gone out from the Republic a number have returned to their homes,

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many are married, several are in domestic service, others work in factories or are dressmakers, milliners, or laundresses, and one is a teacher of dietetics in the Harrisburg State Hospital.

When we compare the life in the George Junior Republic with the ordinary reformatory or penitentiary life, we are struck with the different atmosphere of the two institutions. The life in the Republic is full of interest and variety and helps to develop character. You see the boys and girls in the evenings walking about the village, or sitting in twos and threes laughing and talking, perhaps watching a baseball match, or the girls playing basket-ball or croquet. They have many topics of conversation and for thought. They have to make laws that will be best for maintaining order in the Republic, and which will help them to become good citizens. This is a great responsibility; they accept it seriously, and those in positions of trust earnestly endeavour to perform their duties faithfully. It makes them consider the purpose of life and the advantage to their country in being good citizens, and this is done by boys and girls who formerly lived careless, thoughtless lives of sin and ignorance, not caring or thinking about their evil influence upon others, the trouble and sorrow they brought to those who loved them, or the harm they were doing their country. The life at the Republic brings this home to them, and they feel they must endeavour to reform others as well as themselves. Both power and responsibility are given to them, and it is wonderful how they rise to their duties and become immensely interested in the work and very proud of their Republic. The citizens have every inducement to improve; only those who are industrious, earning a good wage, and working well at school are elected to the positions of trust and honour, and by attaining those positions they acquire many privileges, besides gaining the respect of their companions.

Think of their lives, varied, happy, full of interest, with this great scheme of self-government to develop their characters and to make them understand the responsibility of life. Compare this with the life of repression in a penitentiary, where day after day there is the same dull, monotonous existence, the strict rules, the many hours of silence in which minds must lie dormant or full of the thoughts of their former evil lives, which, as they have nothing else to talk about, they discuss with their companions, contaminating others often more innocent than themselves.

Surely this life of self-government is a splendid inspiration, and philanthropists all over the world will hold Mr. George in great esteem as the pioneer of a new and wonderfully humanising scheme for reformation of character. He established the George Junior Republic on the 10th of July, 1895, and it has proved so successful that it is being enthusiastically adopted by the States, and philanthropists

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from all parts of the world go to Freeville to see Mr. George and inquire into the methods of his work.

In New York on the 1st of February 1908 the National Association of Junior Republics was formed, the purpose being to establish such institutions throughout the United States.

Could not this idea be adopted in England ?

ROSE C. BARRAN.

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THE STORY OF HALLEY'S COMET

The familiar name of 'Halley's Comet' has an abiding interest for all who care for the story the heavens are telling. It is closely associated with events which have contributed largely towards moulding the destiny of Europe. And it is not too much to say that students of astronomy in every land honour the memory of our distinguished countryman, whose labours in an entirely new field of research enabled him to foretell, that the celestial wanderer that appeared in our skies in 1682 would come again after the lapse of three-quarters of a century. Since then it has paid us two more visits, and we are now looking forward to a third.

The light which science was then, for the first time in history, shedding upon the structure of the heavens inspired both Newton and Halley with the idea that the comets were perhaps controlled in their movements by the same influence as that which Newton already believed, and was just on the point of demonstrating, held the Moon in its orbit. The happy thought had occurred to them while gazing upon the truly imposing comet which astonished the world in the winter evenings of 1680. It came from regions high above the plane of the ecliptic, plunging down towards the Sun with amazing velocity. For a short time it was lost sight of; then, emerging from the Sun's rays, almost grazing his sides as it passed round him, it put forth a train—straight, fierce, long—extending to a distance of many millions of miles. With like marvellous speed it ascended into the heavens above and swept onward into the abyss of space, followed with the keenest curiosity by every possessor of a telescope. Newton, using his seven-foot reflector, was the last to bid the stranger a final adieu, on the 19th of March 1681.[1] With remarkable insight Newton grasped the fact that comets were analogous to the planets in constitution and movement, and that the tail was formed of a very fine, slender vapour raised by the Sun's heat while the body was in his immediate vicinity. Reasoning thus, he applied his method of geometrical construction which had revealed to him the law of gravitation.

[1] Halley first caught sight of the comet while on his way to Paris. There he met with Cassini, and together they made careful observations of its exact distance from the nearest fixed star, and night by night noted its changed positions. These observations were of great service to Newton; they enabled him taken with his own measurements, to fix the comet's orbit.

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He found that a curve could be formed which would include all the places, he assumed, in which the comet would move. The problem was difficult but he solved it, and proved conclusively that the comet pursued an extremely eccentric course embraced within an oval which he thought would occupy it about 575 years to complete. But the fuller and more complete investigations of recent years render it not improbable that its mighty rush round the Sun may have been sufficient to carry it off for ever, and that it may now be winging its lofty flight towards some other system of worlds, in which it may possibly excite amazement or alarm, as here.

From the general application of the law it follows that comets move in one or other of the conic sections—either the circle, ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola—having one of their foci in or near the centre of the Sun, and by radii drawn from the Sun describe areas proportionable to the times. Having discovered the reason of the great law of the celestial movements in the single principle of mutual attraction of one mass of matter towards another, Newton gave it a mechanical interpretation, embracing the comets, and, indeed, all heavenly bodies. The first book of his *Principia*, showing that this was a necessary consequence flowing from the principle, was presented to the Royal Society in April 1686. He there lays the foundation of cometary astronomy, and he it was who made Halley's prediction possible. And yet, but for Halley, this great work might never have been printed. Halley, in 1684, paid a visit to Newton at Cambridge, and learned the good news that he had brought his demonstrations to perfection. Newton could not afford the cost of printing and publishing his work, but Halley, though not a wealthy man, undertook to bear the expense, and eagerly gave up his time to correcting the proof and in every way pressing forward to the utmost the printing and issue from the press.

From this moment a new era dawned upon the world of science; men awakened to a great truth, and began to understand something of the bond which holds in perfect harmony the stars in their courses in due relationship one to another; everywhere was manifest law, immutable, irresistible.

On the 15th of August 1682 the body whose career we are tracing came into view. It was first detected by Flamsteed's assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, while scanning the northern heavens with a telescope. Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, and Halley, his successor, kept a close watch upon the comet and followed its course over the sky. It was noticed that it had a somewhat oval-shaped body, and that it was moving in a path contrary to the regular course of the planets, or 'retrograde,' and but little inclined to the ecliptic. By the 26th the head, though no larger than a star of the second magnitude, put forth a tail of about 12° long, which waved towards the eastern side. Astronomers at Paris

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now caught sight of it, and both Picard and La Hire thought they saw phases in the nucleus similar to those of the Moon. If this were really so, it would imply that the comet was solid and compact, as Newton from his observations of the one of 1680 believed the comets to be. But the immense nebulosity which enshrouds the head renders the inference very doubtful. The tail lengthened considerably as the comet came nearer to the Sun; and now was remarked by all observers a sparkling or quivering movement running through its entire length. A little later a jet of luminous matter shot out towards the Sun, then, apparently meeting with some resistance, it fell backwards on all sides and mingled with the tail. Hevelius, at Dantzic, thought the phenomenon so peculiar that he represented it in a drawing. We now know that this kind of eruption, so suggestive of internal agitation, is common to almost all comets when in the neighbourhood of the Sun. Indeed, as regards size, form, or any of the marvellous characteristics which mark the flight of comets through space, Halley's is of the average type. It suffices for us that it was the one which Halley fixed upon for his investigation into the mystery and movements of these hirsute visitants to our domain. Interest therefore centres in his labours, labours which he himself says were 'prodigious'; and this may well be so, considering the state of analytical science at that time. Save Newton alone, there was no other man living who could have successfully dealt with the difficulties of the problem.

It was Halley's good fortune to be closely associated in astronomical work with Sir Isaac Newton. He followed his advice implicitly, and adopted, on Newton's suggestion, Flamsteed's observations of the comet for the basis of his calculations. He assumed parabolic elements, though he thought it likely that it revolved in an orbit of extreme eccentricity, reaching far out into the heavens. And again acting on the advice of Newton, Halley made diligent search among ancient and modern historical records for the purpose of seeing whether mention was made of any comet the date of whose appearance, position, and movement agreed with the results his calculations had given. Casting his eyes over the table of cometary apparitions he had prepared for comparison, he was particularly struck with the similarity which existed between the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682, in their having the like situation of their planes and perihelions. All the elements were so near alike that, after a reinvestigation, he felt little hesitation in concluding that they represented one and the same comet that had made three revolutions in its elliptical orbit.

Halley in 1704 presented the results of his investigations to the Royal Society in a memoir entitled *Astronomiæ Cometicæ Synopsis*. It includes a table of twenty-four comets, beginning with the year 1337 and ending with the year 1698. He explains its use, thus:—

> The principal use of the tables of the elements of their motion, and, indeed that which induced me to construct it, is that whenever a new comet shall appear

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we may be able to know by comparing together the elements whether it be any of those which had appeared before, and consequently to determine its period and the axis of its orbit, and to foretell its return. And, indeed, there are many things which make me believe that the comet which Apian observed in the year 1531 was the same with that which Kepler and Longomontanus more accurately observed in the year 1607, and which I myself have seen return in the year 1682. All the elements agree, and nothing seems to contradict this my opinion, except that there is an inequality in the times of revolution, but this is not so great that it cannot be attributed to physical causes. For example, the motion of Saturn is so disturbed by the other planets, and especially by Jupiter, that his periodic time is uncertain to the extent of several days. How much more liable to such perturbations is a comet which recedes to a distance nearly four times greater than Saturn, and a slight increase in whose velocity would change its orbit from an ellipse to a parabola? The identity of these comets seems to be confirmed by the fact that in the summer of the year 1456 a comet was seen passing retrograde between the Earth and the Sun in nearly the same manner, and although it was not observed astronomically, yet, from its period and path, I cannot think different from those I have just mentioned. . . . Hence [he concludes] I may venture to foretell that it will return again in the year 1758.

These explorations into the domain of the comet-world had a higher significance than the question of periodicity. The two illustrious astronomers had seen that these apparently erratic bodies are confined to no region of space; that they enter the planetary spaces at all angles with the plane of the ecliptic, coming no one could tell whence, or whither bound; nor at the outset could it be known whether the object whose characteristics declared it to be a comet would fall into the Sun, strike against one of the planets, or, indeed, collide with the Earth. It was recognised that inquiry into the nature and movement of Halley's comet had deprived these bodies for ever of their portentous character. But while relieving mankind from dread of cometary supernatural influence the new astronomy had brought to light a material danger, one which had never before been suspected. Here was work for the geometer of a kind to call forth his keenest scrutiny. Following up the inquiry, it was found that three or more exact observations, made on different dates, of the comet's position in relation to any fixed star near to which it might be situated, would show how far its course diverged from a straight line, and would thus afford the mathematician data from which he could construct a curve showing its exact path to and from the Sun. His ephemeris, indeed, may show whether the Earth, or any other of the planets, would be in its way, and tell the date and hour of its transit at every important point along its track. The chance of a collision, however, is so small—one in many millions—that the risk is hardly worth a moment's serious thought. Yet 'the Chariot of Fire' which the year before careered through our neighbourhood had left a vivid impression on the public mind. It had inspired Whiston with visions of dismay and destruction, and caused Halley to look closely into its movements. Halley's investigation led to the startling result that the comet had, on the 11th of November, when passing through the descending node,

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approached the Earth's *path* within a semi-diameter of the Earth. The discovery caused Halley to reflect upon the question as to what would have happened had the Earth and the comet arrived at the same time at the place where the two orbits intersect. Assuming the comet's mass to be comparable to that of the Earth, he concluded that their mutual gravitation would have caused a change in the position of the Earth's orbit and consequently in the length of the year. This train of thought led him on to consider what the result of an actual encounter would be, and he says, 'If so large a body with so rapid a motion were to strike the Earth—a thing by no means impossible—the shock might reduce this beautiful world to its original chaos.'

A vivid light was thus cast upon a fascinating chapter in the history of our planet. To Dr. Whiston—he who succeeded Newton in the Lucasian chair of Mathematics at Cambridge—it opened a vista exhibiting the comet as the physical cause of the Deluge; and in the fulness of his prophetic vision he declared it to be the divinely appointed agent that would bring about the General Conflagration by involving the world in flames as it passed the Earth on its outward course from the Sun. Halley, too, though he could not join Whiston in his wonderful flight of fancy, was deeply impressed with the idea of a possible encounter between the Earth and a comet, and the consequences which must ensue therefrom. It seemed to him not improbable that the Earth had at some remote period been struck by a comet, which coming upon it obliquely had changed the position of its axis of rotation, the North Pole having originally, he thought, been at a point near to Hudson's Bay. To this cause he referred the rigour of the climate of North America; and the wide distribution of marine substances over the Earth's surface he considered lent support to his conjecture. Laplace a century later gave the sanction of his analytical reasoning to this view, and depicted in dismal colours the effect which would result to our globe were a comet at all comparable to the Earth in mass to strike against it. He says:

> The seas would abandon their ancient beds and rush towards the new equator, drowning in one universal deluge the greater part of the human race. . . . We see, then, in effect why the ocean has receded from the high lands upon which we find incontestable marks of its sojourn; we see how the animals and plants of the south have been able to exist in the climate of the north where their remains and imprints have been discovered.

Physicists of the present day, however, do not favour this view. Lord Kelvin and Sir George Darwin assure us that not only is the possible amount of deviation of the pole from a given position too small to have produced the observed climatic effects, but even this small dislocation would involve geographical revolutions stupendous in amount, improbable in their distribution, and completely at variance with the geological evidence.

Halley was fifty years old when he made the famous prediction

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that the comet of 1682 would reappear, and knowing that he could not live to see its fulfilment he advised the younger generation of astronomers to keep a careful look-out for it as the time drew near. In the Astronomical Tables which were published four years after his death Halley shows that he had reassured himself of the accuracy of his calculations, and he concludes with the following appeal: 'Wherefore, if according to what we have already said, it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman. Englishmen have with just pride acknowledged Halley's claim, and science has honoured his memory by giving his name to the comet which, in universal interest, ranks first among the celestial wanderers that pay us periodical visits.

Out of the new and more accurate views respecting the nature of comets, which arose from the discovery that they are material bodies controlled by physical laws, there sprang a host of visionaries who, haunting the borderland lying between fact and fiction, saw a way leading by natural sequence to other worlds peopled by intelligent beings. They argued that since comets are material bodies governed by the law of gravitation they must needs be like the Earth and the other planets, and, therefore, inhabited by beings similar to ourselves. Perhaps the most interesting creation the dreamers placed in the comets was a race of astronomers gifted with ocular powers capable of penetrating to the surface of the Earth, and maybe of taking note of our works and ways. Fontenelle, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, was a believer in Descartes' vortex theory, and in his rare work on the *Pluralité des Mondes* (1686) he says:

> Comets are planets which belong to a neighbouring vortex; they move near the boundaries of it; but this vortex being unequally pressed upon by those that are adjacent to it, is rounder above and flatter below, and it is the part below that concerns us. . . . Our comet is forced to enter the neighbouring vortex, and this it cannot do without a shock. . . . I have already told you of the shock which takes place when two vortices meet and repel each other. I believe that in this case the poor comet is rudely enough shaken, and its inhabitants not less so. We deem ourselves very unfortunate when a comet appears in sight, but it is the comet itself that is very unfortunate.

The Marquise listening to these words does not agree with them. On the contrary she maintains that the comet brings to us all its inhabitants in *good health*.

> Nothing [she adds] is so delightful as thus to change vortices. We who never quit ours lead a life wearisome enough. If the inhabitants have sufficient knowledge to predict the time of their entrance into our world, those who have already made the voyage announce beforehand to others what they will see. 'You will soon discover a planet which has a great ring about it,' they will say perhaps, speaking of Saturn. 'You will see another which will be followed by four little ones.' Perhaps there are people appointed to look out for new worlds as they appear in sight, and who cry immediately, *A new Sun! a new Sun!* as sailors cry, *Land! Land!* Believe me, we have no need to pity the inhabitants of a comet.

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Johann Lambert, of Mühlhausen, whose mind seems to have been dominated by narrow notions on the subject of final causes, insists on the habitability of comets with an insight peculiar to his idiosyncrasy. Seeing that difficulty might result from the comet's near approach to the solar flames, he examines the question, and asks, 'Are we sure that fire has not its invisible inhabitants, whose bodies made of *asbestos* are impenetrable to fire?' Having settled the cosmogony of comets, he surveys his work with serene complacency, saying:

> I like to picture to myself these globes voyaging in space and peopled with astronomers, who are there on purpose to contemplate nature on a grand scale as we do on a small scale. From their moving observatory as it is wafted from Sun to Sun they see all things pass successively before their view, and can determine the positions and motions of all the stars. . . . In truth, I picture to myself that astronomy must be for the inhabitants of a comet a terribly complicated science.

To the theological vision of Agostino Macarri, Vicar of the Holy Inquisition, comets had an entirely different significance. His reflections on these celestial visitants and their mission are given in a curious work published in 1681, entitled, *Secreti Astrologici Celesti et Terrestri motivali dalle Comete.* The chief purpose comets are designed to serve is to communicate to the initiated in things astral the origin, coming, and death of Antichrist; also the month and day on which the world is to end. In all seriousness the author says that our earthly dwelling-place will be destroyed on the 25th of March when that date happens to fall on a Sunday, but the year cannot be foretold with equal certainty. The colossal comet that startled the world the previous year (1680) had deeply impressed the mind of the good man, and led him into the only train of thought his priestly office permitted. In this respect he was not alone; our own leader of religio-scientific thought, Dr. Whiston, in the glow of an upwhirled imagination, did more than enough to satisfy public curiosity in relation to the 'Conquering Comet' (Lambert). He pointed to the 'Blazing Starre' as the abode of lost souls undergoing the penalty due to vice, and described how they were alternately exposed to the devouring heat of the solar fires and to the frigid regions of outer darkness.

Such are among the shadowy fantasies that, like the fleeting forms imaged by the dawning of a new day, crossed men's minds at the time when new light was breaking upon the astronomical world.

As the time drew near for the fulfilment of Halley's prediction, efforts were made to reach a greater degree of accuracy than the state of analytical science permitted in his day. The undertaking would involve computations of a very intricate character; it would be necessary to ascertain the amount and kind of effect the attraction of the large planets would have upon the comet in either hastening

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or delaying its movement. Astronomy was fortunate in having in its ranks two very able and enthusiastic mathematicians, whose perfect faith in the Newtonian law of gravity led them to enter with zeal upon the arduous task. The result of the joint labours of MM. Clairaut and Lalande, assisted by Mlle. Lepaute, are known to the world.

Their computations were brought to a close early in November 1758. On the 14th of that month M. Clairaut presented a memoir on the subject to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, in the course of which he remarks upon the lively interest the public generally were taking in the matter: an interest and curiosity seldom bestowed in those days on questions of astronomy. He is sure all true lovers of science desire the return of the comet, because it would afford striking confirmation of a system in favour of which nearly all phenomena furnish conclusive evidence. But he points to others who are hopeful that it may not return, and so prove the reasoning of astronomers to be on a level with the fanciful theories put forward by the imaginative, and which are destitute of all foundation in fact. Against these opponents of the revelations of science Clairaut waxes warm, and declares himself wholly in favour of the universality of the law of gravitation. Briefly, he found that the comet's return to perihelion would be retarded 618 days more than in the preceding return—namely, 518 days by the attraction of Jupiter and 100 days by that of Saturn. Hence he concluded that the comet would arrive at its nearest point from the Sun on the 13th of April 1759. Being pressed for time, Clairaut says that he had neglected to take into account some minor quantities which might possibly exercise an influence one way or the other to the extent of thirty days. The comet arrived at perihelion on the 12th of March 1759, just within the assigned limit of possible error. The weight of the two great disturbers of the comet, Jupiter and Saturn, was not so exactly known then as now. Laplace has said that had the true mass of Saturn alone been known the error would have been reduced to thirteen days.

Strange to relate, the first person to catch sight of the returning wanderer was a Saxon farmer named George Palitzch, living at Problis, near Dresden. An amateur astronomer possessed of a keen eye and an 8-foot telescope, he was a diligent observer of the heavens, and on the Christmas night of 1758, when scanning the quarter of the sky where the comet was expected to appear, he noticed a white speck on the blue canopy. This roused his suspicion. He kept watch, and to his great joy saw that it enlarged into a hazy, nebulous body. Onward it came, increasing in size night by night, and soon proclaimed itself to be none other than Halley's comet, bearing testimony to the prescient eye of the mathematician. That a Saxon peasant, as Arago somewhat scornfully calls Palitzch, should have been the first to detect the comet when all the astronomers of Europe were looking for it without success, could not be tolerated;

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it was ridiculed, doubted, and at last admitted. Baron von Zach, an astronomer of repute, knew Palitzch well, and spoke favourably of him as a careful and constant observer of the heavens. But Messier, whom Louis the Fifteenth had nicknamed 'Le furet des Comètes,' was sorely put out that his nightly vigils all through the year 1758 should end in failure; that a mere outsider should win the palm he rightly should have borne. In fairness to this diligent comet-hunter it should be added that he was much interrupted in his search by cloudy weather; not until the 21st of January following did he succeed in finding the comet. Thenceforward he continued to observe it, carefully noting its places night by night until the 4th of February. But the comet did not exhibit the grand appearance which had marked some of its earlier returns. This was due in great part to its low situation in the southern heavens, which involved it in the vapours of the horizon. And by the end of February it was in inferior conjunction with the Sun, consequently too near him to be visible in these latitudes before the last week in April. In the southern hemisphere it would be seen to greater advantage; but unfortunately the records of its appearance there are few and scanty. Father Cœurdoux, at Pondicherry, observed it, and says that on the 30th of April it had the aspect of a large star shrouded in haze, and that it had a tail measuring about 30° long. And M. le Nux, observing the comet at the Isle of Bourbon, says the tail was very slender, and varied in length from 3° on the 29th of March to 47° on the 5th of May.

A little later it was attentively observed in European skies, first at Lisbon, then at Paris, Toulouse, and at nearly all the observatories in Europe. Again its low position, near the horizon, interfered greatly with attempts at a critical examination of the nucleus. Anxiously as had its reappearance been awaited, little astronomical work could under the circumstances be done. But astronomers, and all who took an interest in the epoch-making event, thought themselves well rewarded for their midnight vigils in being privileged to witness the fulfilment of a prediction which shed lustre on the age. Messier, though denied the honour of being the first to welcome the wanderer, had the satisfaction, on the 3rd of June, of being the last to see it off on its long, solitary journey to a region far beyond the boundary of our system.

The comet's periodicity being now established, curiosity prompted inquiry into its past career. Halley had with more or less of probability traced it back to the year 1456, and Pingré, whose *Cométographie*[2] is a lasting monument to his historical genius, found in Chinese astronomical annals evidence converting the conjecture into a certainty.

With the aid of their trustworthy records Mr. J. Russell Hind has traced it back to an earlier date still, and identified it with the

[2] Pingré says that he consulted 616 authors. First edition, Paris, 1783.

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comet of 837 A.D. It appeared in the spring of that year and so disturbed Louis le Débonnaire that he summoned a council of wise men to consider its aspect and enlighten him as to its significance. The Court Astronomer indeed found it more than he could well do to keep pace with his Majesty's eager inquiries. He says:

During the celebration of the holy days of Easter an apparition, always of gloomy import, presented itself in the sky, and as soon as the Emperor heard of it he gave himself neither peace nor rest, until he had called certain learned men and myself before him. As soon as I arrived he anxiously asked me what I thought of such a sign—what it imported. 'Let me have but a little time,' I asked of him, 'that I may consider its aspect and gather from the stars the true meaning of the portent,' promising him that I would acquaint him on the morrow. Suspecting that I only wished to gain time (which was true, in the hope I might not be obliged to say anything fatal to him) his Majesty said, 'Go on the terrace of the palace and return at once and let me know what you have seen, for I did not see this star last evening, and you did not point it out to me; but I know it is a comet. Tell me what you think it announces to me.' Then, scarcely allowing me time to say a word, he added, 'There is still another thing you keep back: it is that a change of reign and the death of a prince are announced by this sign.'[2]

The assembled astrologers hearing these words, and being prudent men, readily yielded to his Majesty's superior wisdom, and with the gravity becoming their office declared that the comet was indeed a messenger from on high telling of evil days at hand, on account of the nation's manifold transgressions. Whereupon Louis, deeply touched with his own infirmities, hastened to reform his ways, to build churches and found monastic establishments throughout his dominions, in the hope that by these meritorious deeds he might appease the wrath of Heaven.

The French geometer, Dionys du Séjour, has made a thorough investigation of the various notices of the comet found scattered in the pages of history, particularly the precise account given of its position and movement in the Chinese annals already mentioned. His collected data left little room for doubt that the comet was a very fine one. It had passed the perihelion point on the 28th of February 837, and during four days in March it had approached the Earth within a mean distance of two millions of miles. Its train, sparkling and fiery, had spread over the azure vault far past the mid-heaven in a graceful curve, opening out towards the end into two divergent streams. Indeed, the description the historians give of the wonderful star lead the mind unfettered by fears of the supernatural to picture a beautifully winged object, lending charm and diversity to the calm, solemn grandeur of the midnight sky. How it came about that the presence of a comet always inspired our ancestors with apprehension of calamitous consequences is hard to understand. The fact seems to point to a deeply seated feeling of danger, the origin of which is lost.

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A still more striking instance of this inborn dread of comets is found in the story of the famous one which appeared in the memorable year of the Norman Conquest. It broke upon the gaze of the inhabitants of these islands in the spring of the year 1066, and shone brightly all through the disastrous days which followed. Naturally, men were keenly alive to outer influences at a time when every wind was wafting to these shores tidings of the doings of Duke William of Normandy; of his sainted reliques, and preparations for the invasion of England; of Hardrada, King of Norway, and his swarming hordes in the north threatening to wrest the English crown from Harold. The chroniclers of the period tell the story in sorrowful words, and associate the comet with the events which were then growing into portentous shape. In size and brightness the comet equalled the full Moon, and its tail, gradually lengthening as it gained the neighbourhood of the Sun, arched over the heavens in the form of a 'dragon's tail.' Sigebert says of it that, 'Over the island of Britain was seen a star of a wonderful bigness, to the train of which hung a fiery sword not unlike a dragon's tail; and out of the dragon's mouth issued two vast rays, whereof one reached as far as France, and the other, divided into seven lesser rays, stretched away towards Ireland.'

And William of Malmesbury tells how the apparition affected the mind of a fellow monk of his monastery. His words are:

> Soon after the death of Henry, King of France, by poison, a wonderful star appeared trailing its long tail over the sky. Wherefore, a certain monk of our monastery, by name Elmir, bowed down with terror at the sight of the strange star, wisely exclaimed, 'Thou art come back at last, thou that will cause so many mothers to weep; many years have I seen thee shine, but thou seemest to me more terrible now that thou foretellest the ruin of my country.'

Elmir's tone is gloomy, but is in keeping with the feeling which finds utterance in the pages of the chroniclers of those troubled times. Though nerved to face undaunted every earthly danger, our Saxon forefathers quailed before the Bode from out the darkness lying beyond their ken. How largely the comet loomed in the public eye is shown in the Bayeux tapestry. In the thirty-fifth compartment of this priceless embroidery, immediately after the one representing the coronation of Harold, a figure of the comet is worked in the upper right-hand corner. Several persons with uplifted finger are gazing upon it, and above their heads are the words ISTI MIRANT STELLA.

In this instance, also, the Chinese observed and noted with care the position and path of the comet of 1066. Happily a French Jesuit, named Gaubil, had the good fortune while a missionary in China to unearth some of their astronomical records. He sent a translated copy to France, and the information thus furnished to Europe enabled Mr. Hind to identify the comet of the Conquest with Halley's.

Passing on to the middle of the fifteenth century—to the year 1456—we again find Halley's comet occupying a conspicuous place

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in European affairs. At the moment of its first appearance the conquering Turks, under Mahomet the Second, were threatening to lay waste Christendom. Already Constantinople had fallen into their hands, and from the summits of her stately edifices gleamed the Ottoman crescent. The cities of the Danube were rapidly giving way before their irresistible march, and now Belgrade was invested. In the midst of the consternation, faction raged in the Courts of Europe and conflicting counsels distracted the Latin Church.

The comet came into view on the 29th of May, and was seen gliding over the sky towards the Moon. Writers of the eventful period say that it shone with sparkling lustre and spread out a fan-shaped golden train; others describe its form as that of a Turkish scimitar, which, glinting in the moonlight, was regarded as a sign from Heaven of the conflict raging between the Christian and the Pagan hosts. Onward it came with sweeping glories, speeding its way towards the Sun; it reached perihelion on the 9th of June, then, turning its course, it gradually passed away into the depths of space. A circumstantial account of the comet's appearance has been left us by a Bavarian Jesuit named Pontanus. He relates his story on the authority of George Phranza, Grand Master of the Wardrobes to the Emperor of Constantinople. He speaks of the comet rising in the west, moving towards the east, and approaching the Moon. Subsequent writers, stirred by a love of the marvellous, have made out that the comet actually eclipsed the Moon. A lunar eclipse certainly took place while the comet was in the sky, caused as always by the Earth's shadow falling on the Moon; nothing Pontanus had said, however, warranted the inference that the comet had occasioned the obscuration. But this lapse has left no trace in astronomical history at all comparable with the myth woven about the Pope's action in regard to the comet. Leading writers one after another declare in slightly varying terms that the reigning Pontiff, Calixtus the Third, was so alarmed by the apparition in the heavens that he issued a Bull exorcising the evil thing, and that to the *Ave Maria* he added the words, 'From the Turk and the Comet, good Lord deliver us.' Arago, Babinet, Guillemin, Hind, Draper, and others all repeat the story; and the *Angelus de Midi*, we are told, owes its origin to the fears of the aged Pope (then in his eightieth year). The Rev. J. Gerard, S.J., has given a careful sifting to all the documents bearing upon the subject, and in his accustomed calm and dispassionate manner he reduces the story to a figment hardly bearing the semblance of a grain of truth. He shows that the myth may possibly have sprung from the historian Platina's reference to the comet given in his *Vitæ Pontificum*, published in Venice in 1479. He was living in Rome at the time, and could not help but be alive to the events which were then passing before his eyes, and in respect to the comet he writes:

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A hairy and fiery star having then made its appearance for several days, the mathematicians declared that there would follow grievous pestilence, dearth and some great calamity. Calixtus, to avert the wrath of God, ordered supplications that if evils were impending for the human race He would turn all upon the Turks, the enemies of the Christian name. He likewise ordered, to move God by continual entreaty, that notice should be given by the bells to call the faithful at midday to aid by their prayers *those engaged in battle with the Turk.*

No mention is made of a Bull or an exorcism against the comet and the Turks, either singly or conjointly.

Between the epochs of 1759 and the ensuing return new methods of computation had greatly lessened the labour of mathematical investigation, and the more accurate measures of the planets, the discovery of Uranus and his moons, the wonderfully increased power of telescopes, all contributed to swell the interest with which the comet's next arrival was anticipated. For with these advantages it was justly inferred that the time of the next appearance would be foretold with a degree of accuracy which had been impossible in the previous case.

The Academy of Sciences at Turin called attention to the approaching epoch so early as the year 1817, and stimulated inquiry by offering their prize to competitors of all nations for the best theory of the comet's movements during its outward and inward journey. French astronomers again were first in the field—namely, Count Pontécoulant and Baron Damoiseau. The former fixed upon the 7th of November 1835 for the comet's arrival at perihelion; the latter, the 4th of that month. Some time afterwards Pontécoulant finally assigned the 12th of November. Meanwhile, two German mathematicians—Dr. Lehmann and Professor Rosenberger—took up the task, and in their results came very near to those of the French computists, Rosenberger giving the 11th of November and Lehmann the 26th. Observers were told to direct their telescopes towards the space between the constellations Auriga and Taurus; and diligent watch was kept over this region throughout the winter months of 1834–5; but this was too early, and nothing came of it. Among the numerous observers who all through the summer nights of 1835 patiently awaited the comet's return, Father Dumouchel was the first to get a glimpse of it. Favoured with the pure skies of Rome and a powerful telescope, he, and the astronomers of the Collegio Romano, caught sight of the comet on the 6th of August, close to the place Rosenberger had indicated for that day. It was then a faint, misty object, barely discernible with the aid of the telescope. The presence of moonlight and cloudy evenings delayed the discovery in this country until the 26th. Pursuing the course Rosenberger had foretold, it arrived at perihelion on the 16th of November, five days behind his computed time, and only four days later than that of Pontécoulant. Rosenberger's careful analysis furnished the interesting information that the attraction of our own planet hastened the comet's return by no fewer

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than 15⅔ days; and that Venus, Mercury, and Mars together shortened its period by six days more. He also took into account the probable effects of a resisting medium of cosmical ether on its motion, and this he estimated might bring it a week earlier. This at first sight seems paradoxical, until we remember that the effect of such a resistance would be to contract the comet's orbit by reducing its projectile force. So full and complete were Rosenberger's computations that astronomers generally accorded him the merit of having wrought out the best and most elaborate investigation. The Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain awarded him their gold medal. M. Pontécoulant was adjudged a similar distinction by the Paris Academy of Sciences. But the Turin Academy conferred their prize upon Baron Damoiseau.

In this country almost continuous bad weather obscured the comet from view until the middle of September, and then only transient glimpses could be got of it. But during October it shone out brightly, and put forth a train twenty degrees long, its course taking it over the constellations Ursa Major, Hercules, and Ophiuchus. The records of this return afford abundant evidence of a general agreement among astronomers to subject the nucleus to a rigorous scrutiny, in order to get a better knowledge than they had of the composition and character of these still mysterious bodies. The names of Herschel, Struve, Arago, Bessel, and Maclear are among the foremost of the investigators.

No sooner had the comet become generally visible than phenomena of an interesting description were noticed, such as completely altered its form, and which seemed to be connected with the production of a stream of nebulous matter flowing from the head and repelled with great force away from the Sun, in whatever direction the comet was moving. On the 2nd of October a luminous jet, resembling in shape a partially opened fan, was seen issuing from the nucleus towards the Sun; then, apparently meeting with some extraordinary repulsion, was vehemently swept backward, and, passing down either side of the body, blended into one stream and so formed a prolonged train. Bessel, observing the comet at Königsberg, was perfectly sure that he had now discovered the true source of supply for the tail. He declared that this appendage is a purely electrical phenomenon, produced by a repulsive force residing in the Sun, and about twice as powerful as the Sun's attractive or gravitational force. He noticed that this stream of matter oscillated like a pendulum to and fro, across a line joining the Sun and nucleus, in a period of 4⅘ days.

On the 6th, the comet having got much nearer to the Sun, the beautiful spray-like ejection disappeared, the efflux having entirely ceased; then the nucleus, as if cleared of much of its grosser matter, shone out brilliantly, exhibiting a sharp, well-defined round body.

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Two days later the efflux was resumed with an energy likened to a volcanic eruption, and showing signs of excessive agitation running through the whole body of the comet, giving it a quivering motion like that of a compass needle, or the oscillation of a railway train in transit when viewed from an eminence. As it gained the vicinity of the Sun, flame-like jets were seen, and the head of the comet (according to Professor Struve, of Dorpat) glowed 'like a red-hot coal of oblong form.' Bessel described the appearance as that of a 'blazing rocket,' the flame from which was driven aside as by a strong wind, or as the stream of fire from the discharge of a cannon when the sparks and smoke are carried backwards by the surrounding air. Three independent ejections burst forth from the body of the comet and streamed off in different directions, changing their course while under the gaze of the observer.

Passing over to the southern hemisphere, the comet became visible at the Cape of Good Hope on the 24th of January 1836, and was observed by Sir John Herschel and Sir Thomas Maclear under very favourable conditions until the middle of May. To the unaided eye it appeared to be a round, moderately well-formed star with a planetary-looking disc, enveloped in a semi-transparent atmosphere. Viewed through the telescope, a most surprising change was seen to have taken place in it. Divested of train, of the brilliant emanations and ever-varying phenomena which had signalised its approach to the Sun, it emerged from his rays an almost naked body, betraying evidence of the operation of some powerful physical agency which had wrought an entire transformation of its whole structure. In the body of the comet was seen a miniature comet possessed of a vivid nucleus, having a head and tail of its own, considerably more distinct in outline than the outer comet; and in the head of the smaller one was a point of a brightness so intense as to resemble a small star shining amidst a dense *chevelure*. Sir John Herschel, always doubtful as to the solidity of comets, did not see in this case sufficient evidence to warrant positive assurance to the contrary. As the comet receded farther from the Sun it gradually became larger, the nebulosity expanding and becoming denser as it sped on its dark, mysterious way. At last, shrouded in a dense coma, it faded from terrestrial view.

Sir John Herschel directed his attention chiefly to a consideration of the cause which operated to produce the immense stream of matter we call the tail, though on its outward journey this offshoot precedes the comet. He asks, 'What is the secret of its development within view of the observer; of its outward direction, always pointing from the Sun, in its approach, in its perihelion passage and outward flight?' After a careful examination of all the conditions, he finds himself driven to the conclusion that an energy of an entirely different kind from gravity, and far more powerful, must exist in the Sun to produce

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such effects. In his *Results of Astronomical Observations* (1847) he says:

> Nor let anyone be startled in the assumption of such a repulsive force as is here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing . . . with phenomena utterly incompatible with ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinarily received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round in the perihelion passage of the nucleus, in a direction continually pointing from the Sun in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive force, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a slower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus would give them, supposing it ever so intense?

The mystery grows upon him when he considers the immense stream of matter which issued from the body of the great comet of 1680, and which in five days after passing the perihelion stretched out far past the Earth's orbit; in that brief interval it had shifted its angular direction nearly 150 degrees. Continuing his argument, Sir John asks, 'Where are we to look if only gravity be admitted for any reasonable account of its projection outward from the Sun, putting its angular motion out of the question?'

Professor Encke's computation, showing the comet of 1680 to have had a velocity at perihelion of a million miles an hour, is conclusive evidence against an angular motion of the tail. A continuous repulsion of new matter alone can explain the phenomenon.

Astronomers of to-day identify the production of the tail with electrical action exerted by the Sun on the lighter or volatile particles of cometary matter raised by the solar heat. The German physicist, J. Karl Zöllner, shows that, owing to evaporation and other changes produced by rapid approach to the Sun, electrical processes of considerable intensity must take place in comets; also that their original light is immediately connected with these, and depends upon solar radiation, rather through its electrifying effects than through its seemingly thermal power. Comets are not bodies incandescent through heat, but glowing by electricity; and this is compatible with a relatively low temperature. It is perfectly well ascertained that the energy of the push backwards produced by electricity depends upon the *surface* of the body acted upon; that the energy of gravity depends upon its *mass*. Solar electrical repulsion increases as the size of the body diminishes. Therefore very small cometary bodies—particles of matter indeed—will virtually cease to gravitate, and will be wholly under the repellent solar force. These discoveries in the physical domain of the comet-world afford a complete explanation of the origin and formation of the long stream of almost ethereal matter projected from the body of the comet, and we see how it happens that it is always directed away from the Sun.

A comparison of old recorded appearances of Halley's comet with the appearance it presented in 1835 leads to the conclusion that

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it is gradually wasting away. In a long, interesting letter to the *Times*, dated the 30th of September 1881, Mr. Hind, under the heading 'The Comet of the Bayeux Tapestry,' remarks that its magnitude and intensity of light in 1066 would be half as great again as it exhibited in 1835. It is not difficult to believe that the matter surging from the head of the comet, when in the vicinity of the Sun and transported millions of miles distant, must be permanently separated from the body, and remain dissipated in the planetary spaces, to offer there a resistance to the movements of the planets, or else to form the elements of some new combinations. Considerations such as these awaken a new and profound interest in the comets, particularly now that it is known they are so frequently sweeping through the solar system. They lead directly to Encke's startling doctrine of a Resisting Medium, which inevitably involves the ultimate destruction of the solar system—though millions of years may elapse, yet still within a definite period. It seems not improbable that in course of time the influence of this ethereal medium upon the comet's rate of motion will be known; and that future astronomers will learn by the accuracy of its returns whether it has met with any unknown cause of disturbance on its journey outwards of 3,370,000,000 miles. Or it may be the means of revealing to the inward eye of the mathematician the existence of an unknown planet lying beyond the visible boundary of our system, even as the perturbations of Uranus revealed to Adams and Leverrier the existence of Neptune.

Again the veteran computist, M. de Pontécoulant, entered upon an investigation of the comet's movement, with the view of determining the date when it would reach its perihelion. So early as 1864 he announced, in the *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, that the next arrival at perihelion would be on the 24th of May 1910. An examination of his work led to doubt as to strict accuracy: it was noticed that he had only considered the disturbing action of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; it was obvious, too, that he had made some numerical errors. Two able computists of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich—Messrs. Cowell and Crommelin—have gone further into the abstruse calculations, taking into account the effect on the comet's movement of all the planets except Mercury and Mars. They do not claim absolute rigour. The task of taking into account every element of computation is simply appalling. At first they reached the conclusion that the comet would arrive at perihelion eleven days earlier than Pontécoulant had assigned. Further investigation has enabled Mr. Crommelin to announce the most probable date to be the 16th of April 1910. It will pass round the Sun with a speed of about 1800 miles a minute, and with extremely rapid geocentric motion will approach the Earth's orbit within the comfortable distance of about 12 millions of miles. If it would deign while passing outwards to give the Earth a tilt, doubtless it would settle many international difficulties,

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and confound our own and other people's politics. It will be an evening star in Pisces at the beginning of the year—in March and again in May. At the time of greatest brightness the conditions of observation will be much more favourable in the southern hemisphere than in the northern. It may be added that the comet will probably be near enough to the Sun to be seen at the time of the solar eclipse of the 8th of May 1910.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

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THE EFFECTS OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

I.

It is generally admitted that the last three or four years have witnessed the birth of a new spirit in India. Whether it should be styled the spirit of unrest and sedition, or the spirit of a legitimate national aspiration, largely depends upon the point of view taken by the observer. It is not proposed in the present article to discuss that question, nor to endeavour to trace the causes which have led to these new developments; still less to dictate to British politicians the steps which should now be taken, in the interests of all concerned, to meet the situation.

But it appears to the present writer to be of the utmost importance that the issue to be determined should be presented in its true aspect. Unfortunately, the essays of those who sympathise with national aspirations are worse than partisan; they traduce without scruple or hesitation the methods of the existing Government in India, and they bristle with misrepresentations of the aims and objects of British policy in that country. For proof of this it is only necessary to point in India to the literature of the Nationalist press *passim*, in England to books such as *Prosperous British India*, published by the late Mr. William Digby, and in America to articles such as that by Mr. Sunderland entitled 'The Nationalist Movement in India,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for last October. The licence of the Indian native press in this matter has become notorious and need not now be dwelt on, but the repetition of false arguments by Englishmen and Americans is likely to cause infinite harm. To those acquainted with India it may scarcely seem worth while to be at the pains of contradicting the obvious exaggerations and distortions to which currency is given in the English and American publications alluded to; but there is no doubt whatever that exaggerations and distortions of exactly the same nature may lead to practical disaster, and are in fact responsible for the extravagant crudities fermenting in the brain of the assassin Dhingra; while there is plenty of evidence to show that they command a large audience in both countries, and, being unchecked, are likely to gain an unduly wide credence. This is especially the case in America, where a natural tendency to sympathise with autonomous institutions, and a somewhat imperfect grasp of the conditions prevailing in India, predispose the less thoughtful to accept calumnious versions of the

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proceedings of the Indian authorities. Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, made a forceful protest against this attitude shortly before he relinquished the post of President of the United States. He appears to have been moved by no impulse except that of a generous sympathy when he went out of his way to extol the work of the British in India, but naturally it was not possible for him to support the honest expression of his belief by a mass of detailed fact and argument. The purpose of the present article can perhaps best be served by adopting his words to represent one side of the case, by making a concise *résumé* of such writers as Mr. Digby to represent the other side, and by then applying to each the touchstone of authoritative facts, so far as such facts can be ascertained. It is curious, but true, that the American speaker must be briefed for the Indian Government against the English writer; because the Englishmen who are best qualified to speak are generally silent.

Here then are Mr. Roosevelt's words,—

> The successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most notable and most admirable achievements of the white race during the last two centuries. On the whole, it has been for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves. The mass of the people have been and are far better off than ever before, and far better off than they would be now if the English control were overthrown or withdrawn. Indeed, if the English control were now withdrawn from India, the whole peninsula would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence; all the weaker peoples and the most industrious and law-abiding would be plundered and forced to submit to indescribable wrong and oppression; and the only beneficiaries among the natives would be the lawless, the violent, and the blood-thirsty.

Now, for the concise *résumé* on the other side, the following statements, taken directly from its literature, may be regarded as fairly representative :—

> India was a full land when England first went there, not a comparatively empty one, as America was when it was discovered. It possessed highly-organised governments far older than that of Great Britain, and a civilisation that had risen to a splendid height before England's was born. England does not colonise India. Why did she go there at first, and why does she remain? What has been the result? Only that India is now racked by appalling famines of increasing severity, due entirely to the growing impoverishment of the people. This impoverishment is caused by—
>
> 1. Heavy taxation.
> 2. The deliberate destruction by Britain of India's manufactures.
> 3. The enormous and wholly unnecessary cost of her Government.
> 4. The heavy military expenditure.
> 5. The steady and enormous drain of wealth from India to England.
>
> All these troubles and miseries are due to the fundamental crime committed by England in her dealings with India, viz. that she does not permit the Indian people to have any voice in their own government, but treats them as slaves through the medium of an unsympathetic and unfeeling bureaucracy. Let them have self-rule, and all these evils would at once be righted. India was not incapable of ruling herself before England came. Why should she be regarded as incapable now?

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These, then, are the two pictures. It is quite clear that they are essentially incompatible, and that no perversion of words nor ingenuity of argument can make them harmonise.

Let us now apply the touchstone of fact. And first we will deal, as briefly as possible, with the historical aspect of this question. The delineation given in the second picture above is the result of a confusion of thought between the ancient and the modern history of the peninsula. It is true that 2000 or 3000 years ago there existed in India a civilisation higher than that which was to be found in England at the same time. But England came to India 250 years ago; and if it is true that India at that period of history was not incapable of ruling herself, if she possessed at that time, or at any date within one hundred years of that time, a highly organised government of her own, how is it that she came to allow small bodies of Europeans, a few hundreds strong, to impose themselves upon different parts of the country and to divide up its territories among them? The facts are surely too well known and too well authenticated to need repetition in detail. The English first appeared on Indian soil as traders—the expansion of their business among a crowd of petty, weak, ill-governed principalities, combined with competition against traders from other European countries, forced upon them measures for self-protection; the collapse of their opponents obliged them to take steps for the management of the territories which fell into their hands; thus they found themselves the repositories of a political power which was no doubt more than they could safely wield—and eventually the Crown had to intervene to relieve the East India Company of the enormous and extensive responsibilities which the weakness and want of cohesion of the different peoples of India had left to it as a heritage. India was just a congeries of small principalities, all warring with one another, and it is obvious from the briefest perusal of the history of that period that there was no central Government at all, no government of India. It would be premature at present to speculate whether, if English control were now withdrawn, India would at once relapse to the condition of anarchy and misrule in which England found her, though Mr. Roosevelt, whose imaginative faculties were not likely to be blind to its importance, has clearly stated his opinion on this point; but, apart from that question, it is clear that British rule has during the last two hundred years given to the nations of India a peace and a freedom from war and bloodshed which they had not enjoyed for centuries before. This point is generally passed by without notice in the Nationalist literature; but it is surely one which the British administration may claim as counting for much on the credit side of their account.

Leaving now the historical side of the picture, let us follow these writers into regions where they appear to be more cogent, the malevolent methods actually employed by their British rulers towards the

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dumb millions of India. It is strange how the transition from a western to an oriental latitude must alter a man's nature! It is generally admitted by these writers, as for instance in the *Atlantic Monthly* article already referred to, that Britain treats her Colonies well, and allows them an extraordinary degree of freedom, and that British institutions generally stand for liberty. How is that the men who go out to help in the administration of India follow such a different line of development? They come of the same stock as the rest of the British race. Is it to be supposed that the young Indian civilian on his first voyage to the East drops, as he crosses the Equator, his proud inherited traditions of freedom, and as soon as he touches Indian soil puts on with his sun helmet the garb of the tyrant and slave-master? The supposition seems too forced. In fact, Englishmen in India are much the same as Englishmen elsewhere. Though they learn, as a rule, that the country cannot be left to itself, they seek, not without marked success, to be just and fair, and they really do not feel the smallest satisfaction in seeing people dying of famine around them.

In speaking of famine, and turning once more to our second picture, it is in the first place necessary to understand the composition of the Indian population. It must never be forgotten, in considering Indian problems, that the Indian Empire is a peasant empire, and that roughly eighty out of every hundred persons in that continent live by the land. A failure of the crops all over India would therefore have a more or less direct effect on 80 per cent. of the population—that is to say, on some two hundred and forty millions of people. But famine has never been known to occur over all the different provinces of India simultaneously, and since the incidence of the population varies from district to district, and famine naturally occurs most readily where the incidence of the agricultural population is heaviest, it follows that the number directly affected in any famine-stricken area must be considerably more than 80 per cent. of the population of that area. This is no new development, due to the effects of British rule. Every Indian will readily admit that agriculture has been the mainstay of the people throughout the ages—and for that reason a fairly widespread failure of the crops has from time immemorial spelt famine. The annals of the country contain numerous references to these recurring calamities. But, it is said, the famines are of increasing frequency and severity. This is a statement which requires the most careful examination. The spoliation of India by the British has been proceeding, according to these writers, at any rate throughout the nineteenth century, if not longer. But, the mortality from famine in the first quarter of the century was twice as heavy as in the twenty-five years which followed. Why was this, if British rapacity maintained its vigour? The whole argument as to the increasing frequency and severity of famines is based on the fact that

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several famines of great severity have occurred during the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century. That this period was one of agricultural distress in India is undisputed; it was a time during which, and especially during the last ten years of which, the seasons were extraordinarily unfavourable. It is unproved that a similar succession of lean years in an earlier stage of the century would not have been followed by similar conditions of distress. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that in that case the distress occasioned would have been far greater, the machinery for combating it being then far less efficient. The war which is constantly waged by the Government of India against the ghastly forces of famine is seldom alluded to in the literature now under notice; and it is therefore worth while to dwell for a moment on this point. The signs of impending distress in any area threatened with a failure of the crops are watched by the Government with the closest scrutiny; when it is clear that a scarcity is no longer avoidable, preparations to meet it and to save human life throughout the area of distress are promptly and energetically taken in hand; when distress actually begins, famine or scarcity, as the case may be, is declared to exist, and from that moment a regular campaign opens. All other official work is relegated to a second place; every officer is expected to gird up his loins for the fight; relief camps are opened; hundreds of officials, military as well as civil, are deputed to special duty; and the Government proceeds to pour forth blood and treasure without stint to meet the crisis; the word 'blood' is used advisedly, for no famine occurs which does not take its toll of officers and helpers, whose lives are sacrificed in the struggle through hard work, exposure, or disease. The very watchfulness of the Government for the first approaching symptoms of disaster is in itself an explanation of the alleged increasing frequency of famines. History only records those of which the extent and severity have left a lasting mark—local calamities or those which caused comparatively slight distress are not likely to find mention in the annals—but in modern days the full light of publicity plays upon every part of the continent, and so long as a single relief work is open, although in old days there would have been neither relief measures nor talk of famine, it is now accounted a famine in India. That this statement is well founded can be proved by an examination of the eighteen famines which Mr. Digby tells us have occurred in the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Digby's list of famines shows that no increase of mortality occurred in ten out of the eighteen occasions, so that in these ten cases either there was only scarcity not amounting to famine, or the measures taken by the Government to meet distress were adequate to prevent any loss of life. Two of the entries on his list may be quoted in full:

1886–87. Central Provinces. Earthworks prepared, but late autumn rains secured ripening of winter crops.

1890. Kumaon and Garhwal. Comparatively small help sufficed.

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These are two instances where it is quite clear that there was no famine at all—only the apprehension of it. But some apprehension is felt every year in some part of India, and if it were permissible to everyone to compile statistics in this way it would be easy to show that there were more than eighteen famines in every quarter of each century.

It is not desired, however, to belittle the very serious loss of life which has occurred through famine in India during the term in question. The mortality was no doubt very heavy; but this was due to a series of unfavourable seasons. In British India, especially during the last four famines, every nerve was strained to meet the situation, but at present nothing that human aid can do can avail, in the conditions of the country, to avert dire distress when such seasons come. There is a vernacular word current in Rajputana—a word of very ancient origin, dating back, I believe, to centuries before the British occupation—which means 'a triple famine,' *i.e.* a famine of grain, grass, and water. The later famines, especially those of 1876 and 1899, have been of this nature. The people have known the quality of these calamities for a thousand years, and they attribute them to the correct and obvious cause. Were it not so there must have been a mutiny against British rule on this ground long ago, but it is only our modern pamphleteers who have thought of making the constant liability to famine a grievance against the rulers. If it were true that famines of increasing frequency and severity are the result of British methods of government, and of unduly heavy taxation, how can the occurrence of famine be explained in those parts of the country which are under native rule? In the native States of Haiderabad, Mysore, and Central India the worst famines have occurred, but from these tracts not one penny of the land tax goes into British coffers. If, as our critics say, the remedy for this grievous affliction is to grant independence to the natives, why is the affliction felt so severely in regions where complete power over the agriculturist is already in native hands? The fact is that till lately the distress felt by the agricultural classes in the native States in time of famine has been far greater than in British India, owing to the less effective measures taken by the administrative authorities to cope with it. And this fact is one of the explanations of the high mortality which has occurred during the numerous rainless seasons of the past quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Digby, judging largely from the check on the normal growth of the population—a very unsafe foundation for logical argument—puts the figure at 19,000,000 persons. Now in dealing with these large figures it is well to bear in mind that the entire population is some three hundred millions. And it is a matter for congratulation, and indeed for marvel, that in spite of these devastating calamities, affecting hundreds of millions of the agricultural classes, in spite of inadequate protective arrangements in the native States, in spite of the enormously heavy financial drain occasioned by the relief expenditure, the population has not

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only escaped decrease, but has actually increased by 7,000,000.[1] Even if, for the purposes of argument only, Mr. Digby's figure for the mortality of 19,000,000 be accepted as an outside estimate, it means that the annual loss from famine causes during the last quarter of the century was less than 1 per cent. of the people. When one considers the difficulties to be surmounted, the very extensive areas affected, the absolute necessity of reducing the daily consumption of food to the lowest reasonable point, the consequent inevitable weakening of the stamina of the sufferers, the liability to illness and disease which, with the best protective arrangements, famine must bring in its train, and, last but not least, the impossibility of ensuring that adequate relief measures shall always be taken in the native States areas, it is to the greatest credit of the Government of India that they have succeeded in bringing the people through these dreadful years of storm and stress with so little actual loss of life. As regards the last point mentioned above, it is far from the wishes of the present writer to convey any unjust impression. He has known many native States where the protective arrangements against famine have been of the most efficient nature; but this is not always the case, and the general standard of efficiency is lower than in British India.

Now as to the impoverishment of the people, it has been stated by Mr. Digby, and by others who have followed in his wake, that the average daily income of the people in India decreased from 2*d.* per head in 1850 to 1½*d.* per head in 1882, and again to ¾*d.* per head in 1900. To reduce the wealth of the country by one-quarter in thirty-two years (1850–1882) would be a considerable feat for British avarice to accomplish, but to reduce it again by 50 per cent. in little more than half of the same period would involve a practical impossibility, which even the most unlimited credulity could scarcely be expected to swallow. I am therefore not surprised to find that the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has refrained from adopting the last figure. The fact is that the data on which Mr. Digby bases his estimates are absolutely untrustworthy. He arrives at his conclusions by making separate estimates for the agricultural and the non-agricultural wealth of the nation, adding these together and dividing the sum total by the figure of population. The result so obtained he compares with an official estimate made in 1882, which, however, he describes as pure 'guess-work.' His own estimate for 1900 is equally guess-work, and there does not seem to be much point, apart from the impressionist effect, in comparing two guesses with one another. It is, however, worth while to go a little deeper into these two estimates. Mr. Digby places the annual total wealth of British India in 1900 at 264,000,000*l.*, to be divided among two hundred and twenty-six million people—*i.e.* between twenty-three

[1] The increase in British India only during the decade ended 1901 was 10,660,000, so that there must have been a decrease of over three and a-half millions in native States in that period.

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and twenty-four shillings (a little less than eighteen rupees) per head per annum. The estimate of 1882 was twenty-seven rupees, so even by his own figures Mr. Digby's estimate of a 50 per cent. diminution is belied. But what we have to consider is whether the wealth of the agricultural classes has in fact diminished. Broad facts must be regarded. Here are some that may be of use for the purposes of this discussion. In spite of bad seasons and famine between 1890 and 1900, the area under cultivation in British India increased during that period by nearly four million acres, and the irrigated area by more than one and three-quarter million acres. It is difficult to make a similar comparison for the period between 1882 and 1890, as statistics for the provinces of Bengal are not available until the latter date; but omitting Bengal altogether, comparison is possible with the results established by an official inquiry made in 1885. The cultivated area in British India, exclusive of Bengal, increased between 1884 and 1890 by over sixteen million acres, and the irrigated area by over six million acres. Adding these two sets of figures together, we find that in the sixteen years between 1884 and 1900 the area cropped was extended by twenty million acres, of which nearly eight million acres were irrigated, without making any allowance for the increase which must undoubtedly have occurred in Bengal during the first six years of the period. One more correction is necessary. Upper Burma and Ajmer only came into the reckoning between 1886 and 1888, but deducting even as much as four million acres on this account, and assuming only one quarter of that acreage to be irrigated, we get a total increase of sixteen million acres of cultivation, seven millions of it irrigated, in a period of sixteen years—that period being admittedly one of extraordinary agricultural strain and difficulty. This increase, large as it is, may not perhaps be sufficient to keep pace with the growth of the agricultural population. But that is not the point. Mr. Digby and his followers state clearly that the impoverishment of the agricultural classes is not due to their increasing numbers, and the point at issue is whether that impoverishment is or is not occasioned directly by the brutal methods of the Government. The reply is that a country which can show such an extraordinary development of its agricultural resources as is shown in the figures given above, cannot be the subject of a cruel and grasping rule.

The problem presented by the rapid increase in the numbers of people dependent on the land is one that has long occupied the attention of those responsible for the administration of the country. It is easy for Mr. Digby and others to say that the country is not over-populated. Not, perhaps, if you include in the area all the deserts and mountains. The fact remains that something like 200,000,000 persons in British India at present depend for their sustenance on about the same number of cultivated acres; and there are not many countries where, apart from the artisan and non-agricultural popula-

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tion, there are 640 people who have to get their living from each square mile of cultivation. Behind the obvious remedy so sedulously fostered by the Government—viz. an extension of cultivation and irrigation—there is a further means of relief for which the best minds and brains in India have long been striving, viz. the absorption of the surplus agricultural population in non-agricultural pursuits. Scant justice has been done by Mr. Digby and his friends to the enormous expansion of railways, mills, workshops, and industries of all sorts, which has taken place in India during the last thirty years. The picture now under criticism deliberately gives the impression that England has ruined all the old industries of the country, and established a few in their place entirely for her own benefit, while the marvellous growth of trade which the figures do not fail to betray is brushed aside with the remark that it is all part and parcel of the drain on India established, with Machiavellian cunning, by England for her own enrichment and for the impoverishment of the natives. Now over this question of the non-agricultural wealth of India it is easy to refute Mr. Digby's conclusion even more disastrously than over his agricultural statistics. He puts the annual non-agricultural income of British India at 84,751,905*l.* Let us take some of the items at random.

Jute and Hemp (less raw material) . . .	1,937,841*l.*
Hides and Skins	4,967,089*l.*
Village Potteries	375,000*l.*

These are Mr. Digby's estimates. Their statistical value may be gauged by the following statements which, being based on the official trade returns for 1899–1900, represent the closest approximation to truth that can be got for the year in question. The exports from India of jute manufactures, exclusive of the raw material, in the year in question were worth 4,176,233*l.*, or considerably more than twice the value which Mr. Digby assumes for this article, plus hemp, not merely exported but *produced* in the whole of British India. Since 1900 this export trade has increased by leaps and bounds, and in 1906–07 it amounted to nearly ten and a-half million pounds sterling. The value of the hides and skins exported in the same year fell only a little short of 7,000,000*l.*, and this leaves out of sight the enormous internal trade done all over India by the 'chamárs' or petty tanners, some of whom exist in every village in the peninsula. Again Mr. Digby's estimate must be very much less than half the truth. His estimate for village potteries allows for each person in India spending about one-third of a penny during the year on the 'chatties' or earthen pots which are seen in daily use in every native household. Nearly all his figures are open to similar criticism, and it is hardly too much to say that his estimate of the non-agricultural wealth of the country is not worth the paper on which it was written.

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Mr. Digby and his supporters will doubtless argue that the exports are not to be considered part of the people's wealth in India. They allege that the undeniable prosperity of India, as evidenced by its trade returns, is not that of the Indian people, but of their English masters. Perhaps the most complete answer to this allegation is to be found in the fact that out of the total exports from India of private merchandise, valued at 70,455,797*l.* (these are the figures of 1899–1900), the exports to the United Kingdom were worth only 20,589,258*l.* As to the growth of trade, it is sufficient to say that its volume has grown from 1434 lakhs in 1834–35 to 34,421 lakhs in 1906–07—*i.e.* it has multiplied twenty-five fold in seventy years. It is absurd to say that this enormous expansion of trade has done the people of the country no good. The widening limits of the cultivated area, the increase in the price of agricultural produce, the extension of the markets, the employment of millions of people in a thousand industries, previously unknown, must have added vastly to the wealth of the people of India themselves. Mr. Digby seems to think that British capitalists are to blame for having helped to develop the country. That a large amount of British capital is sunk in the country is undeniable; but if it had not been forthcoming, many valuable schemes, providing labour and wages for the natives of India, would never have been started at all. To refuse an opening to this British capital would be utterly impolitic, and to deny to it, when once admitted, a just return in interest would be utterly immoral. Moreover, large openings have been given to native capitalists, and many of them have in consequence become immensely rich. The talk about the 'drain to England' is idle and baseless. It rests on the fact that the exports from India exceed the imports by about 15,000,000*l.*, and since the bills drawn by the Secretary of State annually (previous to 1900) amounted to about the same sum, it is said that this money constitutes the 'tribute' paid by India to England. The statement is ridiculous. There is *no* tribute paid by India to England. The 'Home Charges,' as they are generally called, *e.g.* the sums disbursed by the Secretary of State for India in England, are roughly made up as follows:

HOME CHARGES FOR 1898–99.

(1) Interest on capital furnished by Englishmen for the development of the country	9,000,000*l.*
(2) Pensions and allowances to retired officers and pay to officers on furlough	4,900,000
(3) Charges on account of Departments in India	236,000
(4) Stores for India	1,000,000
(5) Military Charges	1,000,000
(6) India Office Establishment	170,000

No honest man will surely say that the first four of these are other than legitimate charges against the Indian Government. They are merely payments due for value received, such as every civilised

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administration regularly incurs and acknowledges and pays without question. The last two items may possibly be more open to question, but at any rate the debit of these charges to India is a matter which has been decided after full consideration of the pros and cons. by some of the fairest and most impartial men in both countries, and in any case the amount involved, as will be seen, is but a small fraction of the whole. As regards the argument that the payment of this alleged tribute is proved by the corresponding balance of trade against India, it is hoped that the following figures, taken from official documents, will finally dissipate this ridiculous fallacy. They are for the year 1899–1900, but the statistics of any year will give a similar result.

PRIVATE MERCHANDISE AND TREASURE.

Total Exports from India to other countries . . .	75,760,082*l.*
Total Imports into India from other countries . . .	61,123,700*l.*
Exports to the United Kingdom	21,919,372*l.*
Imports from the United Kingdom	35,212,565*l.*

These figures show that India takes from England, in the way of merchandise and treasure, an amount which exceeds by 60 per cent. that which she gives, and that the unfavourable balance of trade is not with the United Kingdom but with other countries. Also that the 'tribute,' if it exists at all and if its existence is to be inferred from the unfavourable balance of the total trade, is paid not to England but to other countries! It will be seen that even if the 9,000,000*l.* paid annually in interest to English capitalists be added to the exports to the United Kingdom the balance of trade as between the two countries would still be largely in India's favour.

The only speck of solid ground for this allegation about the drain from India is that the British administration is undoubtedly and inevitably costly. But who shall say that it was a mistaken policy to send out to India the best material that could be found in England? Good quality cannot be obtained without a price, and to pay that price is in the end the best economy. The quantity is marvellously small, and there has probably never been a country of equal extent in which the central governing body was composed of so small a band of foreigners. Moreover, the increasing cost of living obliges these foreigners to spend more and more of their incomes in the country, while as to the pensions drawn in England more than half of these is generally subscribed by the recipients themselves. Leaving out of account the fractions of their pay and Government pensions spent outside India by Englishmen employed in that country, there is no justification for the alleged 'drain' on India. The wealth of India, thanks chiefly to the enterprise and capital of Englishmen, has multiplied exceedingly during the last century, while during the same period the incidence of taxation—apart from the income tax, which does not touch the poorer classes—has been lowered,

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especially the incidence of taxation on land. And all the measures of the Executive tend in the same direction. The latest proofs of this lie in the heavy reductions of the salt duties, and in the lightening of the cesses, collected with the land revenue.

Among all the misrepresentations which are current in the literature under notice there are none more glaring or more daring than those connected with this subject of the land tax. Mr. Digby in *Prosperous British India* quotes case after case where, according to his calculations, the land revenue on a holding amounts to over 80, and even 90, per cent. of the total produce of the fields on which it is assessed ; and he certainly leaves it to be inferred that this is the normal incidence of the land tax. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.—the latest publicist of this school—after a two months' visit to India during which he really cannot have had time to study the land system of the country, whatever else he may have studied—has published a book entitled *India*, in which, among other amazing statements, he asserts that direct taxes on the land absorb from 50 to 65 per cent. of the total yield, and that with local taxes and other small items probably not less than 75 per cent. of the harvest goes in taxes. To those who have the smallest acquaintance with the conditions of land revenue settlement in India such assertions are positively pitiful in their blind ignorance. In assessing revenue every allowance is made on the most generous scale for all expenses of cultivation, and the balance remaining—that is to say, the *profits*—are occasionally, but not often, assessed at 50 per cent. In other words, it is not 75 per cent. of the total yield, as Mr. Keir Hardie asserts, but 50 per cent. of the net profits that is taken. This, too, is exceptional.

A careful inquiry has been made under the direction of the Government of India into this subject, and it has been ascertained that the incidence of the land tax varies from about 6 per cent. *of the total yield* in one province to about 10 per cent. in others, except in parts of Madras and in the rich province of Gujarat, where it rises to about 20 per cent. These figures are obtained in each case on a consideration of the entire facts of the whole province, so far as they can be ascertained ; whereas Mr. Digby gives his impressions by means of quoting isolated data here and there. To any thinking man the figure of 75 per cent. of the total yield is in fact impossible, and Mr. Keir Hardie goes so far as to admit that to most people it seems incomprehensible. Why then repeat it, without more careful verification ? The truth is open to the honest seeker, and he who runs may read.

Turning next to the military forces in India, these are not higher than the circumstances demand. The army is as small and as efficient as it can be, if India is to be defended from external foes. The argument that it is too costly is on a par with those of the small clique who would reduce the strength of the British Navy and who oppose

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all measures for the improvement of the British Army. The Government of India have wisely decided not to play into the hands of the Little Englander.

The destruction of India's industries is a purely chimerical idea. That hand weaving and hand moulding have to a great extent vanished is no doubt true, but to ascribe this result to the deliberate machinations of the Government is ridiculous. It would be as reasonable to say that England was to blame for allowing the old Flemish weavers or the coach drivers of ancient days to disappear. Trade must develop in its own way, and according to the requirements of new generations and of new inventions. When steam-driven machinery replaced the ancient hand-loom, the hand weavers lost their special trade; at the present time the cab-drivers in London are disappearing under the invention of the taxi-cab. But these difficulties adjust themselves in every nation. And the enormous expansion of Indian trade, shown by the trade returns already alluded to, is sufficient proof that there has been no real diminution of Indian industries.

If it be argued that the native hand industries should have been protected at all costs, it may not be unreasonable to ask what would the nations think of a Government which prohibited the introduction into its territories of machinery and of capital for the development of the country's resources? Would not its enemies then have some reason in using the word 'slavery' which is employed so lightly and so unjustifiably against the present administration? Were it not that this reproach is seriously brought against the authorities in India, the refutation of it would seem to be idle, so untenable is the position which it involves.

Finally it is said that the great panacea for all the sufferings of the Indian people lies in the grant to them of an autonomous government. One would imagine from the tone of our critics on this subject that the idea of self-government for India was absolutely wanting in the minds of the authorities. The facts are so notoriously at variance with this presentment of them that it scarcely seems worth while to enlarge on the point; but for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the truth, and who may be disposed to accept as gospel the second picture under notice, some leading facts may be stated.

In the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, issued at the close of the great Mutiny, it was laid down that all her subjects, of whatever race or creed, should be freely and impartially admitted to offices for which they were qualified by education, ability, and integrity. This policy has been steadily pursued; and there are at the present time many natives of India holding offices of the highest rank, appointed Justices of High Courts, Commissioners, Members of the Board of Revenue, while in all inferior positions, from that of deputy collector downwards, the natives of India, with a small sprinkling of

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Eurasians (*i.e.* descendants of mixed unions), hold a practical monopoly. It has not yet been found possible to appoint to the very powerful and responsible position of Lieutenant-Governor a native of the country, but the latest step in the development of the policy of impartiality has been the appointment of an Indian gentleman to be a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. Before the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* was penned, the Government of India had made public certain proposals which they were contemplating for a further step in the policy of associating Indians in the Government. It is difficult to ascribe the entire silence of the writer on this point to any motive except a desire to mislead. He speaks only of Lord Morley's promised 'improvement,' and contemptuously adds that so far the promise has had no realisation. Since he wrote, full realisation has come. Lord Morley has amply redeemed his word, going even further than the Government of India proposed, and the immediate aspirations of the Indian people appear to have been satisfied. It is to be hoped that the writer feels some regret for his want of faith in British statesmen, both in India and in England. His only real argument in favour of autonomy is that India is already quite capable of governing herself, and he instances the cases of Baroda and Mysore, two States under administration by enlightened native chiefs. There are doubtless many native States in India which are well managed —the present writer speaks with the experience of a lifetime largely spent among them; there are others which are most indifferently managed. But even the most advanced at present depend for their guidance and support—nay, for their very existence—on the British administration in India. And were that to go, they would be left to fight for their lives, while the peace which they enjoy, and the civilisation which they have so laboriously attained, would quickly tumble to pieces.

The truth is that the policy of devolution of power to the natives of the country is set about with a thousand dangers and difficulties, and every dictate of wisdom and prudence requires that *festina lente* should be the guiding principle in its pursuit. There are many competent judges who think that the Government of India, under the spur of Lord Morley's radicalism, are at present going too fast and are yielding almost too much to popular clamour. There are points where the interests of the Indian subject and of the British subject must inevitably clash, and without the most deliberate and careful navigation round these rocks the ship of State must be endangered. It is the duty of the coming race of Englishmen in India, by the exercise of tact and conciliation, coupled with the most rigid impartiality, to bring it through the shoals, and it will be a task requiring the highest qualities, not only among Englishmen in office, but among all Englishmen, as well as the leading natives in that country. Let us hold stoutly to the belief that the common sense

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and love of justice of the majority on both sides will ensure success. But the one certain method of inducing a catastrophe which would ruin the work of two centuries would be to follow the advice of Mr. Digby and his friends, and hand the government over to the natives immediately without more ado.

British statesmanship and forethought are not likely to be hurried into a policy of scuttle and disaster by arguments of this nature. And it is to be hoped that the good sense of the English and of the American people will be stirred no more than that of Mr. Roosevelt by the hysterical cries of irresponsible writers. Let the great problem which lies before us in India be approached by all parties with unprejudiced minds, with a clear perception of the truth, and with a full recognition of England's past efforts in India, so that its solution may end in peace and honour.

ELLIOT G. COLVIN.

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THE EFFECTS OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

(II.)

In the year 1748 the Frenchman Dupleix was master of Southern India. At Pondicherry, in the midst of gorgeous ceremonies, Mozuffer Jung, Nizam of the Deccan and representative of the Great Mogul of Delhi, appointed Dupleix Governor of all the countries to the south of the river Krishna. His subjects numbered thirty million souls. Dupleix built a stately column on which inscriptions in four languages set forth the story of his greatness. Around the pillar arose a town bearing the name of Dupleix Fatiabad, 'the city of the victory of Dupleix.' Three years later the Englishman Clive rased to the ground both the town and the column of victory. *Sic volvere Parcas.* The Fates decreed that England and not France was to enter upon the goodly heritage of the moribund Mogul Empire.

It was the might of England alone that drove the French out of India. But for Clive, a French Viceroy and Governor-General would now hold his court at Calcutta and Simla; the tricolour and not the Union Jack would wave proudly over the forts and palaces of Delhi and Agra. Unless indeed a more robust nation in 1871, not content with Alsace and Lorraine, had replaced the tricolour by the eagles of the Fatherland in Bengal, Madras and Bombay. Asiatic dominion in India was an impossibility. Not the empire of Delhi, not the courage of the Sikhs, not the ferocity of the Mahrattas, could withstand the disciplined forces of the West. The Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, and the English were all striving for the mastery of India, and the prize fell to the nation which came latest into the field. As the ancient Hindoo dynasties had gone down before the inroads of the Mahomedans, so both Hindoos and Mahomedans were forced to yield to the irresistible armies of England.

Madar Lal Dhingra, the Hindoo student who recently murdered Sir William Curzon-Wyllie in London, justified his brutal deed on the grounds that it was wrought on behalf of patriotism.

> The English people [he insisted] have no right to occupy India; and it is perfectly justifiable on our part to kill an Englishman who is polluting our sacred land. I am surprised at the terrible hypocrisy, farce and mockery of the English people, when they pose as champions of oppressed humanity, such as the people of the Congo and the people of Russia, when there are such terrible oppression

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and horrible atrocities committed in India—for example, killing two millions of people every year.

This is a specimen of views commonly held, or at all events professed, by Indians of to-day. The vernacular press in India teems with such sentiments. Hindoo students in London have celebrated the anniversary of the great Mutiny, terming it the first attempt at independence. Indian students at Cirencester have toasted the memory of the infamous Nana Sahib, the murderer of English women and children at Cawnpore. Nor are these opinions confined to natives of India. Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., speaking at Huddersfield on the 3rd of July, referred to the assassination of Sir W. Curzon-Wyllie. In the papers that day, he said, he had seen photographs of the victim, and also of the murderer, whom they called 'the assassin.' When he saw those photographs, he said to himself, 'Why not put Lord Morley in, and say, "Another assassin"?' When a poor Indian, mad and exasperated by horrors endured by his people, rose and committed a mad act, the community howled, and would tear him limb from limb. He did not condone his act. As a Socialist, he was not in favour of assassination. But, while the world howled against a man demented by wrongs to his country, he extended his sympathy to him, and his hatred of tyranny in his country and in England.

Are the aspersions of Madar Lal Dhingra and Mr. Victor Grayson upon British rule in India capable of justification? I propose to consider briefly the circumstances which immediately preceded the introduction of our rule, and the conditions which now exist.

The great Mogul Empire was in the throes of dissolution. The history of that empire was for the most part a record of incessant wars and rebellions, crimes and catastrophes. Royal princes fought with one another for the succession to the throne. Viceroys of provinces, deputies and generals, were constantly engaged in setting up independent dominions. The Mahomedan kingdoms of the Deccan, of which the greatest were Ahmednagar and Bijapur, waged bloody wars with the Emperor of Delhi. Invasions by wild tribes from the north were of common occurrence. In 1739, when the French power was approaching its ascendency in the South of India, Nadir Shah, who had made himself King of Persia, led his army by way of Kandahar to Delhi, and, there meeting with some resistance, gave the order for a general massacre. For six hours, it is recorded, twenty thousand men were employed in the work of slaughter; and the number of the slain was set down as not less than thirty thousand. A great portion of the city was burnt. The imperial jewels and the famous peacock throne were borne away, and even the poorest of the citizens were compelled by cruel tortures to give up their scanty hoards. The Mogul power was broken, and the invaders were suffered

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to depart without an effort to oppose them. In the West of India the Mahrattas had made themselves independent of the Mahomedans, Delhi and Bijapur alike. These wild warriors carried their rule from one side of India to the other, robbing and plundering wherever they went. The English merchants of Calcutta were forced in 1751 to dig a ditch round their settlement to protect it from the incursions of these intolerable freebooters. Except during the wonderful reign of the Emperor Akbar, contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth, such a thing as religious toleration was unknown. All Hindoos were forced to pay a capitation tax known as the *jezia*, in return for which Mahomedanism allows conquered populations the sufferance to live. Except in the reign of Akbar, there were heavy taxes on all Hindoos who went on pilgrimage to their sacred shrines. Hindoos who were taken prisoners in war were slain by thousands, and their women and children sold as slaves. The predecessors and successors of Akbar were guilty of deeds of unspeakable cruelty. There was never any security of life and property. Justice was openly bought and sold. The arm of the law, even if willing, was not infrequently powerless to smite down the evil-doers. Emperors and Nawabs might build magnificent palaces and sepulchres, but in the way of public works for the public good, with the one exception of tanks or reservoirs, they did practically nothing. Roads, harbours, canals, and bridges were of scant consideration in comparison with royal parks and mausoleums. Here are two citations of native rulers regarding the mass of their subjects: 'Give the poor a dhoter (loin-cloth), it is enough,' said Shiwaji, the great Mahratta patriot. 'What are the poor to us?' observed Mir Nur Mahomed to Lieutenant Eastwick in Sind, when that country enjoyed independence.

A few specific instances of native misgovernment may be more significant than a series of generalisations. The richest province of India was Bengal. The Nawab or Viceroy of the territory in the year 1735 was Alaverdi Khan. Subject to his rule there were various Hindoo Rajas. One of these was the Raja of Moughyr. By a long-standing agreement this chieftain sent his tribute yearly to a certain spot with an escort of thirty men. Alaverdi Khan on his part was pledged to send thirty men, and no more, to receive the tribute. The Nawab had had certain differences with the Raja, and he resolved to take his revenge. He ostensibly sent his thirty men, but with them there went another force which was to lie in ambush. The Raja came with his men and paid his tribute. All but one, who escaped, were murdered. Two Englishmen, Mr. Holwell and Captain Holcombe, saw a boat going down the river, which contained thirty heads. The man who escaped carried the news of the massacre to the Raja's wife. She set fire to the palace, and with her son died in the flames. The city was sacked and burnt by the troops of Alaverdi Khan. Such was the imaginary golden age which young India would like to restore in

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supersession of the Pax Britannica. Alaverdi Khan was succeeded by his grandson Suraj-ud-Daola. The new Viceroy was filled with an insane hatred of the English merchants at Calcutta, and an extravagant idea of their wealth. An excuse was easily found, and in 1756 he marched upon Calcutta. The defenders were overpowered and disarmed. Then occurred the memorable tragedy of the Black Hole. In the fiery heat of the Indian summer solstice a hundred and forty-six English people, whether with or without the Nawab's orders, were thrust into a room about twenty feet square, with one window only, and confined there for a night. In the morning sixteen miserable wretches were found surviving. The rest were dead. Suraj-ud-Daola was indifferent as to what had happened. His only inquiries were for the places where the wealth of the victims might be hidden. Native writers who recorded the capture of Calcutta did not make mention of the catastrophe. In fact, it excited no particular attention, except among Europeans. Events of this sort were too ordinary to call for notice.

The Marquis of Wellesley was Governor-General from 1798 to 1805. He went out full of his predecessor Lord Cornwallis's theory of the balance of power between Native States. But the determination of Tippoo of Mysore, and the great Mahratta chiefs, Sindia and Holkar, to inundate the land with war and anarchy forced him to undertake campaign after campaign, and to realise that peace in India was impossible unless one paramount power prevented aggression and tumult. He saw that of all existing powers the British alone could become paramount in India, and he held it to be his duty to work for this consummation. But this idea was to the Directors of the East India Company incomprehensible; and Lord Cornwallis was sent back to reverse Wellesley's policy. Non-intervention followed. Territories which had been reduced to order were restored to chaos. In 1807 a horrible and desolating war took place between the Rajas of Udaipur and Jodhpur. The former in his distress prayed for British protection, using unconsciously the very argument of Lord Wellesley that without a paramount power in India there could be no peace or safety, and that as the English alone could act as such a power it was their duty to do so. His request was refused, and the war raged on.

The Pindharries of Holkar and Sindia were to the Mahrattas what the carrion crow is to the vulture. Wherever they went these merciless plunderers swept the land like a flight of devouring locusts. The most fiendish and ingenious tortures were used by them to make their victims disclose their wealth. It fell to the lot of the Marquis of Hastings, in connexion with the third Mahratta war, by which the dominions of the Peshwa were transferred to the British, to deal with these incurable ruffians, who were used as convenient instruments or allies by Holkar, Sindia, and even the Peshwa. They were hunted

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down, severely handled in many small encounters, and either killed or completely dispersed.

Some years later (1834) a frightful series of iniquities perpetrated by the Raja of Koorg, a mountain State between Mysore and Malabar, forced the British to interfere. The Raja was banished. The Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, desired that the people should choose a new ruler. They unanimously declared that the new ruler must be the British Government, stipulating only that their Raja should never be allowed to come back. The same Governor-General put down the abominable practice of Suttee, which compelled a Hindoo widow to be burnt alive on the funeral pyre of her husband; and he broke up the vast secret society of Thugs, who strangled their victims with a handkerchief, and plied their profession of robbing and murdering as a religious calling.

Aggression, violence, murder, everlasting wars within, frequent invasions from without, tyranny and oppression of all kinds, constitute the history of India for many centuries before we gradually established the Pax Britannica. Clive at Arcot in 1751 may be said to have laid the foundations of our supremacy. It was not till 1849, when the Punjab was annexed, that the work of conquest was completed and British power embraced the whole peninsula. Even then Lord Dalhousie's annexations of Nagpur, Oudh, and other States were still to follow.

The contrast between what preceded and what has followed the establishment of our rule can only be described as amazing. Long as the process of conquest took, a great part of the country has been under our sway for more than a hundred and fifty years. During this period once, and once only, has there been war in the territories over which floats the English flag, when, with the completion of a century from Clive's battle of Plassy, the great Mutiny was to tax the strength of British rule to its uttermost. The mind cannot imagine the possibility nowadays of a desolating war between the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Mahratta chiefs of Indore and Gwalior, of the rich plains of Bengal being overrun by hordes of Mahratta horsemen burning and plundering wherever they went, or of a monarch from Persia advancing upon Delhi and causing its streets to run with blood. The stone walls of villages, built to resist Pindharries, are crumbling down, for they are no longer needed. The ploughman has no longer to take a musket with him when he cultivates his field. What a man sows, that he knows that he will be allowed to reap in peace.

We have covered the lands with good roads, while before our time there were no means of communication excepting the great rivers. We have created twenty-five thousand miles of railway over which third-class passengers are carried at a farthing a mile. Steamships ply constantly up and down the coast for the conveyance of passengers at nominal rates. We have instituted a cheap and efficient postal

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and telegraphic service throughout the length and breadth of the land. A letter can be sent from Quetta to Mandalay for a halfpenny, a postcard for a farthing, and a telegram for fourpence. We have built schools, colleges, and universities, and diffused education by every means in our power. We have laid out canals for navigation and irrigation, and brought thousands of square miles of desert into culture. We have striven hard to prevent famines, and, if they occur, the utmost efforts are employed for the saving of life. We have provided splendid supplies of pure water for all the great cities and for many of the smaller ones; great bridges for the use of pedestrians and cart traffic, as well as for railway trains, span the Ganges, the Jumna, the Indus, and other rivers. Sanitation, in spite of extraordinary difficulties, has received the utmost attention. Hospitals and dispensaries cover the land. Vaccination has been placed within the reach of all. Experimental farms for the improvement of agriculture have been instituted in every province. The more important cities are lit with electric light, and electric tram-cars run in the streets. The land tax or rent (the thing is one and the same in India) has been assessed at moderate rates, and every landowner knows exactly what he has to pay. Increased assessment on account of improvements is forbidden. Religious intolerance on the part of any in authority is unknown. In no part of the world has a man greater freedom to worship whatsoever gods he will.

We have established one law for rich and poor, for white and black. The only privileges for the European are that he may possess and carry arms without a licence, and may claim in the law courts to be tried by a jury of which the majority are his fellow-countrymen. So long as we are responsible for the integrity and efficiency of the administration the higher appointments must remain for the most part in the hands of Europeans. But those are comparatively very few. Most of the magistrates are natives of India. The whole of the Indian Civil Service recruited in London contains less than a thousand officers, of whom some are Hindoos and Mahomedans. A few facts worth remembering are that India includes a territory equal to all Europe, except Russia and Scandinavia; that nearly a third of this consists of Native States possessing various degrees of independence; that the population of India is three hundred millions; and that Europeans, men, women and children, number less than a quarter of a million. India is defended by an army ludicrously small for the size of the country in comparison with that of any other civilised State, which is as efficient, well-disciplined and well-behaved as any in the world. The police are as capable as European supervision can make them.

What then is the trouble? What was in the minds of Messrs. Dhingra and Victor Grayson? In the case of the latter, nothing at all but the densest ignorance. In the former case one thing only, and

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that is that our Government in India is a foreign one. Mr. Dhingra, standing for the present agitators, who, by the way, are practically all Hindoos, considered that we have no right to be in India at all, and that Indians, by which he meant Hindoos, should manage their own affairs—that is, defend the country from foreign invaders, maintain internal peace, secure religious tolerance, and do justice between man and man. These things they have never been able to do. The result of our withdrawal from India would be bloodshed and carnage throughout the land. The country would soon find itself divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts—one ruled by Germany, one by Russia, and one by Japan. Practical independence such as is enjoyed by Canada and Australia, and which cements our union with those countries, would be used in India, as it would be in Ireland, to break away from us, not because our rule is bad but because it is foreign. The grant of self-government would precipitate our extinction and throw back civilisation and liberty in India by a century. There is no more tyranny in India because the people are ruled by laws which they have not made themselves, than there is in England because the minority (if minority it be) at the present moment has to obey laws against which it has made the most formal and solemn protest, and has to look on almost helplessly at the neglect (to use the least invidious term) of our national defences by Ministers who do not command the public confidence. Before Mr. Victor Grayson again characterises Lord Morley as an assassin he would do well to devote a portion of his time to the study of Indian history.

EDMUND C. COX.

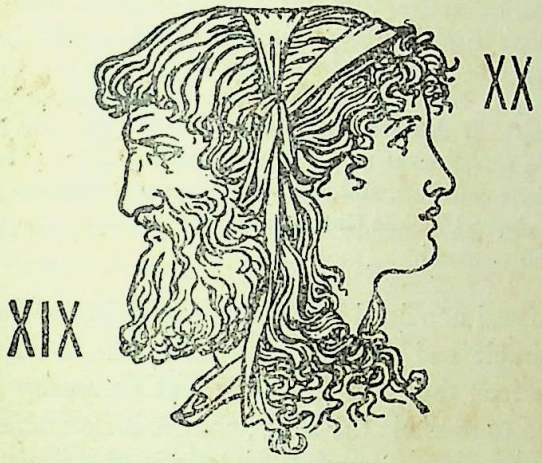
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. CCCXCII—October 1909

THE LAND, THE LANDLORDS AND THE PEOPLE

To the September number of this Review I contributed an article entitled 'The Land, the People and the General Election.' I showed in this article that, by creating numerous freeholds, we can settle at least 5,000,000 people on the land; that Tariff Reform and Land Reform are part of that great constructive national and imperial policy which Mr. Chamberlain has initiated and which the Unionist Party has taken up; and that a Land Settlement Policy on the broadest basis is advocated by the leaders of that party. Since the publication of that article Lord Rosebery has formally seceded from the Liberal-Socialist Party. Although he has not joined the Unionist Party he has proclaimed himself a staunch Unionist and Imperialist by his action. A great many Unionists look upon Lord Rosebery as one of their great intellectual leaders, and his words carry the greatest weight with them. Therefore Lord Rosebery's statement regarding the land problem, made in his great speech at Glasgow, should have a considerable effect upon the Unionist Party. He said:

> I don't think the land system is perfect. I would gladly see more people settled on the land, and Parliament has shown ample zeal in assisting the

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Government to settle more people on the land. I would even go further, and I should be glad to see the Government use its enormous credit to help to settle a new race of yeomanry on the land. . . . I quite admit that the land system is not perfect. It will develop, and it will develop into something very different from what it is now.

Mr. Balfour said on the 22nd of September at Birmingham:

I have always been one of those who have ardently desired to see, and still hope to see, the ownership of agricultural land distributed in an incomparably greater number of hands than it now is. There is no measure with which I am more proud to have been connected than that which has had the effect of giving peasant ownership on a large scale to Ireland, and I hope to see a great expansion of such ownership in England. Nothing can be more desirable. Nothing can be more important. I therefore look forward with hope and eager expectation to a time when a Government may come in, not hampered, clogged, and bound by these Socialistic crotchets, and adapt to the very different conditions of life in this country what a Unionist Government has already done with such marked success for the sister island.

The official and unofficial leaders of the Unionist Party are agreed that it is desirable and necessary to deal with the land problem in town and country; that it is desirable and necessary to recreate our agriculture and to re-settle the land; that it is desirable and necessary to give as many people as possible a stake in the country. Therefore the question arises: How is this great reform to be effected?

The land problem is a difficult and an intricate one. Great Britain has no surplus lands, as have her Colonies and the United States, and no vast State domains on which numerous freeholders can be settled, as have Germany and Austria-Hungary. Nearly all the land of this country is in the hands of large private owners who, in most cases, are not even absolute holders, but merely life tenants of entailed estates, which are held in trust for their children and their children's children by trustees. The nominal owners, being merely tenants for life, cannot freely dispose of their estates. Moreover, these entailed lands are let under agreements to farmers and other tenants who cannot in justice be expelled by the State so as to make room for small freeholders. The situation is undoubtedly a very complicated and difficult one.

Conditions similar to those which exist at present in Great Britain used to prevail everywhere in Europe. Every European nation, except Great Britain, has progressed with the times, and has transformed its feudal land system, based on huge settled estates owned by a few, into a democratic land system based on an immense number of small freehold properties. A democratic form of government and a feudal land system are incompatible. They cannot co-exist for a long time. The danger of an organised attack of democracy on the handful of big landowners, and the temptation to demagogues to bring about such an attack, is growing from year to year, and from year to year resistance to such an attack will become more difficult

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and more hopeless. Ten thousand families could hold the bulk of the land when they held in their hands all political power, but they can no longer do so when political power is in the hands of 7,000,000 voters, the vast majority of whom are landless. We cannot afford to delay the reform of our land system any longer.

The task of reforming our land system is undoubtedly very great, but it is not so great as it seems at first sight. Other nations have successfully overcome these difficulties, and the difficulties of Great Britain are very small indeed compared with the difficulties with which Prussia dealt a century ago. A glance at the Prussian land reform will make our difficulties appear small, and will besides furnish us with a precedent of considerable interest and value.

On the 5th of November 1806 Napoleon annihilated at Jena the feudal-professional army, an army of hired soldiers officered by the landed aristocracy, which Frederick the Great had created. The loss of that battle caused Prussia's downfall. It was impossible to organise national resistance against Napoleon because Prussia was a bureaucratic and military State, not a nation. The people had no stake in the country and were not trained to arms. The peasants were the dependents, almost the serfs, of the large landed proprietors. They did not possess the spirit to make them willing defenders of their country. The weakness of the feudal system had been glaringly revealed. If Prussia was to survive, the first step to be taken was to raise the spirit of the people, to settle the people on the land, to give every man a stake in the country and an interest in its defence. On the 9th of July 1807 the Peace of Tilsit ended the disastrous war between Prussia and France. That peace deprived Prussia of exactly one-half of its entire territory and of one-half of its inhabitants. Though peace was concluded, Napoleon retained possession of Prussia by huge garrisons in the principal towns, and proceeded to bleed Prussia white by enormous contributions. Defeated, mutilated, impoverished and lying under the heel of the conqueror, Prussia resolved to abolish the feudal land system without delay. On the 9th of October 1807, exactly three months after the conclusion of the Peace of Tilsit, the policy of converting the cultivating farmers and peasants into proprietors was initiated by the issue of Stein's fundamental Edict which was followed by other edicts. These edicts aimed at facilitating the acquisition of absolute ownership by farmers and peasants. They abolished all public and private restrictions of the rights of property in land. They regulated the relation between landowners and tenants. Their guiding principle was, according to the words of the fundamental decree, 'to abolish the personal dependence of the cultivators of the soil upon the owners of the land, and thus to give the strongest incentive and the fullest scope to the ability, energy and power of every individual.'

These decrees made the purchase of land easy by removing the

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existing public and private restrictions, and especially by limiting the obstructive rights and privileges of the landowners. They provided facilities for the division and the cutting up of large estates which hitherto had passed undivided from father to son. They encouraged large landowners to disentail and to break up their estates, by putting a special tax on entailed estates, and by enacting that they might be disentailed, and thus made realisable, by family agreement. They protected the property of the small cultivators against the wealthy and powerful landowners by making the purchase and absorption of peasants' holdings into large estates illegal.

The State aimed, not merely at creating as many freeholders as possible, but it strove also to make these freeholders prosperous. The Edict of 1807 and the edicts following it laid down the maxim that it was the duty of the State to promote agriculture and to increase the prosperity of the cultivators by all the means in its power. With this end in view, provisions were made for applying science to agriculture by the foundation of agricultural colleges and schools, experimental stations and model farms. Under the auspices of the State, agricultural co-operative societies and societies for mutual aid were formed. Arrangements were made to promote the construction of canals, drainage and irrigation works, roads, dykes and bridges, and the reclamation of waste land by local associations and the local authorities with the assistance of the State. Individual enterprise was not to be stifled by Government action.

The farmers and peasants who, toiling on the properties of large landowners, had been unfree hitherto, were enabled to become freeholders in the following way: Landlords and tenants were given two years in which to make arrangements for converting rented land into freehold land by friendly agreement. Carefully constituted local land settlement commissions of at least five members, who were experts in practical agriculture and in law, were created to advise and assist owners and tenants and to act as referees in case of disagreement and dispute. The parties not satisfied with the ruling of these commissions could appeal to the Central Land Settlement Commission. Both landowners and tenants were entitled to call for the conversion of rented land into freehold land. A balance was to be struck between the rent paid by the tenant on the one hand, and the services rendered by the landowner to the tenant in consideration of the rent on the other hand. The balance, the net rent, was to serve in normal circumstances as basis for the amount of the compensation payable to the landowner for ceding his land to the tenant. The compensation was to amount to eighteen years' purchase in cash, or to twenty years' purchase in interest-bearing bonds. In order not to throw too great a strain upon the money market, landlords were offered a substantial premium for accepting payment in paper. In cases of dispute as to the amount of the net rent, the Land Settlement Commission was to

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act as mediator and referee. To facilitate the payment of the sum agreed upon in those cases in which the freeholder could not pay the compensation money in cash, rent-charge banks were created. These banks were provincial institutions. Their solvency was guaranteed by the State. They created rent charges upon the holdings which were to be enfranchised equal to the amount of compensation agreed upon, and they compensated the landowners with interest-bearing State guaranteed bonds of their own, which were issued against the collective security of these rent charges. The rent charges were a first charge upon the enfranchised properties of the farmers and peasants, and they were extinguished by yearly payments to the rent charge banks. These yearly payments were spread over a large number of years, and they provided at the same time the interest on the sum advanced by the bank, and a sinking fund for the gradual extinction of the purchase price. These yearly payments were collected by the tax collectors together with the taxes, and they were treated in every way as taxes by the law. Hence they were regularly made by the enfranchised tenants, who rarely fell into arrears.

A century ago the Prussian landlords were truly the lords of the land. They ruled the country districts. They owned the soil, and they almost owned the peasants as well, for these were compelled to work gratuitously for the landowners. Resistance in case of harsh or unjust treatment was difficult, because the civil administration and the administration of justice were in the hands of the landowners. The peasants were serfs. Compared with Prussia's difficulties, our difficulties are small. It is clear that if bankrupt and defeated Prussia could enfranchise the cultivators of the soil, reorganise her feudal land system and re-create her agriculture at a time when the enemy's garrisons were actually in possession of the country, Great Britain is undoubtedly able, and can afford, to do so now.

Whether Great Britain follows Prussia's precedent in every particular, or whether she proceeds on other, and perhaps on better, lines, can be settled only by conferences of the leading experts. The identical proceeding is scarcely possible, because the conditions prevailing in Great Britain are very different from the conditions which prevailed in Prussia in 1807. Different problems require different treatment. Prussia's agriculture was carried on by a large number of small farmers, while our agriculture is carried on by a small number of large farmers. Meanwhile let us ask ourselves :

(1) Is there any serious demand for freehold farms and small holdings in Great Britain ?

(2) From which ranks are the freehold farmers and small holders of the future to be recruited ?

(3) How and where are they to be settled on the land ?

(4) What are the objections to the creation of freeholders, and are these objections valid ?

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I shall endeavour to answer these questions one by one.

Those who wish to find out for themselves whether there is a *bona fide* demand for small farms and holdings should study the Report on Small Holdings of 1888–90, the Report on Fruit Growing of 1905, the Report on Small Holdings of 1906, the Report on the Decline of the Agricultural Population of Great Britain of 1906, and the Annual Report on Small Holdings of 1909. I will give a few extracts.

The Report of the Small Holdings Committee of 1906 states: 'A very large body of evidence goes to show that in many places more land of the kind already divided into small holdings would be taken up with avidity, especially if properly equipped and offered for hire with a reasonable security of tenure.' This statement is amply confirmed by the evidence available. Mr. C. A. Fyffe, Estates Bursar of University College, Oxford, stated, for instance, according to the Report of 1888–90:

> The demand for small holdings in convenient places and at moderate rents is almost illimitable, I should say; and I believe that if facilities for purchase were given, you would find at the present time a very large demand for them, and, as the system took root, a yearly increasing demand for them in this country.

Unfortunately it is not easy to obtain land for small holdings. On this subject Mr. Sampson Morgan, Secretary of the National Fruit Growers' League, stated, before the Committee of 1888–90:

> The real impediment is that the people cannot get the land; in consequence of this we have been negotiating with Sir Saul Samuel, Governor-General of New South Wales, with Mr. Braddon, Governor-General of Tasmania, and with the Governor-General of New Zealand, finding it impossible for the members of our League to get land, that is, small holdings, in this country.

The objections to small holdings come from both landowners and farmers. The Report of the Committee of 1906 states: 'Some landowners are of opinion that the amenities of their estate are impaired by the erection of a number of houses and buildings thereon, and the facilities for the preservation of game diminished.' From the evidence of Mr. Fyffe, before the Committee of 1888–90, we learn:

> . . . I do not know whether I may pause to say how extraordinarily difficult it is to get land from farmers for these small holdings and allotments.
>
> Q. Do you propose to give the local authority compulsory power to acquire land?
>
> A. I should, myself.
>
> Q. Will you explain why?
>
> A. My experience is two-fold: that, in the first place, there are some landlords who will not part with their land; and, secondly, there are many landlords who would be willing to part with their land, but who, under present circumstances, cannot get it from the farmers.
>
> Q. And in your opinion there are many landlords who would welcome compulsory powers?
>
> A. Yes; I believe there are landlords who are very anxious to increase these

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small holdings, but who cannot do it on account of the farmers. I should say myself that the opposition to giving the labourer a lift comes much more from the farmer than from the landlord. At the same time, I do know cases of landlords who will not part with any land at all, or allow any houses to be erected. In my own county, in Sussex, there is an owner of 15,000 acres, which is, roughly speaking, 20 square miles, who will not part with any of the land at all, or allow any houses to be erected on it. That land might just as well be in Central Africa for any connection it has with England. That means absolute stagnation over an area of 20 square miles.

The foregoing extracts show that there is much opposition to the creation of small freeholders on the part of landowners and farmers. I shall deal with their objections in due course.

The British agricultural labourer leads at present a hand-to-mouth existence. He owns no land. He receives his cottage from the farmer either rent free or at the nominal rent of 1*s.* a week. He has certainly no cause to complain of the amount of his rent. On the other hand, he has no real home, for the farmer can turn him out of his cottage into the road at any moment. This arrangement was very satisfactory to the farmer in the olden times, when agricultural labourers were abundant, and when surrounding farmers would not take a man dismissed by one of their neighbours. In those times the loss of his work and his cottage meant destitution and starvation to the labourer. The agricultural labourer was tied to the farm by compulsion, by the fear of homelessness and starvation. Times have changed. The agricultural labourer can no longer be tied to the land by these antiquated methods at a time when travelling is cheap, and when a healthy and strong farm hand can always find work at a moment's notice as an unskilled labourer in the nearest town. Besides, he is welcome as an emigrant in the Colonies, and is assisted to get there. Last, but not least, our agricultural labourers hate the system under which they live. They are profoundly dissatisfied with their propertylessness, their hand-to-mouth existence, and their homelessness; and this is one of the principal reasons of our rural exodus. Those labourers who are too old to leave the land stay in the country and grumble, but their sons and daughters go to the towns and the Colonies. Wherever one travels in rural Britain one finds chiefly middle-aged and elderly labourers working in the fields; and the study of the census figures reveals the ominous fact that practically the entire youth leave the country soon after they leave school. That is a phenomenon with which every rural schoolmaster is acquainted. This land flight is not caused by the dulness of our villages. Our villages have plenty of clubs, reading-rooms, institutes, and sports, which are unknown on the Continent, where the men and youths are satisfied to stay on the land. The cause of this flight lies elsewhere, as I shall presently show, but whatever the cause, it is to be feared that our fields will be left without labour when the elder generation of rural labourers has died out, unless something is done speedily.

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The terrible shrinkage in the number of our agricultural labourers may be seen from the following figures :

Number of Male Agricultural Labourers

	In England and Wales	In Scotland	In Ireland	In the United Kingdom
1851 . . .	1,097,800	140,200	850,100	2,088,100
1861 . . .	1,073,000	125,900	602,200	1,801,100
1871 . . .	902,800	111,000	509,700	1,523,500
1881 . . .	807,600	91,800	293,300	1,192,700
1891 . . .	709,300	85,100	251,700	1,046,100
1901 . . .	583,800	73,800	212,200	869,800

The foregoing figures show that the old agricultural system—the system which was based on the compulsion of the agricultural labourer to work for the farmer in order to get food and shelter—has absolutely broken down, and that the re-creation of our rural industries will be past praying for, unless the problem of rural labour is solved quickly. Already it is extremely difficult to get ploughmen and milkers. Very often the harvest is allowed to rot because there are no labourers to gather it. Agricultural labourers' children refuse to learn milking and ploughing, even if competitions are got up and substantial prizes offered. We may soon have to allow our agricultural land to become a desert through lack of labour.

As the rural labourer can no longer be tied to the land by the fear of homelessness and starvation, he must be tied to the land by interest. He must be given a share in the land—and he would like to be given a share in the land. An agricultural labourer who has a few acres of freehold land and a freehold cottage of his own, who has a few fruit trees, a cow or a pig or two, and a few fowls, will not easily sell up his property and leave the country. He will work for the farmer during the day and look after his own little property in the evening; he will raise much of his own food, sell a little, and put by a little for a rainy day. His wife and children will help him, and he will become a steady worker. He knows that, when ill or aged, he can always fall back on his few acres, and some of his children will stay in the country. They will have a real home, a little ancestral estate of their own. They will endeavour to make a competence in the country, and thus a surplus of agricultural labourers will be created. In this manner the agricultural labourers in France, Germany, the United States, and other countries are tied to the farms. It is worth noting that in Germany there is a shortage of rural labour only in the purely agricultural east, where large estates prevail, where there are no manufacturing towns, and where the labourers are landless. In the east of Germany imported Russians and Poles do much of the agricultural work. On the other hand, in the densely populated centre and west

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of the country, where manufacturing towns are numerous and where agricultural labourers have freehold land and cottages of their own, there is always an abundance of agricultural labourers, and there imported foreign labourers work in the factories and coal mines because these cannot get a sufficient supply of German labour.

Where are our future freeholders to come from?

Including gardeners, woodmen, shepherds, &c., there are still about one million agricultural labourers in the country. Let us see that we do not lose these men, who are the backbone of the country, and who are irreplaceable. They are dwindling rapidly in numbers. Let us encourage and assist them to acquire freehold land and cottages as speedily as possible, and they and their children will stay on the land.

It is usually believed that there are no, or practically no, small holders in Great Britain who might be converted into freeholders. That opinion is erroneous. According to the Agricultural Statistics of 1909 (Cd. 4533), the agricultural holdings in Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, are as follows:

Agricultural Holdings in Great Britain

	Owned or mainly owned	Rented or mainly rented	Total
From 1 to 5 acres . .	15,432 (= 14.3%)	92,662	108,094
From 5 to 50 acres .	28,473 (= 12.3%)	203,346	231,819
From 50 to 300 acres .	14,591 (= 9.7%)	136,411	151,002
300 acres and more .	2,792 (= 15.7%)	14,922	17,714
	61,288	447,341	508,629

The foregoing figures are very interesting. It is significant that, if we except the very largest properties of 300 acres and more, the proportion of freehold properties is by far the largest among the very smallest holders, the men who hold from one to five acres. Of these dwarf holdings 14.3 per cent. are freeholds, and the percentage of freeholds rapidly diminishes with the increase in the size of properties. We may therefore conclude that the possession of freehold land is most strongly desired by the smallest holders, and observation in all parts of Great Britain absolutely confirms this conclusion. The foregoing table shows that 108,094, or more than one-fifth of all the agricultural holdings, are from one to five acres, while 339,913, or exactly two-thirds of all the agricultural holdings, are from one to fifty acres. It should be noted that farms up to fifty acres which are under average cultivation can be worked by a farmer and his family without outside help, and that, in the case of such average farms, about thirty acres suffice to maintain a man and his family. Of these 339,913 small holdings and farms, 296,008 are described as 'rented or mainly rented.' Making ample allowance for residential

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properties included in these holdings, it appears that there are at least 200,000 farming small holders of whom many wish to become the owners of the soil which they farm.

In 1907 the Liberal Government brought out a Small Holdings and Allotments Act, which came into operation on the 1st of January 1908. That Act authorises the county councils to acquire land compulsorily and to lease it in small portions to desirable tenants. This Act is exceedingly unjust to those who wish to settle on the land. Intending tenants are charged a yearly rent which consists of interest on the land rented plus an extra charge to pay off the capital cost of the land. So far the arrangement is identical with the Prussian precedent. But here the similarity ends. When the Prussian peasant had paid off the capital cost of his holding it belonged to him and his family for ever. When, under the Act of 1907, the British small holder has paid off the entire capital cost of his holding it belongs, not to him, but to the county council. The Prussian peasant was encouraged to work for himself. Taking advantage of his land hunger, the British small holder is made to work for the county council. Notwithstanding this cruelly unjust arrangement, which is felt to be cruelly unjust by intending tenants, and notwithstanding the fact that most small holders would much rather own than rent their land, no fewer than 23,285 people applied for 373,601 acres. Of these applicants 13,202 were described as provisionally suitable, and were approved of. Out of these approved applicants 4470, or nearly 34 per cent., were agricultural labourers.

The foregoing facts and figures show that there is a serious and considerable demand for freehold farms and small holdings, and they show us the class of people from whom the freehold farmers and small holders of the future should be recruited in the first instance.

It would, of course, be a wild and hopeless experiment to plant the surplus population of our towns, the wastrels and failures, in large numbers in the country. Agricultural labour is the most skilled of all labour. These town people would not be able to make a living on the land. If we wish to recreate our agriculture and to repeople the countryside, we must before all strive to preserve the existing country population and encourage it to multiply on the land. We must in the first instance encourage our 200,000 small landless farmers and our 1,000,000 landless agricultural labourers to become freeholders, assist them to become freeholders, and help them to become successful and prosperous. If they should prosper on the land, cultivation will become more intensive than hitherto, more food will be grown, more labour will be wanted. Many steady town workers would like to settle on the land, and there can be no doubt that many country-bred men who at present are working in the towns will gladly return to the land and invest their savings in a few acres

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and a cottage, if they see a chance of doing well on the land. Besides, many of our emigrants who have saved some money will be anxious to go back to the old country when they know that they can buy with their savings a small farm which will be theirs and their children's for ever. It may be possible gradually to settle in the country a large number of town-bred men. They would have to be selected with the utmost care, and would require some training. Some should begin their career as labourers with successful farmers. Others may perhaps at once be entrusted with a small plot of ground under suitable supervision in acclimatisation centres. The experiment is worth trying. If the first batches of town settlers should be successful, their success would bring about a great exodus from the towns to the country, which is much to be desired. Their failure would discourage town workers to go back to the country and discredit agriculture in their eyes for a generation.

Although industrial workers do not take easily to agriculture, it is by no means impossible to turn willing industrial workers into good agriculturists, to their great material and moral advantage. From the various successful experiments I choose one reported on by Miss Jebb in her book *The Working of the Small Holdings Act*. She writes :

Belbroughton is a striking instance of the benefit conferred on a poverty-stricken district by the supply of land to small people. Here, as at Catshill, most of the population had been nail makers, and were thrown out of employment by the introduction of machinery. The men were rapidly becoming demoralised through extreme poverty, and were continually before the magistrates for poaching and thieving. A very large number were on the rates, and doles of bread and soup were regularly given by the squire of the parish in winter. There were threatenings of organised strikes if something was not done. The men themselves were keen to get land, as, living in the country, they all possessed a knowledge of cultivation.

Since the possession of land by the parish council the men appear to be all reformed characters, and those who were formerly on the rates are now contributing to them. The village schoolmistress testifies to the improved condition of the children, who are now well fed and well clothed and on a higher level of intelligence.

Besides being of benefit to the actual tenants, this undertaking gives an impulse to other trades. A local maker of small carts and lorries used by the men has already retired with a fortune. As an illustration of the demand for these, on one farm of 50 acres, which originally gave employment to two men, I was told that there are now 40 horses and carts in use.

As regards the land itself, on one farm of 35 acres a man had failed to pay any rent for two years, and the land was in a very bad condition. The council have repaired all the hedges, gates, &c., and have taken the land on a yearly tenancy with the understanding that they will not be disturbed during the present owner's lifetime. It is already in a very different state of cultivation, and is being of untold benefit to twenty tenants.

There is such very keen competition for any land to be let in this district that the parish council has a very poor look-in ; and yet more land is very badly needed to enable those men who already have small lots to make the best use of the land itself and of their own time. It struck me that they suffered particularly from having too small an area to work to the best advantage.

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If such excellent results could be achieved on hired land, it is quite clear that much better results can be achieved on owned land. A man will, after all, put forth his greatest energy only if he knows that all the fruits of his labour will be his own. Many instances of similarly great success among British small holders might be given.

How are the freeholders of the future to be settled on the land?

In the first instance, a non-political organisation with branches in every county should be created by the Board of Agriculture, which is trusted throughout the country, and the Board of Agriculture should be given supreme direction over this new organisation. The new organisation should, through its local committees, investigate local conditions, advise both landowners and applicants for freehold land, act as mediator between both parties and as agent in effecting the purchases and sales determined upon. They should make themselves familiar with the agricultural aspect of their district. They should carefully ascertain the requirements of land on the part of intending trustworthy purchasers, on the one hand, and the disposition of landowners to sell land, on the other hand. They should study the agricultural possibilities of their district, and determine the parts which are most suitable for the creation of small and medium-sized freeholds by the character of the soil and by their proximity to towns, railways, roads, water, &c. It is most important that these local committees be well chosen, that they be non-political and sympathetic. Otherwise their action will be directed rather by party-political or personal than by agricultural considerations. Experience has shown that it was a mistake to allow the county council to carry the Small Holdings Act of 1907 into effect. Some Conservative county councils have ignored it and have endeavoured to make it a failure, while some Radical ones have spitefully used it as a means of oppression against landowners, and have encouraged intending small holders to pick the eyes out of valuable estates.

The disentailing of entailed estates might be encouraged and facilitated, and arrangements should be made for the compulsory purchase of agricultural land. Home farms of a reasonable size and parks would of course be excepted. In case of compulsory purchase, the owners should receive for their land the full value, which, in case of disputes, might be determined by referees, plus a small percentage, let us say 10 per cent., for disturbance. The solatium for disturbance should be so small as to induce owners of estates suitable for settlement rather to sell them voluntarily than have them purchased under a compulsory plan. The farmers sitting on a bought-up estate should have a first claim for enfranchisement. They should be given the option of buying either the whole or part of their farms, thus becoming freeholders, or of ceding their farms to intending freeholders. The farmers ceding their farms should receive compensation in full plus a reasonable percentage for disturbance. The purchasing of estates or

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large self-contained parts of estates—applicants should not be allowed to apply for the choicest morsels here and there to the damage of entire estates—should proceed in accordance with the demand for land.

The national credit is too precious to be lightly engaged by the public issue of large loans. Therefore it will perhaps be best to finance intending freeholders through private State-guaranteed land banks, empowered to pay landowners with $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. mortgage debentures, and to collect from the freeholders annual interest on the value of their purchase plus $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for sinking fund. The maximum dividend on the shares of these banks should be fixed at 5 or 6 per cent., and the shares should, as far as possible, be reserved to landowners. Being proprietors and managers of these land banks, the landowners would have entire confidence in the mortgage bonds issued to them in payment for their land. The mortgage debentures, being Government guaranteed, would range as trustee stocks, and the savings banks should be directed to invest part of their deposits in these bonds. The savings which the poor man places in the savings banks are used at present for driving up the rich man's Consols. The savings of the people ought to be used for the benefit of the people. They might be used for settling the people on the land. If this were done, every savings bank depositor would be given a direct interest in the land and its welfare. It is scarcely necessary to say that our land nationalisers and our Socialists would oppose this use of the savings banks deposits tooth and nail.

By the organisation sketched in the foregoing, estates suitable for cutting up into small freehold farms would be acquired in every county, and, as these estates would become centres from which the freehold system would permeate every county, they ought to be made model establishments. Rome was not built in a day. It is idle to expect that all landowners will be bought out in a year or two. The movement will begin slowly and grow gradually with its success. Therefore the money market would scarcely, if at all, be disturbed by the change in ownership. The amount required for paying off the landowners need not be very large, especially as the original fund set aside for this purpose would constantly be replenished by the yearly repayments of capital made by the small holders.

The cottages, agricultural buildings, tools, live stock, manure, seed, &c., required by the small freeholders could be bought with the assistance of the land settlement banks, but it will probably be wiser to create co-operative banks to deal with these matters. These co-operative banks would receive the savings of freeholders, and thus the freeholders would finance each other. Union is strength. County associations of co-operative banks should be formed, and a central bank should be created which would serve as a general credit reservoir for the county associations and for the individual county banks. The central co-operative banks should be given by the Government 500,000*l.* as a loan free of interest, which would provide, through the

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county associations, the working capital immediately needed by the individual co-operative banks throughout the country.

The first, the easiest and the most obvious step in the creation of rural freeholds should be brought about by the amendment of the manifestly unjust Small Holdings Act of 1907. The tenants created by that Act should be converted into freeholders. They should work for themselves, not for the county council.

What are the principal objections to the creation of small freeholders?

Many landowners say that the present system should not be altered because it has worked well in the past. The fact that our land system has worked ill may be seen from this, that our agriculture has decayed while the agriculture of other European countries, where freeholds are the rule, has prospered. If dual ownership, the partnership of landowner and farmer, were a success it would exist outside of Great Britain. If it made for efficiency and economy, it would either have grown up spontaneously in other countries or foreign nations would have introduced the British land system. Free Trade is no doubt largely responsible for the shrinkage of our wheat fields, but though the fact that more than 2,000,000 acres under wheat have gone out of cultivation may be ascribed principally to Free Trade, Free Trade has scarcely caused another 2,000,000 acres, which used to be under vegetables, to go also out of cultivation. The fact cannot be disguised that dual ownership has proved a failure. The landowner owns the land, which is visible. The farmer owns the 'unexhausted improvements,' which are invisible. The claims of the landlord are substantial, while those of the tenant are shadowy. Owing to the complicated relations between landowner and tenants, the British land system in the country, and in the towns as well, is a system encouraging exploitation and mutual besting. It is a system which requires an army of expensive and unproductive middlemen, to prevent undue exploitation and besting on the part of the grasping and the unscrupulous. It encourages wastefulness and trickery, and discourages honest work. The present system of tenancy is a premium on bad farming. A farmer who by heavy manuring, &c., has improved the land very greatly, may either have his rent raised against him by the landowner, or have part of his improvements and of his capital confiscated. Hence many 'travelling' farmers 'skin' farm after farm. No man will plant a tree if he does not know whether he or his successor will reap the fruit. The tenant does not care if the landowner's buildings decay for lack of attention, and he does not care to fix up a tile at a cost of a few minutes' work when he can send for the estate carpenter, who is paid 5*s*. a day. Economic and thorough cultivation must be based on ownership.

The champions of the present land system say that small holders will fail because they can neither afford the costly labour-saving

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machinery which large landowners and farmers can buy, nor sell their produce to the best advantage. These difficulties can be overcome by co-operation. They are overcome by co-operation everywhere on the Continent and in Ireland, and co-operation may be made more potent by the creation of an agricultural post. Opponents of small holdings say that farmers who find it difficult to make a living out of 500 acres will find it impossible to make a living on 50 acres. Our farmers require very large farms because they grow so little per acre, and they grow so little because they have not enough hands to do the work. A few acres of roots and of cultivated fodder plants yield as much nourishment to animals as many acres of rough, stubbly grass which requires practically no labour. It is a well-known fact that most farmers could secure a much higher rate of profit by reducing their area from 300 acres to 100 acres and applying to them more labour and manure. Our farms are large, not because large farms are economical, but because intensive agriculture on farms of moderate size has become impossible in this country through lack of labour.

Many agriculturists think that the creation of numerous small freeholds will deprive our farmers of their labourers, who will begin farming on their own, and that the rural labour difficulty will thus be intensified. The fact that small holdings make not for lack of labour but for abundance of labour will be evident by comparing rural labour conditions in Great Britain, where large estates prevail and the labourers are landless, with rural labour conditions in Germany, where small freeholds are very numerous. Such a comparison is most instructive, and it reveals the following surprising facts :

	In Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland)	In Germany
Number of farmers	277,694	2,500,974
Number of individual holdings .	508,629	5,736,082
Number of agricultural labourers of both sexes	724,314	7,283,471

It will be noticed that for every agricultural labourer in Great Britain there are ten agricultural labourers in Germany. With ten times the number of labourers, Germany grows exactly ten times as much bread corn as does this country. In 1908 Germany grew 14,504,700 tons of wheat and rye, whilst the United Kingdom grew only 1,474,200 tons. Although Germany has 7,283,471 agricultural labourers, she possesses only 5,736,082 agricultural holdings. About 1,500,000 male German agricultural labourers are landless, but they will not always be landless. They are the children of small freeholders and they work on the farms of medium and of large freeholders until they come into their paternal property. The creation of small freeholders should not make the rural labour problem worse, but should solve it.

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Some landowners object to the creation of small freeholds because they do not wish the country to be converted into a wilderness of unsightly small plots, and they assert that the creation of freeholders would destroy all rural beauty and all rural sport. I think these fears are uncalled for. In France, Germany and other countries the creation of freeholders has neither spoilt the scenery nor has it killed all sport. It has not even led to the disappearance of large estates and of large farms, as I have shown in my article published in the September number of this Review. As small holdings did not destroy sport and natural beauty in other countries, they should not do so in Great Britain. Besides, those landowners who oppose the creation of numerous freeholds because they might diminish their sport should ask themselves whether land exists chiefly to keep foxes and partridges, or to keep men?

The landowners as a body should rather benefit than suffer from the creation of numerous freeholds. Most of our agricultural land is heavily encumbered and mortgaged, and most of our landowners are in embarrassed circumstances. A further fall in the value of land would lead to general bankruptcy among them. A rise in the price of land would save them. The price of agricultural land depends on the value of the produce raised on it. A more intensive cultivation, a cultivation such as that prevalent in France and Germany, a cultivation which substitutes grain and vegetables for the rough grass and weeds growing wildly on our so-called permanent pasture, should double the price of the land. It is highly significant that agricultural land in Germany is on an average twice as valuable as agricultural land in Great Britain. Unless the land problem is solved speedily, it will solve itself through the complete disappearance of the rural labourers. Landowners must either create numerous freeholders, who work during part of their time on their own land, or they must allow most of the remaining agricultural land to go out of cultivation, and to become 'permanent pasture.' If they allow their agricultural land to become a prairie, it will have only prairie value, and the owners of large estates will be ruined. They must choose between a country settled by peasant proprietors and a country covered with ranches similar to the Wild West.

The urban land problem also is urgent, but it is not so urgent as the rural one. In the towns, as in the country, dual ownership prevails, and it has the same result in the towns as it has in the country. Here also it makes for mutual exploitation and besting, for trickery, neglect and waste, and it requires an army of economically useless middlemen. Our town rents are high, not owing to the exactions of the ground landlords, but owing to the leasehold system. Men who take a house or a cottage for a short term—and most working people do so—treat it badly. It is after all not their property. Consequently repairs are heavy, and, to provide for these, owners of house property must charge

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10 per cent. on the value of their houses in the form of rent. Working men can reduce their rent commonly by one-third, and sometimes even by one-half, if they own the houses they live in. However, as a lease is a wasting security, few working men care to invest their savings in a house which ultimately becomes the property of the landlord.

Our towns, like the country, consist chiefly of large estates. Their owners do not care to sell part of their holding. Besides, the purchase of a small plot of freehold land or of a freehold cottage is made almost impossible for men of small means through the intricacy and uncertainty of title, and the difficulty, waste of time, and great expense incurred in buying or selling real estate, or in raising a loan thereon. In the case of very small properties the cost of investigating and transferring the title comes often to from 5 to 10 per cent. of the purchase money—a prohibitive amount.

The purchase of freehold properties in town and country ought to be made easy, especially to people of modest means, not only in order to reduce their rent, but also in order to give them a greater inducement to save. Most people of small means like best to put their savings into tangible real property because paper property is speculative, and has something very unreal about it. The working man can put his savings practically only into leasehold property, which is unsatisfactory because it reverts to the landowner, or into the savings banks which give too low an interest, or into stocks and shares, in which he becomes a prey to the company promoter and to the bucket shop. The impossibility of securing a satisfactory investment in real property is, I think, the chief cause of the thriftlessness of the British masses. The workers of all other nations are more thrifty than Englishmen, probably because ownership of cottages and land is usual among them. As the British workers cannot put their money into freehold land and houses, where they have the result of their thrift constantly before their eyes, they commonly spend all they earn.

The enfranchisement of leases should be made easy. Respectable householders should be entitled to purchase the freehold of the house or the cottage they live in at a price approximating its market value; and here, again, the funds of the savings banks might, under proper safeguards, be usefully employed for financing workers desirous of acquiring a house of their own. Besides, the transfer of real estate should be made less costly and cumbrous by the creation of proper land registers, which exist in all civilised countries except Great Britain. The laws and institutions of every country favour either the distribution or the centralisation of wealth. Those of Great Britain have the latter effect. They must be altered.

I advocate the breaking-up of large estates in town and country, not only in the interests of the workers, but in those of the landowners as well. Nobody likes to pay rent, and Great Britain is a nation of rent-payers. The land is for all practical purposes a monopoly of the

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few. Landowners as a body are not popular. In a country such as Great Britain, in which millions rule, the ownership of the bulk of the land cannot safely be confined to a few thousands. Our Radical-Socialist Government has proclaimed the nationalisation of the land by easy stages, and it has already begun to 'resume' the land. The time for applying palliatives, such as that contained in Mr. Jesse Collings's Purchase of Land Bill of 1905, is past. Our land system is a great and genuine grievance to the people, and a great and genuine popular grievance requires a great and genuine remedy. Our land system must be reformed root and branch, and landowners will be wise not to oppose a reform which has become inevitable. Unless they allow the Unionists to buy them out of part of their land the Radical-Socialists will tax them out of the whole of their land. Their choice lies between land reform and land confiscation.

Under Mr. Asquith's Government Socialism has advanced with giant strides. It has seized the reins of power. Great Britain is the only country in the world which is ruled by a Socialist Cabinet. The British Government is the only Government in the world which has embarked upon the policy of nationalising the land by gradual confiscation. The process of taxing the landowners out of their land has commenced. So far Socialism has met with but little resistance. Its success has been easy because there are only a few thousand big landowners to oppose its progress. Their single-handed resistance to the nationalisation of the land will probably be as unsuccessful in the long run as was the opposition of their grandfathers to the abolition of the Corn Laws. Our landowners can resist and they can defeat Socialism, but they can do so only if they take the people into partnership.

Property owners are the natural defenders of the State and its institutions. The historic fabric of Great Britain rests on a dangerously narrow basis—a basis which sufficed in the past, but which suffices no longer. The enemy is at the gates. Rome enfranchised her slaves against Hannibal. Prussia enfranchised her people against Napoleon. We must enfranchise our people against the forces of revolution. Great Britain is in the melting-pot. The political enfranchisement of our people should be followed by their economic enfranchisement. Property owners are conservative. A thorough reform of our land system will be the most democratic, and at the same time the most conservative measure of modern times.

The Budget is subversive and unconstitutional. Democratic government means government by the people. A few crafty demagogues are trying to substitute for government by the people government by the Party boss. They have told us that Finance Bills are the privilege of the House of Commons, and that the House of Lords must accept the Budget as it stands. That contention is absurd. Every innovation and every new law costs money—or it can be made to cost money. If every measure which costs money must be passed by the House of Lords as soon as it is included in the Budget, the

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House of Commons can pass every measure it likes by simply including it in the Budget. The House of Commons would not only be supreme, but it would be absolute. A chance majority in the House of Commons could then introduce conscription by putting, by means of the Budget, a heavy tax on all able-bodied men except those who have served with the Colours. A Church of England majority could re-establish the Church in Ireland, and tax the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist Churches out of existence. A Nonconformist majority could tax the Church of England out of existence, and use the proceeds for creating and endowing a Nonconformist State Church. A Radical-Socialist majority could tax the monarchy out of existence and establish the Socialist Republic. If the doctrine is accepted that every Bill which involves the spending of money must be passed by the House of Lords, popular government is dead. There will be no check whatever on the will of a temporary majority in the House of Commons, even if that majority absolutely misrepresents the people. Free speech having been abolished in Parliament by the closure, and out of Parliament by hired gangs of ruffians, Great Britain will no longer be ruled by the will of the people, but by the will of the Party boss, and revolutions and counter-revolutions will become as frequent in this country as they are now in Central America.

Through the present Budget Mr. Lloyd George and his fellow-conspirators try to subvert the Constitution and to bring about a revolution. Their Budget is the most gigantic and the most audacious attempt at political corruption known to history. It is not popular, but landowners are unpopular. Many people would like to see the landowners taxed out of their land. Still the people prefer common-sense and solid advantage to Socialism and Utopia. The Liberal cry 'Tax the landowners' may be good as an Election cry, but the Unionist cry 'Every man his own landlord' will be better.

The House of Lords will undoubtedly refer the revolutionary Budget to the people for decision. A General Election will follow. A Unionist programme combining Tariff Reform and Land Reform should give the victory to the cause of Union and Empire. But even in the event that the Radical-Socialist Party should obtain a small majority, all will not be lost. As Ireland and Wales are greatly over-represented at Westminster, a small Radical-Socialist majority in the House of Commons would not represent a majority, but only a minority, of the electors. A minority largely composed of elements hostile to the Union and to the Empire will scarcely be allowed tyrannically to impose its will upon a national majority. A revolution cannot be made by a minority of the people, even if that minority happens to command a majority of votes in the House of Commons. The means of resistance against Socialism and against government by corruption and plunder would not be exhausted.

J. Ellis Barker.

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THE VALUATION PROPOSALS OF THE GOVERNMENT

THE exigencies of parliamentary time, as well as other features of the political situation that may readily suggest themselves, have been unfortunately responsible for the amended valuation proposals of the Government not receiving that amount of discussion in Committee of the House which the subject unquestionably merits.

Had the land taxes in the Finance Bill been confined to those occasions when increment in land is self-revealed, there would have been no necessity for the establishment in the Bill of a State universal valuation. The duties in that case could have been imposed after a simple calculation, and could have been both estimated and collected without any appreciable addition to the existing machinery and officialdom. The three occasions when increment in land may be said to be self-revealed are (1) on the sale of land which realises a sum over and above its hitherto capitalised rental; (2) on conversion, when agricultural or disused land is developed into a building estate; and (3) on the expiration of a long lease when the reversionary interest falls in to the owner. The inclusion in the Bill of various other occasions, namely death, and in the case of corporate bodies every fifteen years, together with the halfpenny tax on undeveloped land, has barred the possibility of any such simple procedure, and has made universal valuation an indispensable feature in the scheme. Moreever, whatever may be the objections to it in a Finance Bill, the House of Commons has now accepted valuation and the question will shortly stand referred to the House of Lords.

The valuation proposals as they appeared in the Bill when introduced, and as the new clauses present them, differ materially. There has been a general welcome to the abandonment by the Government of their original proposal which would have called upon all owners of land, under penalty, in an inadequate time, to make a dual valuation (site value and total value) of their property for the benefit of the Land Tax Commissioners. Upon these individual data the Government proposed to levy the new duties, reserving to themselves the right to recover excess duty where the individual values so rendered

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were shown to be inadequate by the State valuation when it was made, and with a corresponding concession to refund should the owner have over-stated the value of his property.

This proposal has been withdrawn, and beyond the Government being enabled to call for certain necessary particulars from owners which may constitute a useful criterion for the calculations of the Government valuer, the whole duty and expense attached to valuation, both site and total, is to be borne exclusively by the State. From every point of view this is a practical improvement in the scheme, because it removes what would otherwise have been the case in practically every instance, viz. a double valuation, first one by the owner at his own expense and another subsequently by the State. No reliable valuation could have been made until each owner's valuation had been checked and corrected by the valuers employed by the State.

This modification of the scheme must have a potent influence on the return of revenue derivable from these particular taxes. It may confidently be anticipated that several years must elapse before the scheme of land taxation in its entirety can be expected to reach its full revenue-producing capacity.

In moving the resolution to enable funds to be raised for the establishment of this capital valuation of the country by the State, the Prime Minister announced that he was assured, upon a careful estimate with the aid of expert advice, that the original cost of valuation throughout the kingdom would not amount to more than 2,000,000*l*. He stated that the country would be mapped out into 120 districts and that some 500 valuers would, it was estimated, be sufficient to carry out the work.

If these intricate valuations are to be made for such a sum, it is safe to assume that the salaries to be paid to the valuers will have to be on a basis unprecedented in meagreness when compared with the usual scale for such responsible work.

Several estimates have been made by experts of high standing, which show that upon quite moderate data such a valuation of England and Wales could not be made by owners for less than 13,000,000*l*., and that would be excluding the metropolis. Whilst it can fairly be admitted that State officials upon permanent staff would be able to do the work more cheaply than men remunerated by professional fees, still the remarkable discrepancy between the two estimates induces one to regard with a certain scepticism the possibility of an accurate site and total valuation of the whole kingdom being carried out for the figure mentioned by Mr. Asquith. It will soon be realised that the double valuation required by the Bill of every description of property will involve innumerable difficulties, novel and complicated in their nature, and that men of trained skill in their profession who can command high fees, with legal and statistical staffs working with and under them, will be needed to perform the task in a satisfactory

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manner. Therefore a large and expensive additional staff, which will cost much more than the Government anticipates, looms upon the horizon. Doubtless also, in view of the enormous volume of contentions which will be carried before the referees and to the courts, men of eminence will prefer to wait for the golden harvest that will be forthcoming when the proposals of the Bill are attempted to be carried out.

It is to be admitted that the period of four years allowed for the work makes for economy, which will at least have the advantage of enabling the Government with the help of expert advisers to consider the question of the valuation of the country more carefully, and time is afforded for supplementary legislation to follow.

The resolution, which has been embodied in the Finance Bill, does not bind the Government to any specific scheme, nor does it definitely and irrevocably commit them to a purely centralised system.

If the proposals of the Government could have been discussed in the House of Commons, it would have been demonstrated on all sides by members fully qualified by experience to speak on this subject, and conversant with the existing systems of valuation in Scotland and England, that a far better way of tackling this problem was ready to hand.

Grave objections present themselves to setting up a wide and elaborate machinery of State valuation upon a capital basis, side by side with the existing Local Government system of valuation upon an annual basis, which has been with us since the Act of Elizabeth.

The scheme proposes to divide the kingdom into 120 districts for the purposes of the capital valuation. There are, in England and Wales alone, 136 administrative counties and county boroughs (50 administrative counties in England and 12 in Wales, or 62 in all, and 71 county boroughs in England and 3 in Wales, or 74 in all). It will thus be observed that the 120 capital valuation areas for the whole kingdom will cover wider areas than the largest units possible for local government purposes, namely the administrative county and county borough. It must follow that the new capital valuation areas will not be conterminous with the largest local government areas, thus still further importing complications into our system of local taxation.

The psychological moment would appear to have arrived when the Government should take this long-promised reform in hand and frame a comprehensive Valuation Bill for the reconstitution of our local valuation system, combining with it the Government scheme for the capital valuation of the country.

It is admitted on all sides, by those acquainted with the subject, that our existing system of local assessment and valuation is obsolete, complicated, and inadequate for modern needs. Royal Commissions and Select Committees for years past have demonstrated this, and the Report of the Royal Commission on local taxation embodies a mass of

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material urging this most necessary reform, which, however, year after year, Parliament after Parliament has shelved.

Mr. Walter Long's Bill of 1904 proposed to make the council of every administrative county and county borough the valuation authority for such areas, but with power to divide the administrative county into valuation districts of at least 50,000 population, every non-county borough or urban district of 50,000 population or more being made a separate valuation district.

There are no fewer than 645 unions in England and Wales, with their assessment committees, and no fewer than 14,803 civil parishes, each with their overseers, or bodies performing the duties of overseers, who are the rating authorities of the parish, which is the unit of rating and valuation.

Thus Mr. Long proposed to entrust the work of valuation to larger and more responsible authorities, thereby removing overlapping and other objections.

Mr. Long in introducing his Bill of 1904 said [1]:—

> Excluding London, which has a law of its own, there are in all counties two assessment authorities which assess for different purposes—the county authority which assesses for the county rate, and the union authority which assesses for the poor rate. In addition there are powers held by the borough councils, so that there might even be a third assessment authority for the same area. Consequently there are several authorities charged with the duty of assessing, they have no means of consultation and joint action, and thus there are the widest possible variations in practice. The assessments themselves vary in a most remarkable degree, and often in the same county they differ greatly, so that in adjoining unions you may have properties precisely similar in their character and in their surroundings contributing to the similar rates on different assessments. The inequities which have thus resulted led to the appointment of the Royal Commission. In addition, perhaps, I ought to say that these inequities also occur in county and other boroughs. The City of Liverpool embraces three or four unions, the City of Birmingham certainly includes more than one, and thus you have this extraordinary injustice that within the same municipal area, where the expenditure is presumably for the same purpose, three or four different valuations are made by different union assessment committees.

In reply Lord Wolverhampton (then Sir Henry Fowler, M.P.) said that 'Nothing was more unsatisfactory in our municipal and local government at present than the contradictions, the anomalies and the inexplicable difficulties which arose with reference to assessment,' and suggested that it was a question which the House could approach without party feeling. Thus both parties are committed to this reform.

A private Member's Bill was introduced in the same year—the Valuation Bill (No. 2) 1904—to enable the council of every county and county borough to be the sole valuation authority of its county or borough for all rateable purposes and for income tax and inhabited house duty. This Bill was introduced by Mr. John Hutton and was backed by Sir John Dorrington and Colonel Stopford Sackville.

[1] *Hansard*, vol. cxxiii., 26th of April 1904, p. 1200.

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Mr. Hutton's Bill proposed that the Surveyors of Taxes for the district and county should be *ex-officio* members of the valuation authority.

In view of the time proposed to be taken for the capital valuation of the country, I repeat that the Government now have a unique opportunity, and, indeed, an inevitable duty, if the cost of valuation is to be kept within reasonable limits, to take in hand immediately this long-postponed reform, and to frame a comprehensive Valuation Bill for the reconstitution of our local valuation system, combining with it the Government scheme for the capital valuation of the country and thereby creating one valuation list for all taxation, national and local.

Facilities of locomotion and other modern conditions are altering the whole field of local government by the extinction of the smaller bodies and by investing the powers and duties of local government administration in the hands of the greater administrative authorities, whilst at the same time clothing them with more and wider powers. We see this in the Poor Law, in the proposed abolition of the Guardians. We have seen it in the Small Holdings Act, which has taken the small holdings and allotments out of the hands of the district councils, and has placed them in the hands of the county councils. We have seen it in the London Government Act, 1899, which substituted twenty-eight metropolitan borough councils for an inordinate number of vestries, overseers and other bodies. The Select Committee on Housing of 1907 recommended the transfer of the public health powers from the rural district councils to the county councils. The Government Housing Bill does not go so far as this, but the trend is all in one direction.

It would be obviously undesirable to utilise the existing local rating authorities for the reasons which led up to Mr. Long's Bill. These smaller bodies are quite unsuitable for such novel and responsible work. Moreover, the Government cannot look to their co-operation voluntarily, for corporate bodies cannot go beyond their statutory powers without fear of surcharge, and there is not a word in the Finance Bill which empowers them to aid the Government officials.

As an example of the utter confusion into which our existing valuation system has drifted, it is possible to have five different assessments on a house and two acres of garden of an admitted annual value of 42*l.*, the landlord doing repairs and the tenant paying rates, the property being subject also to tithe (1*l.*) and the land tax,[2]

	£	*s.*	*d.*
For Land Tax	40	0	0
For Schedule A	32	0	0
For Inhabited House Duty	39	0	0
For poor and other local rates	34	5	0
For Schedule B	1	0	0

[2] Report of Local Taxation Committee of Central Chamber of Agriculture 20th of February 1907.

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whilst the county rate basis or standard outside London differs in totals from all the foregoing units. The numerous abatements and total or partial exemptions that exist under the present law are fully reviewed in the Report of the Royal Commission on Local Taxation.

Scotland is conspicuously in advance of England as regards assessment and valuation. That country has a machinery in existence which enjoys the general confidence of all classes, and one which—so I am informed by persons well qualified to give an opinion—could, with a slight modification of the law, be made capable of undertaking the work of capital valuation for the purposes of the Bill. The assessors in Scotland in the service of the existing authorities would be far more competent to make an accurate valuation of the land in their locality than any outside valuers the Government could find for the purpose, because the essence of valuation is local knowledge and experience. If this be the case, as I am assured it is, the Government has, so far as Scotland is concerned, a ready and inexpensive means of combining capital valuation for State purposes with the annual value basis for local rating purposes.

Assuming that the Government scheme goes through as the Bill now stands, the picture presents itself of Government officials acting for areas not conterminous with the existing local government areas, ascertaining at great expense the necessary particulars of properties to be capitally valued, much of which information already exists in the offices of the local valuation authorities. The Government officials will have to cope with the difficulties presented by the complexity of boundaries and the overlapping of areas for different purposes of assessment, and yet must proceed with the work independently, ignoring the existence of the locally appointed parish or union officers. Accordingly their units of valuation and capital values, when they are ascertained, will be found to be out of all symmetry with the units of value and annual values existing in the local valuation lists. Thus objections and appeals against one or other will find their best evidence in official figures on one side or the other, and confusion will become worse confounded.

The Liberal party by tradition have always been the upholders of the principles of local government which constitutes so peculiar a feature of our internal administration. Two conspicuous instances in recent legislation immediately suggest themselves. The success of the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act is attributed by the recent Report of the Local Government Board to the co-operation of the State pension officers with the local pension committees. Again, Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme finds its best feature in the co-operation of the county associations with the War Office organisation. But here in valuation the Government are ignoring local government material and are proposing to set up an expensive and inappropriate officialdom for the purpose of making a separate capital valuation.

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Apart from the enormous avoidable expenditure which a centralised capital valuation is going to impose upon the country, it would be an irretrievable blunder to disregard the valuable local knowledge, time, and experience which are given to the work of local government, and especially to that of valuation and rating upon many of the existing valuation authorities. There is in the country, given the proper machinery and a simplified law, a vast amount of voluntary effort which could be utilised for public service; and it would be a wilful waste of power to ignore it.

Surely now is the time for the Government to marry their valuation proposals with a reform of the local government valuation machinery as broadly suggested in Mr. Long's Bill.

London has a system of valuation of its own, which was set up by the late Lord Goschen in 1869. A revaluation is made every five years, when the Government Surveyor of Taxes is associated with the ascertainment of the gross and rateable values. This enables the knowledge possessed by the Surveyor of Taxes and that of the local parish officers to be interchanged, and the valuation list so created is made binding upon the Government for their taxes, as well as upon the local rating authorities, the totals of the valuation lists throughout the county constituting also the county rate basis. This affords a valuable and successful example to guide the Government in framing a comprehensive measure.

If the Government introduced a valuation reform throughout the country, the Opposition could not consistently oppose it in view of Mr. Long's Bill, and the House of Lords would have to think seriously before they blocked a measure which simply provided for a more economical and efficient administration of the new land taxes.

Moreover, the municipalities, who have been the prime movers in demanding the taxation of land values and are to be granted half the proceeds, thereby become partners, and are as such interested in the successful yield of the new taxes as well as in the administrative machinery which will ascertain the values. Thus it may be anticipated that the municipal and local government authorities throughout the country would support any Valuation Bill that had for its object the co-operation of the State and the local authority in valuation for all purposes, national and local.

Probably enough has already been said to suggest the lines upon which the Government could proceed. A Valuation Bill could be introduced upon the lines of Mr. Long's Bill and Goschen's Act of 1869. The administrative county and the county borough should be made the valuation authority, with powers of delegation to valuation districts. The local Surveyor of Taxes and a Government valuer could be made *ex-officio* members of the valuation committee.

It ought not to be necessary to point out the advantages of such a plan. The creation of one valuation list or Domesday Book for all

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national and local purposes of taxation would be a work of paramount importance. The co-operation of State officer and local machinery in such an undertaking would be highly desirable on many grounds. It would secure uniformity, create confidence, and so lessen dispute and litigation. Instead of separate officers with their staff of clerks, the whole work of handling the returns and creating the valuation lists, and the whole cost of establishment charges, would be concentrated in the accounts of one valuation authority, with the necessary adjustment of expenditure between State and locality. The consolidation of valuation and assessment and the removal of all existing anomalies should lead to considerable local economy, and thereby enable the new valuation authorities to retain skilled professional men as their official valuers for local rating purposes.

Revision of the valuation list is in many parts of the provinces at present non-existent, and in other parts is carried out in a perfunctory and uneven manner. A decennial revision might be sufficient for the rural districts, a quinquennial revision being adopted for urban districts beyond a certain population. Whether it be decennial or quinquennial, it is to be hoped that the mistake in London will be avoided, where the quinquennial revaluation is made simultaneously in every fifth year. This has the effect of rendering the task too voluminous, entailing a vast amount of work in order to carry through the valuation within the statutory period. It would be sufficient if the statutory provision is so worded as to require the values of all properties within the valuation area to be revised every five years. Then it would be possible to carry out the revision parish by parish, or ward by ward, provided the revision is completed during the period. The valuation authority could then retain a staff which would be uniformly employed throughout.

The main objection that has to be directed against the halfpenny tax on undeveloped land is that it is a partial introduction of the capital basis for taxation to a particular class of property, side by side with the continuance of the annual basis for other descriptions of property. The reason that undeveloped land is not adequately rated arises solely from the annual value principle of our valuation system. If an hereditament, whether it be a piece of land, a house, or a factory, commands no rent or has no beneficial occupation, then its rateable value is *nil*, so that a piece of vacant land, however valuable it may be in capital value, if it is not in beneficial occupation, ought no more to be called upon to pay an extra tax or rate than an empty house.

The present system admittedly displays notorious anomalies, as instanced by the excessive amount railways have to bear, on the one hand, and the low assessment of country demesnes on the other. Once, however, site value and total value, ascertained by the same machinery, were placed side by side in the same valuation book as the gross and

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rateable annual values, the glaring discrepancies between the two would become apparent.

It would then be possible to create a rateable basis by percentages upon the capital total values, which percentages could be varied according to the character and other circumstances of the properties. The rate would be charged upon this basis. The objectionable feature of the halfpenny tax in its partial application of the capital valuation system would be removed, and taxation would be levied on an even principle.

The universal application of a capital valuation basis would produce a uniform incidence of taxation. All classes of property, urban and agricultural, would be treated alike, and none would be unduly hit beyond its capacity, whilst land of high value would pay its fair proportion to the public charges.

JOHN DICKSON POYNDER.

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BRITISH AND GERMAN ARMAMENTS: OUR INADEQUATE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

THE babel of contention aroused by the financial proposals of the Budget has turned attention away from the political facts which have rendered extraordinary expenditure necessary. While the provision of Old Age Pensions and other schemes of social amelioration at the public expense have involved the nation in expenditure the limit of which cannot yet be foreseen, the increasing armaments of foreign powers, and the efforts which both political parties are pledged to make in order to keep pace with them, constitute an even greater prospective demand on the public purse than any which we may contemplate for ourselves. The votes for Navy and Army have increased from :—

—	Population	Army	Navy	Total
1891	37·7 millions	17·5	14·1	31·6
1909	45 ,,	27·4	35·1	62.5

If there were any chance of accomplishing our purpose by this enormous annual outlay the prospect would still be serious, and it might still be questioned whether peace were not purchased too dearly at the price; but everyone knows that, as regards naval armaments at any rate, we are only at the beginning of a contest, nor can any man say yet how far this struggle of millions may be carried, nor what likelihood there is of our emerging the victor. The provisions of the present Budget are roundly denounced by the party in Opposition as sequestration of capital, and as a percentage of taxation which is likely to cripple industry ; it is also contended that such taxes are quite certain to cut into our reserves of money and credit which should be available in case of a critical war. Making all due allowance for the exaggerations of party, it is undeniable that these criticisms are founded on solid fact, as may be seen by looking back to the financial expedients adopted in the war against the Revolution. We are proposing to levy in time of peace, and for ordinary peace effectives, the rates of taxation which have hitherto been held in reserve for great emergencies. It is true we still have in reserve the imposition

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of a tariff, but the present burden is severely felt and sharply resented; our reserves for war are being touched in peace; we are, in fact, being subjected to war taxation with the prospect of its indefinite extension.

There is no prospect that the cost of these armaments will be reduced by any Government in the near future; both parties are agreed on trying to maintain the superiority in ships of the British Navy, and the Opposition have even urged the Admiralty to raise their demands. The agreement of politicians, however, ends with the determination to spend. There is the widest difference of opinion as to how the money should be raised, and the division of interests on the subject is a source of national weakness. Generally speaking, both politicians and their constituents are very ignorant of Continental affairs, nor can either be induced seriously to study them. Had successive Cabinets dealt wisely and vigorously with contingencies as they arose, we should hardly have drifted into the present dilemma. As early as 1895, if not before, the trend of popular will and enthusiasm in Germany towards naval expansion should have been appreciated by any statesman who knew his business. If we had been governed by such a one we should have avoided the aimless quarrel with France in 1898, followed by the expensive adventure in South Africa—both of which events in succession enabled the German Government to take the first decisive steps while we were engaged up to the hilt, and powerfully contributed to enlist the German people in the plan. Not the least of the advantages which our rival enjoys over us is the strength of her national government, resting as it does on the aristocratic principle. The rulers of Germany who exercise authority in the chief offices of State, and who command the Army and Navy, are not successful intriguers, fluent speakers, malapert critics and thrusting lawyers or journalists. They are men who have been trained from boyhood for their task, the whole of their energies have been devoted to public affairs, and they may be reckoned on as the equals, if not the superiors, of the leading men of any European State; moreover, they command the confidence of the masses of their own people and can exercise their prerogatives with the certainty of being supported.

Germany enjoys the immense advantage of being able to begin the war, if war is found to be inevitable, at any time convenient to herself. A British Government would hang on to hopes of peace and await aggression, both from ignorance of strategy and statecraft, and also from doubt of popular support until the actual declaration of war came from the adversary. The Republican leaders of France know that if defeated in war the present régime would be swept away, just like the Second Empire which it supplanted; but if France were victorious, there would also be a very good chance of the successful General establishing himself as Chief of the State. Great changes in either case would be inevitable, and therefore it may be predicted that neither France nor Britain are likely to declare war on Germany,

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however threatening her preparations may be. That her naval preparations are a direct menace and challenge to the British Empire can hardly be denied. There is but one other State against which Germany might be involved in a quarrel, namely, the United States of America; but existing circumstances eliminate America from the area of contention for some years to come, and Britain alone remains. In former days there can be no doubt that the British Government would have treated German naval preparations as a direct provocation to war, and acted with decisive effect before those preparations had become too formidable. Instead of this bold policy, however, the last and the present Administrations have made undignified advances to Germany to persuade her to limit her naval armaments. These advances have been rejected without much ceremony. The leaders of both political parties have investigated the alternative of declaring war while our supremacy is still assured, but so far no one has had the courage openly to advocate war, however much the plan may have been discussed in private. The German Government, well knowing what it would do in a like case, naturally regards us with deep suspicion, and finds it difficult to believe that we shall not make a pounce on their High Sea Fleet one day; thus distrust exists on both shores of the North Sea, and the way is prepared for future quarrels.

Owing to the march of mechanical invention, ships become obsolete with increasing rapidity. Every year a class of ship on which our maritime superiority rested in the past becomes too weak to put into line in case of war. As each year's programme replaces a former class it is evident that by competing with the British Navy year by year for the next ten years Germany can overtake it, and assure herself superior forces on the outbreak of war. It may be possible to defeat this project by building more and yet more ships, but, however hard that may be for Germany, it is certain to involve us in an expenditure the scale of which is already beginning to cause grave discontent.

At present we are confronted with these two alternatives: To measure our purse and credit against our rival, or to put a stop to the rivalry by force if remonstrance fails.

It is just possible that the time has not yet gone by when such remonstrance might effect a truce, though it would hardly be more than a truce. Germany has no particular temptation to hazard her fate at the present juncture. She would lose her increasing oversea trade and shipping at a most critical phase of their development, perhaps for good and all. Britain at present would run no great risks of decisive defeat, and, in short, to grasp the nettle might be our wisest course. Unfortunately we are fettered, not only by our democratic and party system, but also by the weakness of our land forces. For this reason Germany, if at war with Britain, would almost certainly seize the occasion to make some alterations in the map of

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Europe to suit her purposes. Not only would she be likely to absorb practically, if not nominally, the small countries whose frontiers march with her own, but she might even seek to impose her alliance on France, Italy, and Spain, or at first on France alone. At the present moment the German Army is more numerous than the French, and has the important advantage of retaining the three years' service for the cavalry, while France has reduced her military service all round to two years, for democratic reasons. France also labours under some other military disadvantages incidental to her form of government. In case of an attack by Germany on France, and in case the British Navy prevailed in the struggle for the possession of the North Sea, there can be no doubt that all available British troops would be hurried off to the assistance of the French army. This Expeditionary Force is at present organised in six divisions, and four brigades of cavalry, which means 60,000 infantry with 8000 horsemen, and a very large proportion of artillery. If the Royal Navy continued victorious this contingent would be increased and probably doubled. A twofold doubt besets the French Cabinet in estimating the value of a British alliance. First, would any considerable fraction of the British forces reach the frontier in time for the series of great battles which would probably be decisive? And, secondly, there is always the doubt about what might happen at sea. If the British Navy were defeated, or were only partially successful, so that the British coasts lay open to invasion, would a British Government have the courage and power to act according to strategic requirements, *i.e.* send British troops to the decisive battle-fields, or would these troops be kept to repel a possible invasion or raid of the British Isles? The weakness of the Territorial Army has been exaggerated in the French press, and no French statesman looks upon it as a factor in the first three months of a war.

To sum up these considerations, Britain must now decide whether she will withdraw from the contest and frame her shipbuilding programme without hope of an assured superiority; or she must be prepared for even a far greater expenditure than any yet incurred; or, lastly, she must treat the preparations of Germany as directed against herself and put an end to them while she has the undoubted superiority at sea.

The first of the alternatives stated has hitherto been declared inadmissible by the spokesmen of all parties in this country, and the last of the three has not yet been openly discussed; it may seem paradoxical, but either the first or the last of these solutions might meet the case if our land forces were more formidable. It is constantly repeated, even by those who should know better, that naval defeat would spell destruction for us, even without invasion, because the victorious fleet could cut off our sea-borne trade of food and raw material. This statement is absurd, unless it be also admitted that the foe will estab-

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lish himself on our western coasts, seize fresh naval bases, and employ a vast fleet of cruisers. But that is an enterprise far more difficult and dangerous than the defeat, however decisive, of our battleships, nor is any European country at present able to contemplate such action. Conceivably France and Germany in alliance might achieve it, or America in alliance with the Continent against us. Ireland would have to be wrested from us and used as a naval base for the blockading squadrons, and even then the blockade would only be partial and ineffective so long as any great country had a paramount interest in supplying us from oversea.

Our greatest danger, then, lies in such a combination of enemies as to nullify our extraordinary geographical advantages in any dispute with Continental Powers. So long as Britain lies athwart their lines of sea communication, so long as our naval stations divide our possible adversaries, and, above all, so long as we can deny the Straits of Dover to a hostile fleet, victory at sea will continue to be within our reach, even should we begin the war by a disastrous battle in the North Sea. Again, however completely the German fleet may obtain the mastery in the North Sea, the invasion of Britain can only be effected by landing troops in large numbers—not less than 300,000 men, and probably more; but the disembarkment of such large numbers must take several days, and therefore the first week of any campaign on British soil must give great opportunities to the defenders of falling on the first invading forces thrown on the coast, and of destroying them in detail, provided always that an army of at least 200,000 men can be mobilised in three days for the purpose. As the first act of the invader will be to prevent, if possible, the concentration of the defending forces by seizing or destroying the railways, an obvious precaution for us consists in a well thought-out and thoroughly prepared scheme of concentration, so as to be able at once to attack the heads of the invader's forces with unquestionable superiority. Consequently, if the British land forces were on an adequate scale, we should have little to fear from threats of invasion, even if the German fleet were strong enough to clear the North Sea of our battle squadrons; nor would it necessarily follow either that our supplies would be cut off by sea, or communication with our oversea dominions prevented, though, doubtless, any naval defeat or established inferiority in line of battle ships would be a grave disadvantage for us.

The creation of an adequate British Army would not only render invasion impossible far more certainly than any naval defence, but it would also give such security to our friends and potential allies on the Continent that there would cease to be any risk whatever of France being coerced into an alliance against us. It would, on the contrary, become certain that we should have her assistance whenever we drew the sword to limit German aggression. It must be remembered that, in case of war, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and probably

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Italy will side with the confederacy which is able to put the most powerful army in the field, regardless of their sympathies in any dispute which may arise. These countries will have little choice—their existence will be at stake. If we wish for their alliance, then, we should be in a position to help to protect them.

If these arguments are sound then our land forces should forthwith be raised to a strength which would unquestionably turn the balance in a conflict between Germany and France. Such a strength would at the same time eliminate all risk of invasion of the British Isles. What military strength would be required for the purpose, and how should it be brought into being? The present so-called Expeditionary Force may be reckoned at 120,000 combatants—numbers which are certainly insufficient for the purpose. While the necessities of the case will vary from time to time, it may be said that to increase the existing Army to 220,000 combatants, in ten infantry divisions, with three cavalry divisions and a somewhat lower proportion of guns, would constitute a sufficient reinforcement to our Continental allies to make us masters of the present situation. We might then regard German shipbuilding with tranquillity, or, if we decided to put a stop to it, we could count on the second most powerful army on the Continent as allies, and probably on other armies as well. Under such circumstances war would probably not be resorted to; the resolution of the British Government to limit naval preparations on the opposite coast would almost certainly be respected. Various proposals have been made to raise the British Army to the required strength. A great deal has been heard of the so-called National Service League, but the proposals of this League have so far been confined to compulsory training for 'Home Defence,' without liability to cross the enemy's frontier. In other words, a permanently defensive attitude is advocated, a strategy which has never yet had other results than the destruction of the timid or unskilful warriors who resorted to it. The National Service League, therefore, does not offer a satisfactory solution of the problem; but by raising discussion and by propagating the idea of military service throughout the country the enthusiasts of the League have done good work. The time has come, however, to put forward more statesmanlike proposals, and it is very regrettable that Lord Kitchener should not be available without further delay to assist the Government in arriving at a sane conclusion. Every month the question is shirked will make it more difficult to answer, and excellent as the results of Lord Kitchener's visits to the Colonies may be, it is certain that incomparably the most pressing of the tasks which await his attention lies in the European situation of the Mother Country. It is to be hoped that he will concentrate his mind on the problem while voyaging from one Colony to another; but it is much more difficult to arrive at the right conclusion in this manner, than by working at the Metropolis of the Empire with every possible information at hand.

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The cost of the British Army is far greater in proportion to its fighting power than the expense of any other; a business-like scrutiny of the appropriation of the vast sum voted annually by Parliament would certainly reveal many opportunities for economy, so that more powerful forces might be maintained at the present cost, though it would not be possible to double the Expeditionary Army without a considerable increase of outlay, and without effecting important changes in its organisation. The present organisation of the infantry, known as the Cardwell system, is extremely costly, and in many ways unsatisfactory. It aims at making the same regiments do the double duty of training Colonial reliefs and guarding our European position; the result is that the battalions are filled with children under twenty years of age, who can neither go to the tropics until they have been kept for at least two years, nor are they fit for active service in Europe. On the outbreak of war the infantry of the Expeditionary Army has to be replaced by Reservists now in civil employ, and they would have to be summoned to the Colours before our troops could take the field. The Reserves in fact are with the Colours, and the first line is not only in reserve, but has quitted the service at periods varying from one to five years. They would not know their officers, and great delay would occur on mobilisation, which could hardly be effected in less than a fortnight. This delay might prove fatal to the scheme of uniting forces with the French on the Meuse at the outbreak of war. If these troops were always ready to take the field in a week there would be a valid reason for their enormous cost. It is evident to everyone who is able to study the question from an outside point of view that great changes should be made in the existing organisation to secure the greatest possible result for our financial sacrifices. Compulsory enlistment on the German model seems at first blush to supply a simple solution, but, in reality, the difficulties in the way are stupendous, even if Parliament and the country consented to the change. Every year we should have four times as many men to select from as we wanted, and any system of selection yet proposed is open to the most serious objections. The training, equipping, and disciplining of such troops in England, with the present machinery of War Office, regimental and staff officers, would be neither so simple nor so cheap as is too hastily assumed, though the cost would be somewhat less direct than at present. It would have been well for our country if she had adopted conscription fifty years ago, when the hot fit of the first Volunteer movement was in full glow; but it is more than doubtful whether we shall have time to get any such system into working order now, before serious war overtakes us. Our actual rivals are most unlikely to sit with folded hands while effective preparations are leisurely made for their subjugation.

Although compulsory enlistment does not provide, by a wave of the magician's wand, for our military regeneration, nevertheless there

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can be no question but that certain measures for national defence should be adopted without delay. Lists should be prepared of all horses, vehicles, and other stores which might be required on mobilisation, and provision should be made for smoothly and rapidly absorbing them into the service when needed. Lists of all young men fit for the Service should be kept by the recruiting authorities, with particulars of their address and employment. If the Government reserved all its patronage in the Civil Service, and made terms with the railway companies, for the preferential employment of ex-soldiers, and in other ways took responsibility for their employment on leaving the Army, it is quite likely that the recruiting difficulty would be greatly diminished if not altogether got over. A decent lad wants a trade or employment for life, not a job for a few years with plenty of pocket money, and then destitution. It is not possible to deny that the organisation of the system of recruiting, the command and training, as well as the internal economy, of the British Army, offer a great field to the administrative reformer. It is not so certain, however, that we shall have time to inaugurate and get into working order a brand new military system. It is more than likely that once again we may be compelled to attempt to make good past neglect by lavish expenditure; but there can be little doubt that the longer certain changes are deferred the more expensive the final solution is likely to be.

If it is decided to have an Expeditionary Army, of the minimum strength which I have indicated as necessary to carry out a straightforward policy, then the separation of this Army from the units detailed for Indian and Colonial Service with their depôts of recruits, is, in the opinion of the writer, inevitable. The term of service would be reduced to three years for cavalry, and two years for infantry, as in Germany, and we should enrol men aged twenty-one years and upwards instead of children of seventeen. The money we now squander on the latter would then go some way towards attracting the former to the Colours by providing for their employment on leaving the Service.

Many other changes of a technical nature would also be necessary, so that it would be difficult and inconvenient to accomplish this reorganisation. Between what is difficult and what is impossible, however, there is a difference. When a troublesome reform is proposed in England it is always said to be impossible. That only means that the speaker hates the idea of it. No competent judge is unaware of the perilous position into which we are gradually drifting with respect to our Continental neighbours. It is equally certain that, naval armaments apart, the possession by Britain of even 200,000 soldiers of mature age and adequate training would change the whole situation to our advantage. Such an army is a very small one for our population and resources. Our young men still take kindly to soldiering, in spite of the decadent influences of the age. Given this

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accumulation of facts, there can be no insuperable difficulty in levying the forces which are capable of ensuring our safety.

The same purpose may be accomplished by naval armaments, though at a far greater cost. Such naval armaments, too, will take longer to prepare than the increasing of an army of six infantry divisions with four cavalry brigades, to an army of ten infantry divisions with nine cavalry brigades. Such an army, too, guarantees the security of our Continental allies, and thus ensures to us the fidelity of these allies. The vicissitudes of the war with Napoleon turned upon the defection of our Continental allies, who were disgusted at being left to bear the brunt of the struggle on land, and at having their territory occupied and their capitals violated. We could hardly hope or expect in the future for more complete naval predominance than we achieved after Trafalgar.

A due proportion between the land and sea forces is essential to the safety of every great State, whether Continental or insular, and the policy of America and of Japan should be compared with our own. In other words, every State which intends to win decisive victory in war must be prepared to assume the offensive on land as well as on sea. The precise measures to be taken to give effect to this axiom of strategy and policy must remain the responsibility of the paid expert advisers of the Government; it is enough here to point out that the thing is both essential and possible. In the existing Regular Army, and in the Territorial divisions and Yeomanry brigades, we have the cadres of an army which might be fashioned and perfected so as to secure peace for a generation; but at the present rate of progress, and given the existing conditions of international rivalry, it is probable that within ten years war will overtake us, and war under very unfavourable circumstances.

CECIL BATTINE.

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A PLEA FOR A BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cook or Commander Peary, or both, may have stood on the spot which is known to us as the North Geographical Pole, there still remains in the Polar Sea an area of many thousand square miles of undiscovered region, and it will be many generations or even centuries before this area is properly mapped out. It is, therefore, not out of place to keep before the British public the necessity for once again entering the field with a British Expedition thoroughly equipped for extended Arctic exploration.

At the risk of being told that the grapes are sour, I venture to agree with Dr. H. R. Mill's [1] opinion that it is an advantage that the Pole has been reached, because there is no longer the inducement to give up genuine exploration work for the sentimental reason of being the first man to reach the northernmost point of the world, the mere location of which has no scientific value, if it is situated, as would appear, on drift ice. I have stated in a previous article that, were I to take part in another Arctic expedition, the primary object would be exploration; although I should not be free from the wish to stand on the site of the North Pole, which has an attraction for every Arctic explorer.

In Commander Peary's full statement, which appears in *The Times* of Saturday the 11th of September 1909, one of the reasons he gives for assigning to Captain Bartlett the position and honour of commanding the fourth and last supporting party is stated as follows: 'It seemed to me appropriate, in view of the magnificent British record of Arctic work covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next to an American, he had been nearest the Pole.' This is a graceful tribute, which we must all appreciate, and not least because it shows the good feeling between two countries which have shown the keenest rivalry in Arctic exploration, and is a type of the spirit in which one explorer looks on the work of his fellows. It adds a zest to hard work to find it appreciated in this generous way by a keen rival. Such an acknowledgment is an additional incentive to continue 'the magnificent British record of Arctic work.'

[1] *Morning Post*, September 8, 1909.

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Before, however, discussing more fully the special reasons why a British expedition should be inaugurated, I will deal with various points, some of which I have referred to in previous articles, but others I introduce in view of actual or probable criticisms.

The Value of Polar Exploration.—The intending Arctic explorer is often met with the pertinent question: 'What is the use of Arctic exploration, and what do you expect to make out of it?' The questioner sees the advantage to be derived from the discovery of a gold mine, and feels that in having a 'flutter' in a mining company he will get a run for his money and may have his *quid pro quo*; but he fails to see any reward to be reaped from money put into an expedition to despatch a few 'cranks,' as he is likely to call them, to a region of ice and snow, from which they may not return.

There seems to be a prevailing impression that Arctic exploration is peculiarly remunerative, but, although a lucky explorer who returns after a successful voyage may, if he is skilfully advertised, make money from the sale of his book, or from lectures, his receipts are probably quite inadequate to cover the expenses of the expedition. The reward, however, lies in the addition he can make to the knowledge of the world, and the assistance, however small, he can give in helping to clear up those problems which our ignorance of the Polar area prevents us from solving, but the solution of which may prove of inestimable benefit to generations to come, if not to ourselves. If it had not been for sacrifices made by our predecessors, we ourselves should not have several of the benefits which we now enjoy—benefits secured to us by the loss of valuable lives and the expenditure of untold gold.

As to whether a more perfect knowledge of the mysteries of the frozen North will prove a material benefit to mankind it is of course impossible to say, but scientific wisdom has reached such a height that it is fair to assume that the greatest advantage would be taken of every new fact learned. While the desire to attain such knowledge has been the predominating influence with the majority of those who have risked their lives in these northern regions, the fact that they have also been spurred on by the love of travel, the desire to be the pioneers of some great discovery, or some similar motive, should not detract from their good names. Those who cannot participate personally in such enterprises should still feel a sense of gratitude that there are men ready to undertake the task.

Had Columbus, Magellan, Livingstone, or Stanley gone solely in search of material wealth their names would not have been handed down as makers of the world's history. Practical results of the highest importance were the outcome of their efforts, but they could not foresee them, nor did they benefit by them. Similarly, we cannot say in what direction a more thorough knowledge of the Arctic Sea may be of use to our descendants. If there be land at the Pole or in the

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hitherto unexplored parts of the Polar Sea, its rocks may reveal geological secrets of the highest scientific interest and general benefit. If its unknown area be covered with water, its depths may furnish a clue to the law of the contraction of the Earth's crust. The Aurora Borealis when studied with minute care may reveal its connection with the Earth's magnetism. There is much, too, of deeply scientific interest to be investigated with regard to the ocean currents, the condition of the ice, and the biology of the Polar Sea.

These discoveries may, after all, merely result in a dry scientific knowledge confirming old theories or establishing new ones, of use to no one but a professor of science; but, on the other hand, they may help to perfect the science of meteorology and other practical questions of universal advantage. In fact, Arctic exploration is a 'lucky bag' from which the world at large hopes to draw out many a valuable prize.

A successful explorer is, in fact, an instrument of considerable use to the scientists of the world. The pleasure is mutual, the explorer satisfying his love of adventure and discovery, and the scientist tasting the delights of adding to or correcting existing knowledge in subjects dear to his heart.

Before finishing this part of the subject I cannot do better than quote the following words of Professor James Geikie on Geology:

> The tools by which this great work has been done are of the simplest and most every-day order—the air, rain, frosts, springs, brooks, rivers, glaciers, icebergs, and the sea. These tools have been at work from the earliest times of which any geological record has been preserved. Indeed, it is out of the accumulated chips and dust which they have made, afterwards hardened into solid rock and upheaved, that the very framework of our continents have been formed.

This, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to sciences other than geology.

The Best Starting Point for a Sledge Expedition.—In an article entitled 'Sledging as a Method of Exploring the Arctic Ocean,' which I contributed to this Review last April, I explained that my intention was to start my next Arctic expedition by being placed on the ice off Pullen Island on the 135th Meridian; and I now propose to set out more in detail my reason for choosing that starting point in preference to any other of the thousands which might be chosen for such a purpose.

As I endeavoured to prove in that article, the only way effectually to reach the North Pole is to be independent of a ship, and to travel by sledges drawn by dogs and driven by Eskimo; and my arguments are based on this being the most, and only, practical method.

In the first place, the Mackenzie River, which forms a natural waterway between Central Canada and the Arctic Ocean, affords the quickest and least expensive route from England to the Polar Sea. Starting from England not later than the third week in April, one is

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landed on the shores of the Arctic Ocean by the end of the following July. During August and September the Eskimo are busy fishing at the delta of the Mackenzie; but in October they are free to accompany the expedition on to the ice off Pullen Island.

Again, it appears from the published reports of Dr. Cook's and Commander Peary's journeys—a point on which they both agree—that their rate of travelling was far in excess of past records, and that the area passed over was a very cold region. It stands to reason that if the surface of the ice was the same as other explorers have found it, the speed could never have been maintained.

Now, what admitted of this unprecedented speed? Surely it was the greater stability and permanence of the ice-fields along their route, resulting in a smoother surface, for old ice will always present a more level surface than that of recent formation, on account of the levelling action of the sun and subsequent filling and refreezing of all depressions.[2]

The reason for the greater stability of this area I should judge to be that it is only slightly affected by the action of warm currents. In any part of the Polar Sea, if we eliminate the influx of warmer water, the temperature would be sufficiently cold to hold the ice in a state of permanent stability. Dr. Croll, in his *Climate and Time*,[3] says:

> If as much as 50 per cent. of the sun's rays are cut off by the atmosphere in Arctic regions, the amount of heat received directly from the sun would not be sufficient to maintain a mean annual temperature of −100° F. Consequently the Arctic regions must depend to an enormous extent upon ocean currents for their temperature.

The ice travelled over, therefore, by Cook and Peary, was probably old stationary ice, well suited to a high degree of speed.

By old stationary ice I mean such as has not been influenced by the three disturbing agencies in the Polar Sea, viz. the warm Atlantic drift current, the tides, and the fresh water running into the Arctic Ocean from the Siberian and American rivers. I contend that the influence of these disturbing elements will be felt least along the line of the 135th Meridian, nearer to which Dr. Cook has travelled than any other explorer.

I base my contention on the fact that the warm Atlantic drift current does not affect the Beaufort Sea so much as it does the sea at Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, and that between Cape Bathurst and Point Barrow the chief agents which move the ice are the fresh water which flows from the American rivers and the little tide coming through Behring Strait. The effect of the tides is slight, as shown by R. A. Harris[4] and by the line taken by the drift-wood which comes down the Mackenzie River, the water from that river being carried by

[2] Nansen's 'Polar Problems,' *Geo. Journal*, vol. xxx. p. 487. [3] 4th edit., p. 48.
[4] 'Evidences of Land near the North Pole,' *Nat. Geo. Magazine*, June 1904.

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the drift along the coast to the west towards Point Barrow. Again, statistics tend to prove that the ice-fields off Point Barrow are subject to a lower temperature than those off Spitzbergen, as I showed in my previous article.

Another reason why a sledge expedition, which starts out with exploration as its primary object, should start from this point is that the land which Dr. Cook reports having seen is probably a land mass, or submarine ridges, connecting the islands north of the American continent with the New Siberian Islands, and there is in this unknown area ample room for an island or an archipelago larger in extent than Greenland. As I have explained in the article above referred to, such exploration could only be effectively carried out by a sledge expedition, as the drift would cause a ship to drift round the Arctic Ocean instead of across it.

One other reason for choosing the ice off Pullen Island as a starting point is that, with due allowance for the drift after crossing the Pole, this is the natural line to Spitzbergen. Spitzbergen forms an ideal destination to steer for, as it can be visited every year. As explained in another part of this article, a sledge expedition which proposes to pass over the North Geographical Pole cannot afford to waste time by unduly extending its route, and therefore it should cross the ocean in as straight a line as possible. Thus, an expedition which starts from Greenland would make, after crossing the Pole, for the New Siberian Islands, but the most northerly of these islands is roughly 500 miles from any settlement, which would present great difficulties in establishing there a base on which to place supplies for the use of the expedition at the end of its journey. Moreover, the difficulty and expense of removing the effects thence to civilisation would be considerable.

Travelling in the Arctic night.—It may be safely assumed that the unknown area round the North Pole is either a frozen ocean or ice-bound land, or partly one and partly the other. Consequently, as the surface of ice varies according to the temperature, one of the chief local considerations for the Arctic traveller is the time of year at which the surface of ice will be most suitable for rapid travel, while another local consideration is whether there is sufficient light to make such travelling possible.

During the winter months, from October to February both inclusive, no moisture rises from the ice or snow, but the air is dry and clear, except when there are storms. On the other hand, in the summer the sun melts the surface so that the latter becomes soft, and water-lanes are continually being formed by the melting ice or snow, as Peary found, so that travelling becomes difficult and for the most part impossible, because either the reflection of the brilliant sun on the dazzling whiteness is apt to cause snowblindness, or, when the sun is obscured, a thick white mist not infrequently prevents one seeing the track.

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In several expeditions on the Polar ice which were in the nature of the now fashionable 'dash for the Pole,' the journeys were made during the summer months, with the result that little progress was effected, and an average advance of five miles a day was considered good work; but if the same journeys had been attempted during the winter months it is probable that the rate of advance would have been doubled and the labour infinitely lightened.

Some explorers maintain that the Arctic night, that is to say, the period during which the sun is below the horizon during the whole twenty-four hours, is so dark that nothing can be seen, so that during that period all idea of travel is out of the question, and I have heard one say that during these months the darkness is as dense as at the bottom of a coal mine. Now, most of us have had the experience of going out of a well-lighted house on a moonlight night and have found at first that we could see nothing; but after our eyes become accustomed to the dim light we soon begin to distinguish objects and have then no difficulty in moving rapidly. Probably this explorer had recollections of looking out of the windows of a well-lighted cabin of the ship in which he and his fellow-travellers had settled down for the winter.

Cook and Peary, who were apparently travelling during the months of February and March at a high average of miles per day, must have accomplished many journeys with the sun below the horizon.

It is well known that the Aurora is of daily and almost hourly occurrence in the Arctic winter, and casts a bright light over the ice and snow so that it is quite easy to distinguish objects at an appreciable distance. On these occasions, therefore, there is no difficulty in travelling, and, as the air is dry and still and the going good, it is possible to make excellent progress. Besides, even when the Aurora is not visible there is always a reflection from the white surface which makes travelling possible when a storm is not in progress. There are no trees or hills to obscure the light, and the ice ridges are seldom as high as thirty feet. It is, therefore, absurd to liken the darkness to that of the inside of a coal mine.

When the sun is above the horizon for even a short time only each day, but has not gathered sufficient strength to melt the ice and snow, the travelling is all that can be desired.

Again, the ice does not escape in the winter, but is frozen solid, but when the summer comes, and the ice begins to relax, the travelling is often attended with much danger, and certainly causes great trouble, for it frequently happens, as Peary so often found, that some extra miles out of the course have to be covered before a water-lane can be negotiated, and even if the travellers have boats the latter are apt to be damaged in the journey over the ice ridges. Boats, too, add to the weight of the loads to be drawn, as they must be exceptionally strong to stand the hard usage to which they are subjected, however

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much care is taken, and every extra pound of weight means more strain on the dogs and men, so that if the journey is begun in the summer, when the going is heavy, some part of the equipment which cannot well be spared may have to be sacrificed to allow boats to be taken.

When the snow is firm, or the track is over smooth ice, the sledges run lightly, and heavier loads can be drawn, and as the loads are heavier at the commencement of an expedition than later, when they have been reduced by the consumption of food, it is of the greatest importance that the journey should be begun at a time when the going is good. In such circumstances, boats can be carried without sacrificing necessary articles of equipment, as the loads on the sledges will be lighter by the following summer when the going is heavier.

One argument often brought forward against innovations in Arctic travelling is that they have never been tried. We must, however, remember that each year in the history of exploration reveals the possibility of accomplishing what preceding generations considered impossible. To show how progress has been made in ideas since Arctic exploration was in its infancy, one has only to read the accounts of some of the old explorers. Perhaps one of the most amusing is that given by Chancellor, described in *Barrow's Arctic Voyages*, in which he gives the following delightful account of his experience with a whale:

> The same day, at a south-west sunne, there was a monstrous whale abrood of us, so neare to our side that we might have thrust a sworde or any other weapon in him, which we durst not doe for feare hee should have overthrowen our shippe; and then I called my company together, and all of us shouted, and with the crie that we made he departed from us; there was as much above water of his backe as the bredth of our pinnesse and at his falling downe he made such a terrible noise in the water, that a man would greatly have marvelled, except he had known the cause of it; but God be thanked, we were quietly delivered of him.

We can imagine how dangerous it must have appeared to those old explorers to lower a boat, throw harpoons into the whale, and hold on to the lines till it died, though this was for long the recognised method of killing these sea-monsters. Perhaps, therefore, we shall soon come to realise that travelling in the Arctic night is not a more dangerous undertaking.

Another way in which progress in Arctic travelling has been made during a comparatively few years is in the use of snow-shoes. We read on page 164 of *Nares' Voyage to the Polar Sea*: 'they actually made a road through the deep snow with shovels'; and on page 167 the writer says: 'so soft was the snow, that on the return journey the party were obliged to cut a road for the greater part of the distance, and only travelled for about one mile a day with nearly empty sledges.' If the party had been able to use snow-shoes and had had the experience which the present-day explorers have of the most suitable kinds

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of sledges for ice travelling, they would have been spared this labour and would probably not have been obliged to beat a speedy retreat as they did.

As the surface is frozen during the winter, one can walk over it without snow-shoes, but during the spring and summer the surface is so soft, and the snow often so deep, that the only way of crossing it on foot is by using snow-shoes.

The most suitable snow-shoes for this purpose would be those used by the Indians in North America, similar to those on which the Hudson Bay Company's mail carriers travel over snow averaging 2½ to 3 feet deep. The distance of 1800 miles between Edmonton and Fort McPherson is covered by the latter in this way in 2½ months, and the mail, which weighs about 400 lb., is carried on sledges drawn by dogs, which method of carrying the mails has been used by the Company for the last hundred years. A dog will keep on the top of the snow where a man without snow-shoes will sink in.

One other advantage of travelling in the Arctic winter is that there is less liability to scurvy.

These facts all point to the winter as the best time of year to begin a journey on the Arctic ice, as the surface and light are both best when the sun is not of sufficient strength to melt the snow.

Rate of travel over Arctic ice.—The rate at which an expedition can travel over Arctic ice depends on various factors, such as the surface of the ice, the experience of the party, the weight of the sledges, the number of dogs, and the frequency of stoppages for observations and soundings. One does not loiter in such a cold temperature, nor stop to admire the scenery.

In an exploration expedition it is not of so much moment to be able to travel fast as it would be when a lightly-equipped expedition is making a dash for the Pole, as in the case of Dr. Cook's and Commander Peary's recent journeys, or Nansen's sledge journey after he left the *Fram*. As, however, a sledge expedition on ice—which cannot leave *caches* of supplies for the return journey, as can be done by a party of explorers travelling on land—must of necessity be self-supporting, and cannot trust to finding food, a steady rate of travel must be maintained, and the expedition must therefore travel as straight as possible between the defined points of starting and destination.

Commander Peary has proved how experience has enabled him to lengthen the distance of his journeys, and it may be taken for granted that an Arctic expedition, however enthusiastic its members, is not of real value unless some at least of the party have experience of Arctic travel. Such experience can best be gathered from the Eskimo, who live in the cold region with the same relative degree of comfort as that in which we live in our own country. In fact, Eskimo are absolutely necessary on such an expedition, both from their knowledge of how

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to live in such a temperature, and from their unique power of driving dogs in sledges.

I do not propose to deal in this article with the weight of sledges or the most suitable kind, nor with the number of sledges and dogs required for such an expedition, nor the food and equipment necessary to be taken. It is sufficient to observe that the European members of such an expedition should include a doctor, a geologist, and a biologist.

The fewer the members the less the food to be carried; but there is a minimum below which an expedition cannot be considered fully equipped, and, after the doubts cast on the reports of Dr. Cook's and Commander Peary's journeys while they were accompanied by Eskimo only and not by other Europeans, it is advisable to have more than one European of known integrity to confirm the records in order to create for them an official character. Perhaps, too, a strong British expedition may be able to throw a light on the points in dispute between Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, and act as umpire in any question likely to arise between President Taft and other claimants to the Pole.

The most important duty of such an expedition would be to take soundings. Nansen found a depth of 2000 fathoms quite close to the edges of the continental shelf. Commander Peary reports finding a depth of 825 fathoms about the 86th parallel, and 1500 fathoms near the Pole, which is peculiarly interesting, if correct, as it points to the fact that the depth of 2000 fathoms which we know to extend in a line from the New Siberian Islands, passing close to the northernmost part of Spitzbergen, and follow the Greenwich Meridian to 65 degrees N. latitude, is not a narrow channel, but a deep sea basin. In fact, if Peary's soundings are correct, Dr. Nansen's hypothesis of a deep sea basin at the Pole is amply established. But still the existence of land in the unknown area must remain an open question.

The future British expedition should take 10,000 fathoms of sounding line, and a light portable machine which would be capable of taking a sounding to a depth of 5000 fathoms. The depth of the Arctic Ocean at various points is a matter of the utmost importance, and taking soundings would form a considerable part of the duty of such an expedition. Taking soundings is a tedious operation, and would cause the expedition to travel slowly; but it is essential that bottom should be found, a feat which Peary and other explorers have generally failed to accomplish.

I cannot think that there would be any insuperable difficulty in obtaining soundings during the Arctic night for similar reasons to those which I have already given.

The following figures will show the respective speeds of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, in their recent expeditions, as compared with those of Cagni, and Peary in his previous expedition. These

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figures, however, of Dr. Cook's and Commander Peary's recent expeditions must not be taken as a guide to the rate of travel of an exploration expedition, as they represent the pace of expeditions which were merely planned for a dash to the Pole and a scurry back, while an exploring party would proceed at a sober pace. I estimate that the latter may be quite satisfied with a very low daily average, if equipped, as I propose, to cover, in a period of $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, a distance of some 1800 miles.

Speed of Travel reported in the Cook Expedition

Cape Hubbard, lat. 81·18	March 21st	522 miles in 31 days		
The Pole, lat. 90	April 21st	16·83 daily.	882 miles in 62 days.	
Return journey :				
The Pole, lat. 90	April 23rd	360 miles in 31 days		14·22 (= 16·42 stat. miles) daily.
lat. 84	May 24th	11·61 daily.		

Far down in Prince Gustav Sound, June 13th.

Speed of Travel reported in the Peary Expedition

Cape Columbia, lat. 83·6	March 1st	414 miles in 37 days		
The Pole, lat. 90	April 6th	11·18 daily.	828 miles in 54 days.	
Return journey :				
The Pole, lat. 90	April 7th	144 miles in 17 days		15·33 (= 17·57 stat. miles) daily.
Cape Columbia, lat. 83·6	April 23rd	24·35 daily.		

Some Average Speeds of Arctic Ice-Journeys prior to these Expeditions

Mikkelsen, 533 miles in 60 days = 8·88 miles daily.[5]
Cagni, 753 miles in 105 days = 7·17 miles daily.[6]
Peary, 253 miles in 47 days = 5·38 miles daily.[7]

Obtaining Observations.—In obtaining observations on a moving ice-field an accurate observation to within 2′ is the best which can be expected; and this, as far as I know, can only be done by use of a Reeves' artificial horizon attached to the sextant. In order to procure an accurate observation in these circumstances it is also necessary to take the mean of many. The ideal observation from the Sun is obtained when the horizon is quite smooth and the outline of the sun clearly defined, but in the Arctic Ocean the horizon is usually a rugged ice-field and the outline of the sun at low altitudes invisible. I am strongly of opinion that the only reliable observations which can be taken on moving ice are those taken by the fixed stars, and therefore the Arctic night is the only time when such observations are possible. The nearer the Pole, the harder is it to obtain sun observations with accuracy, except when near its greatest North declination. Those reported to have

[5] *Geo. Journ.* vol. xxx. p. 522. [6] *Ibid.* vol. xxxiii. p. 694.
[7] *Ibid.* vol. xxxiii. p. 694.

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been taken by Dr. Cook and Commander Peary at the Pole have been severely criticised, and it is probable that no one, with however good an instrument, could, in the short time during which they state they remained at the Pole, procure from the sun an observation of any accuracy; though I for one would not hesitate to accept them as discoverers of the North Pole if their observations and dead reckonings show them to have been within one of their day's marches of it. No doubt if they had remained at the Pole for a month it might have been accurately located with such an instrument as I have referred to.

Sledging by Relays.—When I laid my plans before the Research Department of the Royal Geographical Society in January 1909,[8] I advocated a system of relays for moving the supplies, a certain proportion being carried forward by sledges, then the dogs returning with empty sledges and fetching the remainder. The principal advantage of this is that fewer dogs would be necessary, and consequently the total load would be reduced by the saving in weight of the extra dogs' food. The journeys would be of such a length that the advance guard would not be out of touch with the rear guard. This system would enable a road to be cut, if required, and leave the scientific members of the expedition more freedom to do their expert work than if they were required to assist in moving the expedition. This principle was criticised adversely by the Research Department, and it was stated that owing to the drifting ice it was probable that touch could not be kept between the two parties. This appears, however, to have been Commander Peary's plan, and to have been successfully carried out by him, as the reports mention that the various parties found one another, even though separated for more than one march.

Reasons for a British Arctic Expedition.—Finally, we are constantly being told that Great Britain is on the decline, and that we are being surpassed by other countries in all those points in which we have claimed a pre-eminence. We are taken to task severely because in international sports we allow other nations to take the principal prizes; and even our supremacy of the seas is considered to be at stake. There is no doubt that there is a disposition nowadays among Englishmen to take it for granted that they are born to rule the world, and we are apt to forget that our former position in the world was the result of the dogged perseverance of our ancestors and their fixed intention that the country should hold the premier place, at whatever sacrifice; but the former idea that an Englishman was as good as any two or three of another nation has been dispelled, even among schoolboys, and we are at last waking up to the fact that if we want to keep our place in the world we must take active steps to that end. It has come as a rude awakening, but such a lesson is a salutary one.

[8] Published in the *Geographical Journal*, June 1909, p. 689.

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In Arctic exploration, till quite a recent date, we had a record which no other single country could approach, and, as Commander Peary truly says, it was a magnificent one; but since the return of the Nares Expedition, in 1875, we have not had a single British expedition to the Arctic regions. We have all been stirred lately by Lieutenant Shackleton's fine journey in the Antarctic; it would seem that the centre of attraction has shifted from north to south, and we are all glad to hear that another Antarctic expedition is already talked of for 1910; but Dr. Nansen's expedition to the North Pole failed to make us retaliate; Dr. Cook and Commander Peary have got a long start; Mikkelsen and Leffingwell have returned from their journey; the results of the Danish expedition to Greenland must be valuable to science; Captain Amundsen will be starting in a few months; Wellman has made more than one effort to cross the Polar Sea in his airship; and now comes the news that the Germans have decided on the general lines of a national airship expedition whose object is scientific exploration of the Polar Sea and its thorough investigation for purposes of scientific study. Are we going to sit still while other countries reap the harvest which we have sown?

In January 1908, I submitted to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society my proposed plans for a further Arctic Expedition, but was told by them that these plans were impracticable. They are set out at the end of my book, *In Search of a Polar Continent*. As slightly modified they were again rejected by the Research Department of that Society in January 1909, but meanwhile some of my theories have been put to the test of experience by Cook and Peary. I do not, however, wish for a moment to maintain that mine are the only practical plans, but I have given my reasons for them frankly, and am prepared to have them criticised equally frankly, after careful and impartial examination. My object in this article is to try and induce the British public to come forward and insist that another British expedition shall be despatched without delay to the Arctic Ocean to continue the work so well begun by this country.

ALFRED H. HARRISON.

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INDIAN STUDENTS IN ENGLAND: ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

THE present paper has been called forth by Mr. Edward Dicey's article on the same subject in the August number of this Review. It is not to be regarded either as a criticism or a commentary on that article: rather as a gloss—an attempt to restate the same facts from a different point of view, and to some extent with a different application. That the conclusions drawn are divergent from Mr. Dicey's in more than one important particular must be attributed to this circumstance. The subject in question is peculiarly susceptible to variety of treatment; and the extent of the facts to be reviewed is so great that selection—of necessity artificial—must take place to a considerable degree before any generalisation is possible. That this is so may be seen not least from Mr. Dicey's article itself. Its title is 'Hindu Students in England,' but as a matter of fact the writer concerns himself exclusively with Indian Bar students, thus confining himself to the London community, and of that only to a part. Whilst no accurate computation of the number of Indian students in England is at present in the hands of the public it is roughly true to say that not more than one-third of them study law at the Inns of Court.[1] In spite of this it is true that these students are more representative of the Indian community in England than any other class that might be selected. Their concentration in one comparatively small sphere, the possibility of social intercourse afforded by the Halls and Common Rooms of the various Inns, the community of interest which binds law students together with a tie almost as strong as that of University life, and above all the comparative leisure their studies allow them—these together produce a corporate feeling among the students largely impossible elsewhere. But a generalisation from the facts provided by the Inns of Court—even when, as in the case of Gray's Inn, those facts are presented in the most compact and obvious form—must leave out of consideration the large body of engineering, medical, and agricultural students studying at the different Universities of the

[1] There are said to be about 320 Indian students on the books of the Inns of Court. The total number of Indian students in England is variously estimated to be from 700 to 1200.

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country (including of course the University of London), and the smaller number of Civil Service students and Arts students at Oxford and Cambridge. It must be borne in mind throughout that the circumstances in which Indian students find themselves vary considerably in accordance with local conditions; and that here, as in Mr. Dicey's article, the statements and arguments advanced are confined to the students at the Inns of Court, and especially at Gray's Inn.

An intimacy with many of these students which in more than one case has resulted in real friendship—friendship of a kind only possible between students, however different their courses of study—has convinced the writer that it is as difficult to make general statements about Indian students in England, which shall stand in any real relation to the facts, as about any other class whose association is due largely to artificial causes. A parallel case would be an attempt to describe the conditions, needs, and aspirations of, let us say, the Rhodes scholars at Oxford. The basis of classification in the case of the Indian students is little more than that of colour and isolation. Nationality has nothing to do with it where so many races are represented, but no nation; neither has religion. Unity of political ideals appears to the outside spectator to be a strong factor in making a 'real kind' of the Indian student; in effect the young Indian is faced by so many divergent political interests among his fellow idealists that any choice he makes must at once constitute him a partisan rather than a nationalist; and in far more cases than is generally supposed the natural result takes place: in despair of finding unity amongst a multitude of counsellors he abandons any hope he may have had of taking up a definite line of political thought, and leaves the entire 'national' question to others. In cases of this kind, which are not at all uncommon, the student's interest is directed almost entirely to questions of religion and sociology. Such questions have an importance of their own, but with the Indian they lack that intense impulse towards association and self-assertion characteristic of political aspirations. It thus comes about that to the spectator, however acute his observation may be, the non-political element in Indian society presents few outstanding features, and bulks less largely in his conclusions than the facts really warrant.

This I feel to be the case with Mr. Dicey. Though many passages in his article refer to the general life of the Indian student in London, its main argument is concerned entirely with those law students who are politically-minded, and its object is to advocate a definite policy on the part of the Benchers of the Inns of Court with which no one, whatever his sympathy with Indian students in general, can possibly disagree. If a student (and here it matters not whether he be English or Indian, though the possibility of treason on the part of an Englishman is so small as to be negligible) be found guilty of deliberate

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sedition, either in preaching or practice, let him by all means be refused admission to the Bar; and if he is already a qualified barrister let him be disbarred by the Benchers.

This is Mr. Dicey's proposal: and the immediate question arises, To what is it held to be the remedy? It is true that such action will safeguard the honour of the Inns of Court, just as it will maintain the traditions of the English Bar; but this is not the problem under consideration. That problem arises from the presence in London of some number of Indian students actively engaged in seditious propagandism. It would be futile to deny this seditious element, and the friend of the Indian is the last to do so; but it is impossible to estimate its extent or influence, for the reason that we have no real definition of 'sedition.' No two juries could be found in agreement as to the exact line of demarcation between a perfectly legitimate expression of political conviction and an illegal outburst of sedition. No one can reasonably uphold a defence of political murder, but short of this it is difficult to say by what criterion sedition is to be determined. Much of the language employed during recent controversies by Opposition critics of the Government would be branded as seditious were a literal construction put upon their words; and it is to be feared that the Indian newspapers have drawn much of the inspiration for their arguments, invective, and, indeed, their tactics as a whole, from the too zealous methods of partisan organs at home. This by the way. The question to be considered must take this form: in view of the real sedition which exists in the Indian community in London (and, however much we may think it exaggerated, no one, as Mr. Dicey justly says, can deny its presence in face of the terrible murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie), how will any action the Benchers may take tend either to extirpate it or to nullify its influence? To take a practical case, what change has the disbarring of Krishnavarma introduced into the existing state of things?

The answer must vary with our conception of the degree to which sedition exists in London. If the whole of the Indian community is tainted with it, obviously the social stigma, with (in some cases) an attendant financial loss due to the inability to practise, thus imposed on a few selected individuals, will be useless in view of its widespread influence. If, on the other hand, the sedition is confined to one or two at most, they must be so far out of sympathy with their countrymen in London already that no further steps need be taken to increase their isolation. If, finally—and this the writer firmly believes to be the case—there are many Indian students to whom the imputation of sedition would be as deliberate an insult as to any other loyal subject of the Crown, and many more whose opinions, if expressed by an Englishman, would be held no more than the utterances of a warm party spirit—whose ardent nationalism, that is, is in no way opposed to zeal for the integrity of the Empire—if this is so, the public disgrace

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attaching to a refusal to call, or its equivalent, would certainly serve as a warning against violence of expression, but would scarcely check the secret spread of seditious propaganda, which is on all hands regarded as the real danger. If treason is to flourish at all, *that* must be the method of its growth; and recent events in India are only the last of a series of incidents in history which show how impossible it is to stamp out by legislation—either of Governments or of lesser bodies—the spread of a determined fanaticism, whether its aspirations are good or bad.

This introduces the real question at issue. Is it possible that sedition against the British Government can ever die out among the Indian people? Sedition is the natural outcome, on one side, of incompatibility of temper between a governed and a governing race, just as repression is upon the other; the two must die out together, either by the complete and final victory of one or other, or by a cessation of the racial hostility from which both spring. Given that it is undesirable either that the national aspirations of India or that the influence of English civilisation in India should be allowed to die, and that these *at present* too often take the shape of sedition on the one hand and repression on the other, we are left with the question, Is the present incompatibility of temper between English and Indian remediable?

The major premiss of Mr. Dicey's argument is to be found in his answer to this question, and that answer is negative. On the political issue he says, 'The truth is that England won India by the sword; that she holds it by the sword; and that if she wishes to retain possession of India she must continue to hold it by the sword.' So long, that is, as European influence is directly to be maintained in India, 'military supremacy'—the policy of repression—must be the keynote of British interest there. But Mr. Dicey in his next sentence admits that this 'possibly will be disputed by many well-wishers both to England and India' for whose judgment he has high respect. The political issue is therefore not one which can lightly be decided; and Mr. Dicey is more concerned with the social, or personal, question. In this limitation of his subject I propose to follow him, as far as my experience carries me. His description of the present loneliness and isolation of the Indian student, and the almost entire cleavage between English and Indian, is not overdrawn. It is more noticeable in the Inns of Court than anywhere in England, except perhaps in one or two of the medical schools. Even where there is little animosity between the two races there is yet little real intercourse. Were such intercourse, with its attendant benefits of friendship and mutual understanding, possible on a large scale, it is evident that it would go far to stultify the effect of sedition.

Mr. Dicey's whole contention with regard to this point is that such an intimacy, however desirable it may be, is in practice impossible.

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The grounds for this conclusion he finds not in any inevitable racial antipathy, but in the circumstances of the Indian's residence in England, his attitude towards the society in which he is placed, his personal and political aspirations. Mr. Dicey holds that even the smaller amenities of life are impossible as between the Englishman and the Indian in England; and he recognises what a large part these would play, if they could, in the desired reconciliation. He says, for example:

> For obvious reasons it would hardly be possible for white and coloured students to take their meals together. Mahometans object to pork and resent the presence of intoxicating liquors at their tables. Hindus object to beef, and so on.

Again:

> Indian students in London have to live in very poor apartments, have few, if any, English friends or acquaintances, and from various causes, the chief of which is the *res angusta domi*, have to live in out of the way suburbs, where, as a rule, they are not in favour even with the poorer class of London landladies.

As to sport,

> the rough games in which British lads take delight are distasteful to ordinary Hindus, and even if they understood the attraction possessed for their English fellow-students by such games as cricket and football, the expenses attaching to these games are sufficiently large to prohibit their pursuit even by the small native minority who understand their attraction.

But apart from the initial difficulties Mr. Dicey sees in these facts, he holds that there are more serious differences between the Indian and English law students which render real intercourse impossible. The real barrier, he considers, lies in the mental attitude of the Indian. His sole object in reading for the English Bar is to better his social standing when he returns to India; he has no intention of staying in England at the end of his course, and no desire to cultivate an intimacy with things—or persons—English. I may be pardoned a few more quotations from Mr. Dicey's article.

> The effect that common studies, common attendance at lectures, common examinations, and common moots might be expected to produce between white and coloured students *in statu pupillari* is neutralised by the fact that the two classes of our students desire to be called to the Bar with completely different objects. British students are desirous of becoming barristers. . . . The native students, as a body, intend to leave England for good as soon as they are called.

Their political ideals cut them off from the British student. They disregard the advances of 'benevolent institutions' founded for their benefit.

> I doubt [says Mr. Dicey] such well-meaning institutions exercising much influence over young men whose one desire is to get away from England as soon as they have been called, and to return to their own country at once and for all. Given this mental attitude, it is natural enough that Indian students should entertain no ardent desire to form social relations in England, even if any opportunity presents itself.

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As against this I would suggest, first, that the facts Mr. Dicey quotes, however true in themselves, do not apply to more than a minority of Indian law students, and then that, in view of the actual circumstances of the Indian's mental attitude and ideals, there is little that could hinder and much that might promote what Mr. Dicey rightly calls an 'entente cordiale' between his English fellow-students and himself. Before entering upon the considerations which support these conclusions I must make two qualifications. The first is that my argument refers only to the conditions of the immediate present. I believe that Mr. Dicey's statements are far more representative of the state of affairs, say, four years ago, than of to-day; and from that point of view I have little to urge against them. The second, that in my opinion the majority of Indian students are quite untouched by anything which could reasonably be called sedition, and therefore are not disqualified by their political opinion from entrance into English society.

II

There are many circumstances which bring the Indian to England as a student; but the cause at the root of them all is the same as that which brings the English schoolboy of to-day to the University; as that which took him, a hundred years ago, upon the 'grand tour'; as that which sends our budding theologians to Marburg and Berlin. England is still to the Indian the crown of a liberal education, as Oxford or Cambridge is to the Englishman; and though in the true interests of the East we may deplore this tendency to idolise a purely Western education the fact is nevertheless one of which we have right to be proud. For the Indian's residence in England confers just the same social prestige and commercial advantages as an English boy derives from his public school and University; but in far the greater number of cases, whether English or Indian, the impulse most operative is neither social nor commercial ambition, but a real desire for the best that education can give. And when it is recognised how far Indian education is based upon the best English public school traditions—as is evident in many instances less completely developed than Trinity College, Kandy, where the harmonising of the English system with Eastern conditions has been most successful—it will be seen that the Indian student at the Inns of Court is placed, both as to his past and his present, very much in the conditions of an Englishman at the University. There are differences of course. London is a 'cruel stepmother' rather than an *alma mater*; lodgings are a poor substitute for rooms in college; there is a strangeness and loneliness about it all for the Indian which never really wears off. But the resemblance is strong too. The Indian at the Inns of Court has a sense of the dignity of the 'honourable society' of which he is a member, comparable only to the University man's feeling for his

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college. He has the same naïve interest in the opening prospect of life; the same light-hearted attitude towards such things as his 'career,' his financial success, and his responsibilities; and at bottom the same chivalrous determination to 'do something' which alone gives meaning to a student's life. He has a generous instinct for friendship, veiled behind a superficial arrogance which too often is only a bad imitation of English brusqueness. In the Government or mission school where he was educated he has had a foretaste of the interests of English youth; his teachers—and the teacher in India commands a respect and wields an influence very rare in English schools—have in their own persons exemplified for him the possibilities of English education. If he has graduated at one of the four Indian Universities—and many of our law students have—he has caught a further glimpse of what his school life in part revealed. He is, as a rule, acquainted with both the meaning and the fascination of athletics. It is said to be one of the most striking features of the awakening life of India that the Hindu, whose theory denies the possibility of a personality expressing itself in physical activity and condemns the cult of the body, is yet instinctively an admirer of the athlete, and takes to games with the zeal of a schoolboy. It is certainly true that a large proportion of the Indians who visit England play cricket, tennis, and golf with a skill not far, if at all, below the English average, whilst in this connection it is interesting to notice that in Glasgow recently a scratch team of Indian students, all selected from the small number resident there, beat the University team at hockey.

In other directions too the Indian student in England assimilates to the University type. He is as a rule a man of 'liberal opinions.' Though, as Mr. Dicey rightly says, the Mahomedan rarely eats pork, or the Hindu beef, whilst the tendency to take alcoholic beverages is very small, there is nothing else that prevents the Indian student from sharing the same table as Englishmen. Few who have had the privilege of entertaining or being entertained by an Indian will deny that he is both an agreeable and an interesting table companion. Mr. Dicey's statement that 'for obvious reasons it would hardly be possible for white and coloured students to take their meals together' is definitely opposed to facts which may be observed in any University in England, where such interchanges of courtesy, though rarer than might well be desired, are yet of constant occurrence. It is true that many Indians live in sordid lodgings. This is due, however, not to impecuniosity, as Mr. Dicey suggests, for the ordinary student—here again the parallel with the English University is very complete—comes from a family which can well afford his expenses, or, failing that, is at least furnished with sufficient means to maintain himself comfortably during his course. The true reason lies deeper in the Eastern nature. The Oriental has not yet grasped that Western

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conception of personality by which a man's surroundings are included in the sum total of himself, leading him as far as he can to readjust his environment to his own needs. In other words, the Western ideal of personal comfort has not yet penetrated Eastern life, and until it does so no Indian, unless highly Anglicised, will pay much attention to his immediate surroundings.

In all these ways intercourse between English and Indian students is far more possible than Mr. Dicey believes. The real difficulty lies in the historical environment of the two races. The Indian has for so long been accustomed to regard the Englishman as a being apart—a 'sahib' in fact—that it is very hard for him to assimilate *in practice* the principle of the equality of the races, to which he clings desperately in theory. Nor does his experience, either in India or in England, make it easier. The Englishmen he meets in India are either his teachers at school and his professors at the University, the missionaries with whom he may in one way or another have come into contact, or Government officials; and the *general* impression they have fostered in him—this, I believe, is admitted upon all hands—is one of his own inferiority. This is apart from any of the instances of aggression or injustice which from time to time are reported, and which, as there is reliable evidence to show, do in fact occur. He therefore comes to England with a distinct awe of the Englishman, which effectually prevents his making advances to his white fellow-students, and drives him, sometimes unwillingly, to closer intimacy with his own people. Unwillingly, because in many cases he has come to London hoping to enter as closely as possible into the life and interests of the English through acquaintanceships with English people. And there are Englishmen and Englishwomen only too ready to help him. When Mr. Dicey says 'In as far as I am aware the late Sir Curzon Wyllie was the only resident in London whose house was always open to Indian students,' he is unconsciously doing an injustice to a very large number of warm-hearted persons in London—some of them retired Indian officials and their families, but many also whose interest in India has been stimulated by no personal acquaintance with that country—who welcome the visits of Indian students, and in some cases have made their welfare the predominant care of their lives. Through their mediumship, or that of the various societies whose sole object is to promote intercourse between Indians and English residents in London—and no one who has had experience of them can fail to testify either to the extent or to the excellence of their work—any Indian student can see much of the best sides of English life and by degrees take a place in English society.

But this method is at best slow, and fails somewhat of the ideal. To revert to the parallel of the University, it is as if the freshman should enter into the society of the Senior Common Room and be received into the families of professors and their wives, yet fail to

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touch all that part of University life which consists in the interchange of confidence and friendship between young men of the same age and standing. And what is lacking in the life of the Indian in England is too often the friendship of English students. The impression left by Mr. Dicey's article is that such friendship is impossible. I have tried to show that it is at least more possible than Mr. Dicey supposes. There are difficulties on both sides. It is hard for the Indian to conquer the racial bashfulness with which he has learnt to approach the Englishman; and it is hard also for the English student so to widen his interests and ideals as to be able to share them, frankly and on equal terms, with men of another race and colour. But in neither case is such a change of attitude impossible; and I would conclude by putting on record the experience of many Englishmen of the last forty years, and of a growing body of English students to-day, that a close and equal friendship with Indian students, if not at the outset easy, is yet most certainly possible, and may perhaps, by breaking down in individual cases the barrier of mutual misunderstanding, be a definite means of allaying that racial suspicion to which the present sedition is so largely due.

KENNETH E. KIRK.

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A SUGGESTED SOURCE OF MILTON'S TRACTATE OF EDUCATION

In the expositions of various aspects of Milton put forth in connexion with the Tercentenary celebration of his birth, attention to his views on Education has not been lacking.[1] But nowhere have I seen any attempt, either recently or at any other time, to trace the sources of Milton's *Tractate*. Milton himself says: 'To tell you, therefore, what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare.' He is determined in his opposition to the reading of 'modern *Januas* and *Didactics*.' However right Milton may have been in his views, his contemptuous dismissal of the reading of John Amos Comenius, with his *Janua Linguarum* and his *Didactica Magna*, would not receive the approval of modern educationists. It is even doubtful whether Milton does not show an unbecoming ignorance by coupling together, with depreciation, the *Janua* and the *Didactic*, for they were very different in aim and scope, as a well-trained teacher nowadays knows. Not to delay over the point of Milton's adverse judgment on contemporary pedagogy, let us return to the problem: Who were the 'old renowned Authors' from whom he had benefited? It is true he says that he will 'spare' us the telling. But the interest attaching to even minute points connected with Milton makes us wonder if we can discover who are these 'old renowned authors' to whom he was indebted. Were the obligations quite general, and the simmering together in a cultured man's mind of various suggestions, which he could not easily differentiate, or were they definite obligations to other writers? It will be noted that the form of assertion is one which would be appropriate to the declaration of definite obligation. 'To tell you, therefore, what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare.'

The writer of the present article will only attempt to suggest the name of one of the 'old renowned Authors' from whom Milton appears to have benefited—a man whom, apparently, many writers on both pedagogy and other subjects consulted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, without emphasising, or sometimes without even naming, the

[1] See *Athenæum*, January 2, 1909 (page 19), for an account of Mr. Arthur F. Leach's paper to the British Academy on 'Milton as Schoolboy and Schoolmaster,' and an article in the *School World*, January 1909, on 'Milton as Schoolmaster.'

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source of the reading which suggested their views. I mean Juan Luis Vives (1492–1540).

Vives was born at Valencia in 1492, where he lived till 1509. He then went to the University of Paris, where he adopted Humanist views of a type antagonistic to the current academic scholasticism. From 1522 onwards till after the divorce of Queen Catharine of Aragon, Vives spent a portion of each year in England, chiefly at the Court of King Henry the Eighth, though he also lectured in Oxford. In 1531 his great educational work appeared—the *De Tradendis Disciplinis*. Milton's *Tractate*, it may be recalled, was published on the 5th of June 1644. The *De Tradendis Disciplinis* apparently has only once been published in England—viz. in 1612, at Oxford.

He would be lacking indeed in perception who should suggest that Milton borrowed the noble patriotic spirit of the *Tractate* from any other source than his own magnanimous heart, longing for the public good of his native country in education as in every other activity. The noble tribute to Mr. Hartlib, whom, as Mr. Masson says, 'everybody knew,' is a handsome piece of recognition, and is clearly Milton's personal testimony.

After the explanation of the reasons which induced him to undertake the writing of the *Tractate*, Milton lays down: 'The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection.' Vives, in his first book of the *De Tradendis Disciplinis*, says: 'As the end of man, what other can we fix but God Himself, or where can man with more blessedness seek for peace than as if absorbed in, and turned towards Him . . . What the things are which should be loved, faith will show.'

Milton proceeds: 'But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching.'

Parallel to this is Vives': 'First we must consider the easiest things—namely—those that are evident to the senses. These afford an opening for all knowledge.' Sometimes Francis Bacon is spoken of as if he were the first to point out the importance of the senses educationally, but the educational student will recall the interesting treatise called the *Golden Book of St. John Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children*, besides suggestions in Renaissance writers. Vives, however, announces himself explicitly as a realist in education before Bacon.

Then comes the well-known passage in the *Tractate*:

> And seeing every Nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those people

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who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; *so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things usefull to be known.* And though a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only.

Vives had said: 'Discourse is the instrument of human society, for not otherwise could the mind be revealed, so hidden is it by coverings and by the density of the body.' Further, he had written at greater length the same idea as is conveyed so strikingly by Milton as to the subject-matter of a language:

> Let those who study, remember, that if nothing is added to knowledge by the study of a language, they have only arrived at the gates of knowledge, or are still hovering in the entrance-hall. Let them remember that it is of no more use to know Latin and Greek than French or Spanish if the value of what is obtained from the learned languages is taken away from them; and no language is in itself worth the trouble of learning if nothing is sought beyond itself. Rather let pupils gain as much of the language as will enable them to penetrate to those facts and ideas, which are locked up in those languages, just as beautiful and valuable things are stored up in treasuries. . . . Language is the shrine of erudition, as it were a store-room for what should be concealed and what should be expressed. Since it is the treasury of culture and the instrument of human society, etc.

With regard to the 'Languages' of those 'who have been most industrious after wisdom,' Vives had spoken with the greatest warmth in favour of an education leading to the literature of the Romans, Greeks, and *Hebrews*, as did Milton, later. But the parallelism of Milton with Vives is even more strongly suggested by the latter part of the above passage than the former, for Vives was, as far as I can discover, the first of the moderns to advocate the necessity for the teacher to know and teach thoroughly the vernacular.

The two following passages, published thus by Vives as early as 1531, deserve to be regarded as *loci classici*:

> (1) Let the teacher know the mother-tongue of his boys, so that by that means, he may with the more ease and readiness teach the learned languages. For unless he makes use of the right and proper expressions in the mother-tongue, he will certainly mislead the boys, and the error thus imbibed will accompany them persistently as they grow up and become men. Nor can boys understand anything sufficiently well in their own language unless the words are said with the utmost clearness. Let the teacher preserve in his memory all the old forms of vernacular words, and let him develop the knowledge not only of modern forms, but also of the old words and those which have gone out of use, and let him be as it were the *guardian of the treasury of his own language.*
>
> (2) The scholars should first speak in their homes their mother-tongue, which is born with them, and the teacher should correct their mistakes. Then they should, little by little, learn Latin. Next let them intermingle with the vernacular what they have heard in Latin from their teacher, or what they themselves have learned. Thus at first, their language should be a mixture of the mother-tongue and Latin. But outside the school they should speak the mother-tongue so that they should not become accustomed to a hotch-potch of languages.

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When Milton deprecates the early composition of elaborate themes, verses, and orations by children, as the 'plucking of untimely fruit,' and suggests as the order of classical studies 'some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned throughly to them, they might then proceed to *learn the substance of good things* and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power' —this method might almost be described as a 'return to the method of Vives.' Take for instance the latter's method of teaching Greek. This may be summarised: Learn the form of the letters carefully, and equally carefully learn the right pronunciation, and learn the main inflexions of the noun and the verb. Get your teacher to *read* such Greek authors as are easy and clear, *e.g.* short orations of Isocrates, Plato, some epistles and the fables of Æsop. Before all, understand which words represent particular things, and in what manner they are inflected. Then read authors. Orators first—Isocrates, Demosthenes, Lysias, Æschines, &c. Then philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Theophrastus. Then those iron-like writers Thucydides and Plutarch.

The reason for taking the above orators first is chiefly because they approach to the dialogue form, and this represents the first attitude towards learning any language (with Vives), viz. for the purpose of conversation and discourse.

Returning to the *Tractate*, Milton suggests:

> And for the usual method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old error of Universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the sense, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of Logic and Metaphysics, &c.

Already the similar opinion of Vives has been quoted: 'First we must consider the easiest things, namely, those which are evident to the senses. These afford an opening for all knowledge.' Further, of all the Humanist antagonists of the old 'scholastic grossness of barbarous ages' which presented 'Novices with the most intellective abstractions of Logic and Metaphysics,' it is to be noted that there was no one whose attacks against this very abuse were more incisive than those of Vives.

The vigorous passage in which Milton attacks the university system of teaching is couched in terms with which Vives would cordially agree, even if he had not himself written in such graphic terms of contempt and disgust. Milton shows the shallowness of the affected knowledge of metaphysics implanted in youths when they go on to divinity, law, State affairs, or lives of ease and luxury. The learning of 'mere words or such things chiefly as were better unlearnt,' for him sums up the situation.

Vives, similarly, had fought with the utmost keenness against the disputatious, shallow, academic dialectic, and metaphysical methods.

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In fact his work *In Pseudo-dialecticos* was devoted to this very object, and in the *De Disciplinis* he says: 'The youth, ignorant of Latin, and of Greek speech, ignorant of the subjects and arts which are set forth in those two languages, bursts forth into the learning of dialectic.' Further, he points out that the arts of dialectic and of rhetoric are 'contentious from their very nature, being provocative of strife and obstinacy.'

As to studies, Milton recommends pupils should begin with 'the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar,' and pass on to right pronunciation. So, too, Vives. Milton then requires 'some easy and delightful Book of Education' to be read to the pupil. It is difficult to see exactly what Milton means, since, previous to systematic classical studies, he instances as education books, *Greek* works, viz. Cebes, Plutarch, and Socratic discourses, and further suggests that in this connexion

> the main skill and groundwork will be to temper them such Lectures (*i.e.* readings) and Explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.

This might seem to be a translation into Miltonic English of the following passage of Vives: [2]

> Sed quicunque auctores enarrabuntur semel atque iterum per hebdomades singulas de moribus audient nonnulla, quae vitiis auditorum medeantur, vel ut pellantur, vel ut ne invadant atque invalescant.

It is to be remarked that Vives, like Milton, requires the *Tabula Cebetis* to be read, and Plutarch, so as to teach in a brief form the subject of morals. For teaching 'the purposes of a school,' *i.e.* education, Vives also requires Quintilian to be read by the pupil. The difference, therefore, between Milton and Vives is simply the question whether Milton fixes the reading of a 'delightful Book of Education' before the pupil has learned Greek, and to be translated by the teacher into the vernacular, as he goes along. Even then it may be stated that in mentioning the *Tabula Cebetis* Vives wishes the pupil to read it in both Latin and Greek for the sake of comparison. As to the 'inflaming' of pupils with 'the study of learning and the admiration of virtue,' this is no less explicitly proposed by Vives, who wrote his *Introductio ad Sapientiam* for this very purpose. And although Vives does not rise to the same heights of patriotic impulse as Milton, yet he has the same idea. Milton finely longs for boys to be 'stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots dear to God and famous to all ages.' In precisely the same tenour Vives writes:

> Simul ex vitae consuetudine flagrantius in illius corde et parentum et patriae pietas ardebit, cui ut rei iucundissimae ac carissimae optime cupiet consultum, eique quacunque debitur benefaciet.

[2] *De Tradendis Disciplinis*, iii. 6.

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Next in the curriculum Milton places 'the rules of Arithmetic and soon after the elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was.' So, too, Vives. 'After evening repast,' Milton introduces the easy grounds of Religion and the story of Scripture. Vives does not, I believe, mention 'after the evening repast,' but he requires 'the most simple elements of piety' to be instilled, 'not by any invention of man, but by the divine oracles sufficiently laid down in letters by the Holy Spirit.'[3] Vives requires the performance of divine worship which piety and religion demand, though worship, he adds, has its strength rather in *action* than in knowledge.

Milton's next step 'would be to the Authors in Agriculture: Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy, and if the language be difficult so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years.' Vives says: 'In agriculture let the pupil read M. Cato, Varro, Terentius, Junius, Columella, and Palladius, having respect to the subject-matter contained in them, not as before for the vocabulary.' It will then, says Milton, be 'seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author the use of the Globes and all the Maps.' On this point Vives had said: 'Let the pupil' (after reading Strabo) 'consider the Maps of Ptolemy if he can get a modern edition. Let him add the discoveries of our (*i.e.* Spanish) countrymen on the borders of the East and the West.'

Milton then continues his curricula and suggests the reading of a 'compendious method of natural philosophy.' This is in accord with Vives' view. 'There should be to begin with a general explanation, a description of the whole of nature, of the heavens, of the elements, and those things that are in the heavens, and in the elements, so that a full drawing and description of the whole world is drawn as in a picture.'

Milton would then have 'Historical' (*i.e.* descriptive) 'Physiology' 'opened before' the pupils and would use Aristotle (*de Animalibus*) and Theophrastus (*de Stirpibus*). The same authors are suggested by Vives. Milton then names Vitruvius, Pomponius Mela, Celsus, Pliny, Solinus (all suggested also by Vives), together with Seneca's *Natural Questions*, not named by Vives.

Passing now to Mathematics, Vives and Milton similarly require Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Geography (then considered a mathematical subject). Milton adds: 'Trigonometry (which had been developed as a differentiated subject by Milton's time), Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, Navigation.' Vives had a great aversion to war and to teaching boys subjects apparently preparatory for war, accordingly he does not include fortification and 'enginry,' but architecture and navigation are described in his suggested curricula.

Milton next names divisions of natural philosophy. 'The pupils

[3] *Cf.* Milton's 'They [*i.e.* pupils] close the day's work under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon or the Evange[l]s and Apostolic Scriptures.'

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may proceed leisurely from the history (description) of Meteors, Minerals, plants and living Creatures as far as Anatomy.' Vives says: 'Concerning gems, metals, pigments, Pliny has discoursed in his *Natural History*.' Vives desires the study of plants, and for this subject (animals, we have seen, were to be studied in Aristotle's *de Animalibus*) recommends the reading of Dioscorides. Indeed, Vives goes further than Milton, for he wishes the student to read Oppianus, a countryman of Dioscorides, who wrote on fishes, a part of Nature-study as to which he says 'we are extremely ignorant but in which Nature has been almost incredibly prodigal.'

When Milton mentions anatomy, we have to remember that Vesalius and his successors had developed this subject after the time of Vives, but when Milton suggests: 'Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of Physick,' Vives is in line with him. Vives indeed would have the famous works of Galen read with the pupils in much the same way that Milton wished some Book of Education to be early introduced. Milton desires the student 'to know the tempers, the *seasons* and how to manage a crudity.' Vives joins the study of Nature with that of medicine. He says:

> Let the student keep eyes and ears intent, and his whole mind also. Great and exact concentration is necessary in observing every part of Nature, in its *seasons*, and in the genius and strength of each object of Nature. Such students bring great advantage for husbandry, for the *culture of palatable fruits and for remedies and medicines for the recovery of health.*

Milton has often been praised for the realistic touch in the teaching of 'Nature and Mathematics' when he says, 'What hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists; who doubtless would be ready some for reward, and some to favour such a hopeful seminary.' But Milton is following here the same track as that pursued by Vives, who said, 'Let the pupil have recourse, for instance, to gardeners, husbandmen, shepherds and hunters, for this is what Pliny and other great authors undoubtedly did; for any one man cannot possibly make all observations, without help in such a multitude and variety of directions.' Milton then joins agricultural and 'natural knowledge' with the poets. 'Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius, and in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural parts of Vergil.'

Milton's list of the Greek poets of Nature is longer than that required by Vives, but Vives has not omitted to mention them.

One further point in this connexion. There is no passage in Milton's *Tractate* more striking than that which he introduces in dealing with Students' Exercises: 'In those vernal seasons of the year,

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when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth.' Milton then turns this recommendation into the advocacy of the usefulness of sending forth companies of students to survey their native land, and the surrounding seas, so that they should combine peripatetic Nature Study with Patriotic motives.

The patriotic strain is much more intense in Milton than in Vives. But Vives had even mentioned the idea of perambulation through the country, but he united it with the thought of its resourcefulness to old age:

> For the well-to-do old man, the pursuit of Nature Study will be a great delectation, and it will be a refreshment of the mind to those who have business affairs of their own, or *who conduct affairs of state*. For not easily will any other pleasure of the senses be found which can compare with this in magnitude or in permanence, since it stimulates the desire of knowledge which for every human mind is the keenest of all pleasures.

Vives had been just as pronounced as Milton in the requirement of the inclusion in the training of the student of Ethics, Economics, and Politics. Both of course founded themselves in this division on Aristotle. The writers on Ethics, Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, are recommended by both; Milton further includes Laertius and the Locrian Fragments, while Vives, though he quotes Laertius, prescribed in detail the works of Seneca.

Before passing on from ethics to economics, Milton makes what has seemed so singular a demand: 'Either now or before this, they may easily have learnt *at any odd time*, the Italian Tongue.' Vives had said with regard to modern foreign languages, 'In a language which is in the continual use of people there is no necessity to frame systematic rules. . . . Rules are throughout for the guarding against mistakes and speaking inaccurately, in dead languages.' Such quotations do not, indeed, show how Milton and Vives proposed to have foreign languages learned, but they show, in common, their idea that foreign languages could be learned by a more direct method than that of systematic courses of grammatical rules and exceptions, exercises and praxes on rules.

Perhaps the most important feature of Milton's treatment of ethics, economics, and politics is the stress he lays on the course of instruction requiring the student 'to dive into the grounds of Law and legal justice,' for which he recommends the study of Moses as a lawgiver, 'the remains of Licurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to the Roman Edicts and Tables with their Justinian; and so down to the Saxon and common Laws of England and the Statutes.' In a similar manner Vives requires his student to consider 'the beginning, end, and reason,' as Milton puts it, of Political societies, and

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refers to Draco, Solon, Lycurgus. In the study of jurisprudence, he directs the student to discover

> the justice that is present in every law, *i.e.*, what its life-giving force is, what its preservative force to the community is, what laws are usefully maintained at each period of time. The jurisconsult is not to be a priest (sacerdos) and interpreter of Roman and Spanish law merely, but as Celsus and Ulpian wished, the interpreter of the *good* and the *right*. . . . The men of old required the laws of the Twelve Tables to be learned by boys, whilst playing. . . . One by one let the teacher expound to students the grounds and as it were, the sources of law, partly those laid down by law-givers themselves and partly those which have been suggested by former experts in jurisprudence. Of all written laws known to us, the most excellent seems to be the Roman Law. . . . Teachers should take care that they themselves taste all kinds of (legal) writings and show to their scholars the best authorities, which should be at hand in the library.

From this topic of the study of laws, Milton immediately proceeds to the study of theology 'understandingly.' So, too, had Vives done. Vives says: 'But he who is endowed by God with a greater power of intellect, and does not let himself be kept back by worldly cares, but is stirred to concern himself in intercourse with heavenly subjects, happy and dear is that man to the Powers above—he will soar up to the study of Theology.' Milton would have Hebrew learned. This had been suggested also by Vives. The teaching of logic and rhetoric under due restrictions, and at a later period of studies than was common in both the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is advocated by both Milton and Vives.

The exercises recommended by Milton are to be found in Vives, excepting those of a warlike nature. For Vives, like Erasmus, was a great hater of war. Vives is not so eloquent as Milton on the subject of music. Yet when Milton says: 'If wise men and prophets be not extremely out [the divine Harmonies of Music] have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions.' Vives expresses the common and ancient thought thus: 'Then let Music lead back to tranquillity and tractability all the wild and fierce parts of the students' nature, like as is related in the ancient world, under the guise of stories, rocks were moved and wild beasts allured by it.'

Lastly, Milton in common with Vives deals with diet.

These points of contact between Milton and Vives in details are interesting in their cumulative aspect. If the term 'magnificent,' which is usually reserved for Milton, be appropriate, it would seem that it belongs also, as far as comprehensiveness is concerned, to Vives. But the encyclopaedic ideal in education was natural enough in the transitional stage in which Vives wrote, when the Middle Ages had offered, with acceptance, the gift of the survival of encyclopaedism to the early Renascence writers. But the fact that Milton takes up the point of view of encyclopaedism rather points to his reliance on older writers, since he ignores for the most part, in his treatment of

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subjects like 'Mathematics' and 'Natural Philosophy,' the very differentiations which had taken place between the age of Vives and his own age. The coincidence of names of authors, though not conclusive evidence, is a confirmatory argument when we remember the immense amount of pedagogical apparatus which had appeared within the hundred years separating the *de Tradendis Disciplinis* of Vives and the *Tractate* of Milton. It is worthy of remark that the list of text-books actually used by Milton in his school in the list given by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips,[4] introduces some more modern books than those named in the *Tractate*—a difference which would be accounted for if Milton in his *Tractate* had been following Vives.

It has been pointed out recently[5] that in the *Tractate* Milton omits mention of the universities, and advocates an alternative institution—namely, an Academy, in which the boy should remain from about thirteen to twenty-one years of age. Milton himself says: 'This place should be at once both school and University, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law or Physic, when they mean to be practitioners.' The writers on the *Tractate* do not draw sufficient attention to Milton's statement that 'as many edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful *in every City* throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where.'

Now we must raise the question, Where did Milton get this central idea of a Model Academy, which should be multiplied in the cities of the land?

He thus describes the institution:

> First to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an Academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabouts may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done.

Now, Vives similarly plants an academy in every province—and postulates other institutions of learning for parochial claims, to which the Academy is to be the centre. The Academy is international, and has within it elements of self-government among the students. The teachers of the Academy are State-paid. The salary is to be high enough to attract good men, and low enough to be undesirable to a bad, avaricious man. Unsuitable boys are to be ruthlessly dismissed from the Academy, after they have failed to satisfy sufficient tests. The Academy is to be an influence not only to the pupils but also to the people of the province.

As to the position of Vives' Academy, the air is to be healthy, far from the fear of pestilence, yet not so verdant and pleasant as to tempt

[4] The list is given in Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. iii.

[5] By a writer in the *School World*, January 1909.

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the scholars to neglect their work. It must be placed in a district where food is good and plentiful. It must be apart from the crowd and the noise of all who use hammer, wheel, and lathe. It must be far from the Court, and from the neighbourhood of girls. 'Let it be outside the town, not near a public road, nor near the boundaries of a country, lest war should break out. Let no one wonder that the place where wisdom is to be born and grow should be sought with this care, when we so anxiously look after the place where bees can get honey, the price of which is how much below wisdom!'

The idea of an Academy to Vives includes such study as ends only with life. Accordingly, though education of the students nominally ends at twenty-five years of age, provision is made for the student to go out and mix in the affairs of life and eventually to return to the Academy. 'To an Academy of this kind,' says Vives, 'not only should boys be admitted, but even old men should betake themselves as if to a haven away from the mighty tempest of ignorance and vices. Teachers should attract all by a certain majesty and authority.' In another passage, Vives describes the idea of an Academy: 'This is truly an Academy, namely, an association and harmony of men equally good as they are learned, drawn together to confer the same blessings on those who come thither for the sake of learning.'

I submit that Milton's idea of his Academy is a reminiscence from his reading of Vives' proposed academies—that Milton's extensive curriculum is founded on the encyclopaedic curriculum of Vives, and that the magnificence of conception of education and the exacting expectation from students are shared and suggested by Vives, on whom all this rests naturally and plausibly, living at an age when he entered into the heritage of the early and spacious days of the Renaissance, at a time when Pico della Mirandola had represented the supreme Maker in addressing man, as saying: 'Thou bearest within thee the germs of a universal life.'

FOSTER WATSON.

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IRELAND'S NEED

Two recent articles in this Review have dealt with the condition of Ireland, representing it—and so far I agree with the writers—as abnormal and deeply diseased. Mr. Ian Malcolm advocates the old prescription of 'resolute government': Mr. Kenny recommends 'setting the Irishman in Ireland free to be the owner of his own faculties,' leaving it to statesmen to 'infer' the precise method of limiting that clerical influence which he regards as the root of all evil. I propose to set out my own view of the same phenomena, and to argue for the remedy which has been applied everywhere else within the British Empire, and, as a quotation will prove, with universal approval.

> The Imperial idea, despite the historic associations of its name, must prove its title to acceptance, not as a limitation but as a guarantee of local autonomy and local rights. . . . Imperial thought aims at drawing closer the bonds of union between the nations of the empire, not in any limitation of individual autonomy but as the only means by which the development of each on its own lines can be secured. . . . Imperialism is not the enemy of those narrower and more intimate loyalties which bind each nationality within the empire to its own way of life.

These words are taken, not from the utterance of any Liberal statesman, but from the leading article in the *Times* of the 3rd of April 1909. I quote them to establish the fact that local autonomy is now recognised as a cardinal principle of the very remarkable organisation which we call the British Empire, and my main purpose is to inquire why a certain section of English politicians refuse to apply that principle in the country where it is called Home Rule. Incidentally I shall have to consider some of the views which are put forward in this Review and elsewhere by the opponents of Nationalism.

The refusal comes from England only. Scotland by an overwhelming majority, and Wales by unanimity of representation, are in favour of Home Rule; they begin also to claim it for themselves. Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, all explicitly support the demand of Ireland. In this matter England stands against the consent of the entire empire; or, to be more accurate, England, for reasons which I must examine later, hangs lethargic, declining to decide for or against.

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I wish to deal with the realities of this question, and shall not dwell upon the contention sometimes academically put forward that Ireland is not a nation and cannot therefore claim national rights. No spokesman of the Orange body holds that language. Captain Craig, for instance, is just as proud to be an Irishman as I am. He and his friends advocate the Union, as we advocate Home Rule, primarily and principally in the interests of the Irish nation.

But it is worth while to refer to certain arguments which are constantly used by Irishmen from the districts which centre round Belfast. We have prospered under the Union, they say, Scotland has prospered under the Union; therefore the Union is a good arrangement, marred only by the perversity of agitators.

To the first part of this contention I make my own answer. The industrial prosperity of North-East Ulster rests upon the presence of a population with whom the industrial habit is an inheritance, and among whom industrial capital has constantly found employment ever since the days when England decided to protect and foster the linen trade among the Protestant settlers, at the same time as she was stamping out the woollen trade which prevailed especially in the more Catholic and Celtic populations. Proximity to the Scotch coalfields has enhanced the advantage, but the essential cause lies in the legislation and administration of the eighteenth century. It is not a question of industry; it is a question of industrialism. No one starts new industries in the South and West of Ireland for the same reason as no one starts new industries in Dorset. In the matter of farming, Louth and Wexford are every whit as good as Down; but their development is purely agricultural.

Further, the prosperity of North-East Ulster is only relative. Belfast grows, but the population of those counties which return Unionists has been reduced more severely than that of many other parts of Ireland, and a falling population is surely no index of progress.

As to the argument from Scotland, I leave that to be answered by a notable Unionist, Professor A. V. Dicey. Here are a few significant sentences from his article published in the *Fortnightly* for August 1881:

> The Act of Union (for Scotland) embodied what was, not in name only but in reality, a treaty or contract freely made between two independent States. . . . The union with Ireland lacked all that element of free consent between independent contracting parties which lies at the basis of every genuine contract. . . . (It) was in short an agreement which, could it have been referred to a court of law, must have been at once cancelled as a contract hopelessly tainted with fraud and corruption.

Again:

> Scotch affairs remained after, even more than before, under the control of Scotland. . . . Ireland since, as before the Union, has been governed in the main in accordance with English notions, applied in many cases, or misapplied, by English officials.

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Neither Scotch or English history can, except by the misreading of past events, be forced into teaching the lesson that the failure of the policy in Ireland is due to the peculiarities of Irish character.

These, however, are somewhat academic considerations. I pass to an argument of more actuality. The Imperialist politician, confronted with such a passage as that which I have quoted from the *Times*, will answer that the whole development of the empire is towards federation in blocks; that the separate position of Newfoundland is an embarrassment to Canada; and that it would be a reactionary and unwise proceeding to dissolve the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland at the very moment when South Africa and Australia have completed their union of local governments.

In so far as this argument means that the relations of England to Ireland must always be essentially different from those of Great Britain to Canada or Australia, it is unanswerable. England might very conceivably let Australia or Canada cut the painter without more than remonstrance; England could never conceivably let Ireland break away unless after she herself had been defeated in war. We all recognise the geographical facts which govern the relation. It is at least arguable that Canada and Australia should have a separate military system; but, while Ireland remains subject to the British Crown, the military control of these islands must be unitary. Yet all this affords no argument against Home Rule. Those who quote against us the Union which has been effected in Australia, the union which has been effected in South Africa, the union which is desired between Canada and Newfoundland, ignore cardinal facts.

What is the union in South Africa? In the first place, it leaves the local governments existing, vested with very considerable powers for local affairs. The union with Ireland abolished the local legislature and brought Irish affairs under the control of an assembly which had neither time nor temper to consider them on their merits. In so far as it enacted separate beneficial treatment for Ireland, the Act of Union has been a dead letter. Legislation, when directed to industrial questions, has been framed solely in the interests of Great Britain; Ireland has had separate treatment only in the form of repressive enactments.

Secondly, the union in the Colonies resulted from a voluntary compact between free States, and the members came together on a basis of equality. I have already quoted Professor Dicey's verdict on the character of the union with Ireland. It was not voluntary. That it does not after a century confer equality of privilege is proved beyond all possibility of argument by a single fact. The system of the Volunteer force was not, and the system of the Territorial Army is not, extended to Ireland. Ireland's position under the Union is that of a conquered country held down by force of arms. In plain language, the union between the federated Governments in Australia

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and Canada and South Africa is a reality: the union between Great Britain and Ireland is merely a specious name.

Thirdly, those who base upon the Colonial movement towards local union an argument against Irish Home Rule omit to consider what Home Rule means. Neither by Butt, nor by Parnell, nor by Mr. Redmond has a separate control of military affairs, or a separate interest in foreign negotiations, ever been claimed. On the contrary, these claims have been expressly repudiated. The demand for Repeal, which involved the re-establishment of a co-ordinate legislature, was formally abandoned for the offer to accept a subordinate legislature, having full control of Irish affairs.

The grant of such a legislature to the Transvaal and Orange Free State was, as Mr. Asquith put it, 'the condition precedent' of South African union. In order to have a real union of Great Britain—a union based on consent—you must abolish the nominal and spurious Union of to-day.

We are told in reply that this cannot safely be done because there is a party in Ireland, and among Irish-Americans, which desires separation. No one denies the existence of such a party; the question is, What are its numbers and influence? There are undoubtedly many men in England, there are probably some in Parliament, who would prefer a Republican Government. Yet they do not render the monarchical principle insecure, because the citizens enjoy all the reality of freedom. Under a different system of monarchy it is certain that their numbers would be very much greater. In a self-governed Ireland there would unquestionably be some Separatists; but how likely is it that they would induce the country at large to risk its freedom or its prosperity by going to war with England? For 'the condition precedent' of separation is a total destruction of the British Navy.

I myself am convinced that the effect of self-government in Ireland would be to concentrate all the attention of Irishmen on purely Irish affairs, and that ultimately England might succeed in conciliating us through our interests and through our pride. George Meredith thought so, and put his view in a memorable poem, *Ireland*, published posthumously. In the meanwhile, Englishmen should realise that Ireland is to-day, in his phrase, 'England's broken arm,' producing no more soldiers than are required to maintain England's army of occupation. The loss of military strength in this way is a fact, present and permanent; another fact is the continued hostility generated in America by the Irish emigrants and their descendants. The possibility of separation, the chances of Ireland engaging in war against England, is a contingency, as I think, so remote as to be negligible.

I shall not dwell upon the other spectre which is habitually conjured up—the fear of unfairness to Protestants. Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, John Martin, Isaac Butt, Parnell,

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knew their Catholic countrymen too well to have any fear of that, and the record of local government confirms their confidence. I quote from a letter written by the Rev. Canon Courtenay Moore, the Rector of Mitchelstown, co. Cork, to the *Guardian* of the 30th of June; he draws, it will be seen, from a single parish:

> In this parish some time ago the local Board or Council elected an English lady-nurse, who was also an English Churchwoman, to the chief position in the local Union. . . . The same authorities elected an engineer, who is a member of the Irish Church, a little later on to the position of District Surveyor. Another young man, also a member of my congregation, was elected Petty Sessions Clerk, though there was a Roman Catholic candidate in the field. Furthermore, a few years ago a young man from the North came here and started business as a grocer; he also is a member of the Irish Church. He has done exceedingly well; he is a good and obliging man of business, and, so far from being boycotted, he is doing the best trade in town in his own line—even the nuns and Christian Brothers patronise him. Let me say a word about myself. I am not a Home Ruler, yet I have, without the slightest solicitation on my own part, been unanimously elected a member of the County Committee of Technical Instruction, of which the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese is chairman.

That is typical of the condition of things which prevails through Leinster, Munster, and Connaught.

In Ireland itself there is no doubt but that the set of opinion among Unionists is towards regarding Home Rule as inevitable and as less unsatisfactory than the present order of things. Only one considerable resident Irish landlord sits in this House of Commons, and he sits on the Nationalist benches. Mr. Kavanagh, the able son of an able father, has thought out his conclusions to their logical consequence in action: the Devolutionist party, if equally courageous, must, I think, arrive at the same position. Even among them, Lord Dunraven has declared frankly for self-government as the end to be aimed at; and, broadly speaking, I think that most men under forty in the landlord class have no active hostility to that idea.

In the Northern democracy a similar movement makes itself apparent. Mr. Lindsay Crawford, Grand Master of the Independent Orange Order, is an avowed Home Ruler. Mr. T. W. Russell, who in 1886 and 1893 did more than any ten men to defeat Home Rule, has been converted by the succeeding years. Mr. Russell is charged with inconsistency and change of parts. At least his movement towards his present standpoint has been a consistent development of those views which led to his abandoning a seat in Lord Salisbury's ministry.

Again, among the clever writers who are most often busy in denunciation of the Irish party, 'George A. Birmingham,' 'Pat,' the oracle of the *Saturday Review*, and Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, cleverest of them all—there is a consent of opinion for self-government. All these writers whom I have named, believe—as I do—that it would lessen the ecclesiastical power which they so greatly dislike. It always

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seems a little absurd that the English press should hold them up as infallible authorities when they criticise the action of other Nationalists, yet smugly ignore the very core of their philosophy.

The undoubtedly excessive power of priests in temporal matters arises from a combination of circumstances for which the clergy cannot be blamed. It arises, first, from the devotion of the laity to a Church which still wears the prestige of martyrdom, and whose position in the Ireland of to-day constitutes the one complete triumph of a race so long menaced with extermination. It arises, secondly, from the void left by the disappearance of the local aristocracy which governed Ireland thirty years ago, when the friends and relatives of those who managed the Castle managed also every county and every parish. To-day a gulf yawns between the central bureaucracy nominated by England and the popularly elected local bodies. The recognised political chiefs of the county councils, those who have a natural authority in Nationalist Ireland, are politicians in perpetual opposition, without legislative or administrative responsibility, without the disposal of patronage; and this absence of any central Government enjoying popular confidence tends to add great power to that other popular organisation, so solid and well-endowed, so permanent as compared with the political leagues, and possessing an influence which flows from the third cause that I must refer to—England's settled policy (avowed in Lord Randolph Churchill's letters) of 'governing through the bishops.' It has been the constant practice of English statesmen to appeal over the heads of Irish political leaders to the Irish hierarchy for counsel and support.

In part, also, the power of the clergy is established by direct enactment of the bureaucracy; that dependence of the school teacher on the priest which Mr. Kenny enlarges upon (with less than his habitual exaggeration [1]) is largely due to rules of the National Board which debar the teacher from all political activity, thus imposing on him a civil servant's disabilities without giving him any security of tenure. And the claim of teachers for enlarged rights has been supported not merely by lay politicians but by ecclesiastics—notably the Bishop of Raphoe, prominent among the avowed and stalwart workers for that conception of self-government which would establish in power men like Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Devlin, who have again and again contended against undue exercise of ecclesiastical power.

Some perception of these facts is spreading among Unionists, thanks mainly to Mr. Birmingham; yet I do not affect to believe that the growing change in Unionist opinion and feeling has been due to the arguments adduced by Nationalists. It is partly due to land purchase. Irish landlords always convinced themselves that Home Rule would mean their ruin; yet Butt's proposals, which they scouted

[1] Mr. Kenny's article calls for some detailed reply, which I reserve for a concluding note, preferring not to interrupt my argument.

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in 1873, expressly repudiated the idea of altering the land settlement. They have seen that settlement torn up and destroyed under the Legislative Union; and their interest, in so far as they mean to remain in Ireland—as many of them do—is now simply that of general good government. Home Rule no longer frightens their pockets.

Partly, also, the change is due to local self-government. The Irish people have been put in charge of their county and parochial affairs, the new bodies have been quite as efficient as the old, and more frugal; and they have been at least as fair. I do not think the utmost has been done for Home Rule; if more Unionists were elected on district and county councils, there would be more converts; but so long as this governing question remains unsettled, Unionists and Nationalists will use every election as a means of declaring their central conviction. That is in the nature of things. At the same time the fault is not only with the electors. Where such a man as Colonel Hutcheson Poe, for instance, a capable, resident landlord, has chosen to go forward for election, making it plain that he acts in a spirit of conciliation, he has generally been elected. Naturally enough, those who divide Ireland into 'we' and 'they' either will not stand, or, if they stand, are rejected.

But, fundamentally, the force working for Home Rule is disgust with the existing order. We cannot get either the legislation or the administration that we want. Legislation on controversial matters we can only get in the wrong way, legislation on uncontroversial matters we cannot get at all, and from these facts it follows that administration must be unsatisfactory. Public convenience, public interests that go much further than mere convenience, are neglected; but, worst of all, public order is disturbed.

Let me illustrate first the mere question of convenience. Ireland is a country of wide rivers and long lakes and chains of lakes, which can only be bridged at great cost. The obvious solution is offered by pontoon ferries, and on Lough Corrib the Galway County Council proposed to establish one. Money was available, local money, and the plans were prepared; then the Local Government Board discovered that the Act of 1898 had omitted to give councils this power along with that of making roads and bridges. County councils cannot initiate private bill legislation, and it was therefore necessary to introduce a bill giving them the power to establish and maintain ferries, and this measure was got through the Committee stage. It was then blocked in the House by the action of a single English member, and those who know and tremble at the name of Sir Frederick Banbury will readily believe that entreaties and arguments addressed to him, not only by Nationalist members but by the leader of the Irish Unionists, were wholly vain. Government could not give the hour or so of public time necessary to put the Bill through, and the public inconvenience remains, with great loss to the cattle and sheep industry

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in a poor district of county Galway, and, I believe, with similar consequences in Fermanagh and elsewhere.

I have chosen a trivial instance. But the transit question in Ireland is not a trivial thing. There is virtually general agreement that our whole railway system, and for that matter canal system also, needs to be put on a new basis; yet if we cannot get an hour of time to pass a small measure in which all Irish members are agreed, what chance is there of inducing Parliament to tackle the very large question of regulating transport all over Ireland—a question vital to the interests of an agricultural country? The same considerations apply to the huge problem of arterial drainage. No English Government is ever likely to approach it in any serious spirit; yet it is nearly as grave for Ireland as irrigation is for Egypt.

Take another illustration. The city of Dublin has for many years been providing public libraries on a creditable, but by no means lavish, scale; and about three years ago, when the extraordinary ability, industry, and generosity of Sir Hugh Lane accomplished the formation of a gallery of modern art, the Corporation gladly proposed to charge on the Library Fund 500*l.* a year for the housing and superintendence of it. This is not the place to talk of pictures, but I say, without fear of challenge by any competent critic, that Great Britain cannot show any collection of modern painting which approaches this in general interest. While we were still congratulating ourselves on the acquisition, the Local Government Board discovered that upon a new interpretation of some clause the Corporation could not strike a library rate of more than a penny; and as a result the Board proceeded to surcharge members of the Corporation for the amount by which the existing expenditure on libraries exceeded that sum. Naturally the extra 500*l.* for the gallery has never been paid, and for several years now the Corporation has been endeavouring to extend its powers in this matter. No one doubts that the extension should be given; but ministers, representing the Local Government Board, have endeavoured to exploit the Corporation's disabilities. They introduced a bill which first of all made that Board the judges of how far the Corporation might go in their expenditure; and, secondly, fixed on the county councils of Ireland certain other charges which the councils were sure to resist. Naturally, the measure is blocked; and since no legislation of this sort can pass except by unanimous consent of the House of Commons—for no time is available to discuss it—respectable citizens have been surcharged with large sums because they acted on a library committee, several public libraries are closed, and the gallery remains unprovided for, the Corporation being unable to accept what is, in great measure, Sir Hugh Lane's gift. I ask anyone, is this reasonable administration?

I have been speaking so far of the administrative inconvenience in uncontroversial or non-party matters—which, indeed, is admitted

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on all hands. In graver affairs I maintain that there is also a consensus of condemnation upon the existing *régime*. Administration in Ireland is neither continuous nor consistent, it always yields to pressure and never to argument. In a word, it is of a nature certain to breed disorder and contempt for the law.

In Great Britain administration is hardly a party question. Until the Navy scare was sprung on us, the administration of this Liberal Government had hardly been challenged. In Ireland from the moment a Tory Government takes office, or a Liberal Government, the whole spirit and direction of the administration is attacked without measure. In a word again, the existing system is condemned by both parties. Liberals declare it to be unsound, while even the most ardent Unionist will not deny that the principle of 'resolute government,' for which he stands, is periodically infringed by the advent of a Liberal *régime*. English ideas about the administration of England are in effect continuous, and so beyond doubt would Irish ideas be about the general administration of Ireland. But, as Mr. Long stated quite plainly in a speech just after he left office, Unionists cannot admit that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas; it is governed, therefore, according to English ideas of how the thing should be done, and these ideas change violently.

The Unionist inference is that you should keep Unionists continually in power. Well, as a matter of fact, England refuses to do so. But even with a long spell of Unionist government these fluctuations occur. We had, first, Mr. Gerald Balfour setting out to 'kill Home Rule with kindness'; then came a period of reaction, and in 1902 one of those upheavals which, when a Liberal Government is in power, Unionists describe as a 'saturnalia of crime.' In that year about a dozen members of Parliament were in gaol; boycotting, rioting, and other forerunners of a legislative change were rampant. Then came Mr. Wyndham with his Land Act of 1903, and what Mr. Moore in a famous speech described as the 'wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation.' After a few months Mr. Wyndham was thrown over, and Mr. Long brought in, to put the muzzling order in force.

Now let us consider these phenomena. In the first place, not one human being in Ireland believes that without the agitation—the lawless, violent agitation of 1902, centring round the de Freyne evictions—we should have got the Land Act of 1903. That is the moral writ large over a hundred years' history of the Union. Lawless agitation, which invariably at some point or other degenerates into crime, is the necessary prelude to any serious legislative reform.

That is the kernel of my case against the Union. Read the history of O'Connell's day, the Tithe War, the agitation for Emancipation; it is the same story: demands put forward in argument, argument ignored; demands put forward by violence, sooner or later acceded

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to. And in every case it is now apparent that the thing asked for was just and necessary.

Carry the investigation forward, not backward, from Mr. Wyndham's day. We are always hearing about the halcyon rule of Mr. Long, for whom personally I have nothing but the highest respect. But he came to Ireland when the effects of a great concession were as yet unexhausted, and before the failure of the Wyndham Act to work in Connaught had become fully manifest; his rule was exceedingly brief, and through half of it Ireland was conscious of the coming change. It would have needed very great perversity to breed trouble just then; and yet that most harmless of organisations, the Gaelic League, was vexed with police interference. Had Mr. Long remained in power the trouble which arose under Mr. Birrell would have arisen, but in a more dangerous form; and it could ultimately have been remedied only by the same means—that is, by the introduction of a Bill giving effect to the recommendations of the Dudley Commission.

Mr. Wyndham's Act, whose purpose was in effect to institute peasant proprietorship all over Ireland, was hurriedly rushed through Parliament, the administration of this sweeping social transformation was handed over to a body of officials, and Parliament, I suppose, expected to hear no more of the matter. At all events, since then Parliament has been unable to devote more than a day or two in each year[2] to consideration of the working out of a scheme which involved not only the interests of landlords and tenants but of every Irish ratepayer; for the Irish ratepayer was made responsible for the payments to the State. Public opinion in Ireland was indeed ceaselessly occupied with the defects and difficulties which revealed themselves in the Wyndham Act; but this took no effect on legislation. Ireland was quiet; England was busy about Tariff Reform. The Liberal Government, when it came in, did indeed appoint a Commission in the beginning of 1906, but it did no more.

Had the Dudley Commission issued, as it could easily have done, its eagerly expected report in October 1907, instead of April 1908, had the Land Bill been seriously introduced in the spring of last year instead of in this, there would have been no disorder worth speaking of in Ireland. As Mr. Dillon said the other day, the Irish leaders can always keep Ireland quiet when they can hold out a reasonable prospect of redress for admitted social evils. Translated into the language of the Unionist platform, this reads: Mr. Redmond can turn outrages on and off like water from a tap. Let them put it that way if they like, provided they face the facts.

It was in this Review for March last that Mr. Ian Malcolm wrote his article which had the modest heading 'Ireland *in Extremis*!' Ireland was then, according to him, in 'a state of almost incomparable anarchy' (Lord Lansdowne, indeed, had been obliged to go to the Macedonian

[2] I except the special case of the Evicted Tenants.—S. G.

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vilayets, where they had 10,000 murders in four years, for a parallel); there were 'twenty-two disordered counties' in which 'the rich and poor went in terror of their lives and livelihood.' Unluckily, on top of this came the Spring Assizes, and in a disconcerting proportion of the twenty-two disordered counties judges were getting white gloves; it became evident that disorder was very local, and even in those districts greatly exaggerated. Nevertheless, there was plenty of cattle-driving, there was serious intimidation in places and some bad outrage, and there was at last (to complete the resemblance cited by Lord Lansdowne) actually one agrarian murder.

What has happened since? In the end of July the Chief Secretary's salary comes up for discussion, and the Ulster Unionists find the admission wrung from them that Ireland is now in a very peaceful condition. In the face of the Summer Assizes and the judges' charges, they could not say otherwise. Now, what was the cause? Simply and solely that a Land Bill was going through the House which embodied recommendations signed first and chiefly by the last Tory Lord Lieutenant, and also by so militant a Unionist as the late Sir John Colomb.

Very well; observe the moral. Suppose the Bill becomes law this autumn. Every Nationalist holds that it will have been won by violent agitation, every Unionist endorses that opinion. Yet the alternative is to refuse reforms recommended by so competent an authority as the Dudley Commission, and demanded by four-fifths of Ireland—to refuse merely because they have been demanded with violence. That stamps the character of British administration in Ireland. Does anybody believe that an Irish Parliament would have waited six years before it amended the Wyndham Act? The Old Age Pensions Act, an infinitely less important measure, is to be amended within a year of its introduction. Parliament does not respond thus to Irish demands.

Mr. Malcolm himself, from his own point of view, endorses my opinion. Deeply concerned as he is by the spectacle of Ireland agonising *in extremis*, he deplores that it is 'almost impossible to arrest the attention of a British audience even for a moment' by the recital of these woes. That fact—that apathy and aloofness of the British public who control our destinies in Ireland—is the root trouble. Let me state more fully what I mean, writing as one born and bred in the class and the religion to which ascendency has belonged since the Union.

Ireland has been, since I was old enough to observe it, in the throes of a revolution, prolonged now beyond the thirtieth year and yet not accomplished. I have seen in my lifetime the emergence of an entirely new social order, which is yet only half-born; the transference of the soil from landlord to occupier, the transference of government from a caste and a bureaucracy to the mass of the people,

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are both incomplete, yet both irretrievably begun. Now, birth must go on; there can be two ends only—death or deliverance. But the birth-process, with human organisms—and the State is more complex, less automatic, than the individual—is not simply an affair of reflex actions; it means desperate concentration of nervous energy and will-power, continuously guided by skilled ministry. So it is with the individual, so it should be with the State. How has it been with Ireland?

Here the nerve centre, the governing will, lies outside the organism. The brain which has to work for Ireland, to carry it through this revolution, is your Imperial Parliament, cumbered with the affairs of continents, clogged and crowded with myriad messages from the swarming populations that lie nearest to its gates; controlled by the will of that British public whose attention upon Irish affairs even Mr. Ian Malcolm finds it 'almost impossible to arrest.' This far-off brain only responds to those spasms and agonies of the body politic which are summarised in statistics of agrarian crime, illegal conspiracy, and so forth. Why is organised lawlessness tolerated in Ireland? Simply because Ireland has come to recognise in it a political and social necessity owing to the apathy and inertness of the controlling power. We know perfectly well that organised lawlessness breeds crime—and in truth many of the outrages in the disturbed parts are mere faction fighting and have no political meaning whatever—yet we are not willing to vindicate the law; for I admit freely that in the area of Ireland which is peaceable the spirit of revolt exists. In crimeless Wicklow, juries steadily refused last year to bring in a verdict of guilty against cattle-drivers from Longford and Roscommon; and naturally, for a generation ago those symptoms which are now confined to a small group of counties were general over Ireland, save in the north-east corner, where the agrarian revolution had been carried through its first stage in the eighteenth century. Ulster tenant-right was won in the eighteenth century by precisely the same lawless manifestations as those which within our own memory have won tenant-right for the rest of Ireland.

Active lawlessness where it exists to-day exists only in the districts where tenant-right was confiscated, as it were, in embryo, within the past seventy years; and the reason why there is no trouble where tillage prevails is that in such cases tenants have been continuously on the land, and the agrarian revolution has operated more or less completely. In Wexford, for instance, the transference from owner to occupier is almost universal. But because the other part of the revolution—transference of the government from the representatives of England to the representatives of Ireland—is inchoate and incomplete, Wexford is still as rebellious in spirit as it was in 1798. It is peaceful because its people are a kindly, law-abiding race; but it is lawless in essence, because the law, where law affects political combinations, carries no moral sanction. From this state of

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things I fully admit that great evils result, and when Home Rule comes they will be sharply felt. They will be the natural consequences of an agrarian revolution prolonged into the second generation. Apparently what Mr. Malcolm and his friends want to do is to prolong revolution indefinitely.

Of all curses that can befall a country, agrarian revolution is the worst. It partakes invariably of the character of a servile war, a helot rising; it demoralises both sides. England has never experienced it, because in England political revolutions got free play to work themselves out. The revolutionary spirit always manifests itself first among the educated, the men of leisure; only when sheer desperation urges can the masses be induced to move.

In Ireland a great political revolution was accomplished bloodlessly when Grattan's Parliament was established; and I do not think that any sane Irishman doubts that that Parliament, with all its amazing vices, contained within itself the seed of a peaceable constitutional growth. But it was knocked on the head, and Ireland fell back on counsels of despair. Yet even in despair agrarian revolution was not soon attempted.

Emmet, the first leader of revolt against the Union, abhorred and deprecated the idea. His comrade, James Hope, proposed it to him; but Emmet answered: 'I would rather die than live to witness the calamities which that course would bring on helpless persons. Let that be the work of others; it shall never be mine.' Emmet tried direct insurrection, and was hanged for his pains. O'Connell, adhering to constitutional methods, aimed, as Emmet had done, at a purely political revolution, a transference of the machinery of government, and failed. Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party expressly repudiated Finton Lalor's proposal to yoke the political movement to an agrarian one; they also failed. The Fenians, idealists as worthy of respect as any in history, attempted a military revolution, and failed. Each successive failure appeared only to strengthen the landlords' grip on the tenants, England's grip on the conquered country.

Butt and his group declared in 1873 that they wanted no subversion of the land settlement; they argued, and no one listened, or listened only to laugh. Then, at last, Davitt and Parnell inaugurated the agrarian revolution, combined with that attack upon the weak points in Parliament itself which was Parnell's invention, as the agrarian organisation was Finton Lalor's. There is no use in denying that they stirred up Acheron: we had something resembling a Jacquerie in Ireland. But, looking back, I say that no revolution was ever more justified, whether by the causes or by the results. These men succeeded where all the others had failed; they abolished in great measure a monstrous wickedness of two hundred years' standing. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*—not a party scribe like Mr. Malcolm and myself, but a scholar and an historian—formulated the result by

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saying that the Wyndham Act of 1903 meant simply the ending of the seventeenth-century settlement of Irish land.

It was a great result to achieve, and a terribly high price has been paid for it. Ireland has lost half her gentry, and I am old-fashioned enough to think that a very great loss. The revolution carried out by slow stages, with England perpetually interposing, yet never interposing effectually, has been far less beneficial, far more destructive of social ties, than any which might have accomplished itself had Home Rule been granted instead of the Land Act of 1881. Every year that goes by adds to the wreckage, loses something that might be saved if Ireland were set at once to the work of reconstruction. The pith of the matter was put into an aphorism by the late Mr. Alfred Webb, a Quaker Nationalist who served Ireland from his boyhood in the great famine to his death a year ago. 'So long as the centre of power lies in a people, parties and interests learn to accommodate themselves to each other. Otherwise they seek to gain their ends, not by mutual agreement and accommodation, but working on the feelings, the fears, and the prejudices of those among whom is the centre of power.'

England has seen the almost magical effect of placing the centre of power for South Africa unreservedly in South African hands. It is for sane Imperialists to ask themselves whether the same course in Ireland would not produce the same results. I believe that Home Rule would be an advantage to the Empire; that is what I ask England to consider. For my own country—apart from the paramount consideration of racial pride, national sentiment—I want a Government that can attend rationally to local affairs, big and little, that can do the constructive work of legislation. And, above all, I want law and order. I want a Government which, by keeping legislation and administration in harmony with the country's needs, will remove the sanction which at present attaches, and rightly, to breaches of the law. 'Breaking the law may at times become the highest duty of the citizen,' is another of Mr. Webb's aphorisms. I want a Government under which we shall not need so continually to bear that aphorism in mind.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

NOTE.—In effect much of the objection to Home Rule is based on the Englishman's prejudice against the intellectual and moral capacity of Irishmen, and Mr. Kenny's article in the September number of this Review, 'His Parochial Majesty,' is calculated to strengthen that prejudice. I wish to say that the picture which Mr. Kenny draws of Ireland is one that I cannot recognise. When he says that he sees the Irish child come home from its first confession 'defiled in its innocence,' 'transformed into a moral and mental invalid,' and 'the Irish peasant, who could face the deadliest fortress without flinching, turning pale as he meets the priest on the road,' he

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states what my experience tells me to be in the first instance shamefully and in the second ridiculously untrue. But statements of this sort do not admit of verification or confutation. You cannot argue about a personal impression. Again, when he asserts that 'the savage doctrine of eternal fire for Protestants is as triumphant now as ever unless among a minority of the better Catholics who get at the teaching of their religion over the heads of priests and bishops,' I have only to say that all the Catholics whom I know, gentle and simple, apparently belong to the minority, and also that they resent vehemently the assertion that priests teach or that the people believe that every Protestant will be damned. Mr. Kenny's testimony on this point can only be true if my most respected acquaintances and friends deliberately deceive me, and naturally I ask for his credentials. Again, when I read that he 'has known a man killed in open daylight by his parish priest,' without penalty inflicted by Church or State, or that 'nuns and monks' who manage industrial schools employ agents at 10*s.* a head to induce children to commit crimes which will secure their consignment to the schools, I frankly confess that these are assertions which I cannot swallow. Mr. Kenny would doubtless say that the law of libel prevents him from giving verifiable detail. Let me therefore seek in the four corners of his article for some means to test Mr. Kenny's credibility. Owing to the general vagueness of his method, this matter is not very abundant; but it is sufficient.

I find on the last page of his article the following passage:

> Landlord and tenant are kept destroying each other while 'the Church' annexes the spoil. See how 'the Church' goes up while Ireland goes down, with priests multiplying on destitution and monasteries fattening on the track of the deluded emigrant. 'The Church' evidently means to get back 'her lands,' and it matters not to her whether the occupant to be removed is landlord or tenant. Both go together, and she gets 100,000*l.* worth of property for 3000*l.*, the League clearing the way for her by crime, and the 'Government' arranging the rest for her at the expense of the British taxpayer. There is now a community of foreign nuns in Lord Dillon's famous mansion, acquired on such terms as I describe; and in the neighbourhood at the time, I can remember how the agitation was worked up by the priests to get possession of Lough Glynn, in the name of Irish patriotism, but for the benefit of Belgian nuns.

Now, here we have two statements: first, that in engineering the sale and purchase of the Dillon estate the Church ousted alike landlord and tenants, and, secondly, that it acquired 100,000*l.* worth of property for 3000*l.* The estate consisted of 92,000 acres roughly, bought for 297,000*l.* All of this land has been subdivided among the tenants, except what immediately adjoins Lough Glynn house. By general consent, the redistribution and enlargement of holdings, combined with drainage operations, on this property have raised the condition of the people from misery to comfort. What has been the share of the Church? Fifty acres of arable land, 50 of plantation, 120 of water about the big house. Some estimate of the value of this asset may

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be obtained in this way: the house, with demesne of 1200 acres and sporting rights over the entire property, was advertised for sale by the Congested Districts Board; the highest offer received was 11,000*l.* for the lot. Then the sporting rights were vested in the tenants, 1000 acres of the demesne was sold and subdivided for a total of 11,400*l.*—actually more than was bid for the house and whole demesne and the valuable shooting. In short, the house was a white elephant in bad condition, and the Board was lucky to get it taken off their hands—especially by a community of ladies who, I believe, are of great use in the neighbourhood.

All these facts were published in Parliament in April 1908, and were the object of much comment: they should have been specially familiar to Mr. Kenny as a Mayo farmer. Setting them beside the paragraph quoted above, I find it impossible to acquit him of deliberate and gross misstatement.

Take another specific and verifiable statement, that about cattle-driving. 'The bishops suddenly discovered that it was immoral, and in three months it was dropped.' Now, it is common ground between Nationalists and Unionists that cattle-driving stopped when the Government in this Session introduced a Land Bill and pledged themselves to pass it through the House. The cattle-drives stopped after the Bill had been brought in. Mr. Kenny chooses to assign another cause to fill in his theory of Irish life. He should verify his dates. The episcopal pronouncements against cattle-driving were made in the close of 1907. And on the 7th of March 1908, the *Saturday Review* commented upon the situation which was created, in an article headed 'The Cattle Driver's Conscience.' That article was signed 'Pat.'

I do not say that there is no basis of fact for Mr. Kenny's statements. He does not invent; he merely falsifies. What I find in his article (as in his numerous contributions to the Unionist Press) is embroidery upon a small substratum of reality—the figments of an imagination diseased by that personal resentment which is indiscreetly avowed in his concluding sentences.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

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THE EVOLUTION OF MAURICE BARRÈS

THE remarkable success of M. Barrès' latest novel, *Colette Baudoche*, seems to invite, not only an examination of this volume, but a survey of the author's career, which is probably now at its culminating point.

It is not easy to pronounce on M. Barrès' value as a writer, a moralist, and a man. Like everybody else, he has his qualities and his faults, the balance of which it is difficult to find. But one element in his nature and his literary life makes estimation a matter of excessive nicety. It seems impossible to take seriously most of what M. Barrès wrote before he was thirty, and yet it is certain that his fame rests largely on the very volumes which strike us to-day—as they did then—as a mystification, no matter if unconscious; add to this that they were taken seriously by M. Taine and M. Bourget—both inclined, I must say, to be sometimes unduly serious—and that the more devout Barresians, as they call themselves, worship their god's early manifestations almost to the exclusion of the rest. The imposition and its success create an atmosphere unfavourable to serene criticism, and one has to nerve himself repeatedly against temptations to impatience when trying to give M. Barrès his due.

I fancy the English reader knows M. Barrès mostly as the author of *Les Déracinés*, and, in a more shadowy perspective, as the decadent initiator of what used to be styled in the early nineties the *Culte du Moi*. The later Barrès, the author of the Lorrain books, of the *apologia pro patria sua*, has gradually become familiar to his countrymen, but it seems to me that his avatar has not been taken much notice of abroad. Yet it is essential to bear in mind the calm, haughty attitude of an intransigent patriot, in which M. Barrès has settled down in the last seven or eight years, before reverting to the restless young man from whom the academician and deputy has slowly been evolved. With this precaution the reader will not be wide of the mark in continuing to think of M. Barrès as the Egotist and the champion of provincialism, as set forth in the *Déracinés*.

It was about 1890 that Maurice Barrès, thanks to the wisdom of a few, like M. Bourget, and thanks, above all, to the pretence and folly of a great many, took Paris by storm as the high priest of that famous *Culte du Moi* which I shall call in English the Cult of Ego, but which

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loud Worship of Self would describe much more accurately than quiet Self-culture. He had been known already for some years in the Latin Quarter, and when I say that he took Paris by storm I only mean that a few hundreds of his fellow-students trumpeted in every direction the praise given to his books by a few indulgent as well as clear-sighted critics, and copied his attitude to the amazement and admiration of their provincial cousins; for the volumes themselves sold slowly, and even the most successful did not go beyond a tenth edition.

Maurice Barrès in those days was ignorant, wonderfully ignorant and raw, but clever, ravenously ambitious, and he affected complete scepticism. He had read, as he said, or skipped through, as we think, too many philosophical six-shilling volumes, and in the confusion of his young brain he declared that religions, morals, and nationalities were overthrown idols. There was only one deity of the existence and omnipresence of which he entertained no doubts; that was his own clever, bubbling little self, his voracious individuality, a dainty Parisian—not Lorrain—Moloch, and he worshipped it.

He did not rise at once to the daring conception embodied in the more daring phrase 'Cult of Ego.' But he spoke immediately of withstanding the pressing universe about him, and this meant a good deal already. As to his method of resisting the universe, it was purely literary, and he will perhaps die without unlearning the habit. His life has been an endless conflict between the yearning after action and the longing for adequate expression, which literary tendency has invariably got the better of its rival. What is the good, he thinks, of fighting the world if nobody hears of the exploit?

In our agitated but unchivalrous days all that a young man—as full of ambition and as destitute of humility as Barrès was at the time—can do towards the conquest of the universe is to try and understand it, and put the result of the effort in print. So it was in fact that *Sous l'Œil des Barbares* came into existence. The Barbarians are the philistines who think not and write not. One ought to think and write in order to get away from the common herd. But to understand the universe requires considerable exertion, as the disgusted reader of six-shilling volumes has already realised, and it is easier and, after all, more profitable to rest satisfied with describing it. Most Barbarians do not see the difference and buy the description as if it were an explanation.

So the first volume published by Maurice Barrès was only a literary exercise—I could almost say a scholastic exercise, for we possess editions of the work in which the author has given us, with admirable simplicity, the theme of his chapters in the philistinish language side by side with their Barresian development—and it is very like the translation recommended by Dr. Johnson of a passage of Gibbon into English. Not so lucid, though.

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One trait of this early work reminds us of Verlaine's poetry. Whenever Barrès felt that he had something worth while to say, he wrote it, like the poet, his elder, in perfectly clear language. But the language is seldom clear, because the youthful author, being no fool, was often aware that his thoughts would look commonplace unless they were clad in a style rare enough to appear at once as the height of fashion. It requires some attention to satisfy yourself that nine-tenths of *Sous l'Œil des Barbares* is only habit and not substance. Suppose a very conceited, very dandified, and tolerably gifted young man walking from his club to his rooms one night in a fairly excited condition, and talking to an admiring friend on the way. His remarks would vary in tone as he and his companion would pass from the glaring boulevard to the quiet of the Tuileries and to the solemn poetry of the river, but they would still be a very young man's remarks, and if the young man were nearer a Byron than a mere pretender, when he had shaken hands with his friend at his door, he would shrug his shoulders, call his friend a fool aloud, and himself a snob under his breath.

Maurice Barrès wrote in those days very much as such a young man would speak. There is something wandering and bounding in his way of jotting down things which at first sight looks original; there is a brevity in his utterances which gives them a semi-classical appearance; he has occasional dashes of poetry and flashes of insight too, but on the whole what he says is mostly prating, and the so-called description of life and the world is humbug. There is no more resistance to the universe in this book than there is in a Flemish mirror over a door at Bruges. The author was sincere in his way, and he felt in himself those unprobed reserves which are the all-too-soon-dried-up sources of youthful confidence; they gave him heart, but he had his doubts already, and there was a curious appeal at the end of his volume to some superior power—'hero or axiom,' as he put it—which should save him from himself.

The hero did not come at once, but the axiom did, and we see it ruling through the next book, *L'Homme Libre*. Naturally this axiom could not be metaphysical. M. Barrès was as incapable of as he was disgusted with speculation. Metaphysics is a poor commodity on the literary market, and the young author abhorred it. A moral axiom, on the contrary, and a corresponding moral attitude suited him admirably. His curiously complex taste for analysis and logic, as well as for literary show, found their complete satisfaction in it, and he felt there would be something contagious in his complacent display of his beautified Ego. The event proved that he was right in his previsions, and the Cult of Ego became a watchword which for many men, even of the present generation, has not ceased to have a meaning.

I am sorry to say that in my opinion there is something incredibly

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ridiculous, unless it be something pathetic, in taking seriously the moral system set forth in the pages of *L'Homme Libre*. I have no doubt either that it must be extremely painful to the Barrès of to-day to see fools devoutly retracing his old steps. M. Barrès is and always was a very intelligent and very dexterous man. He managed, twenty years ago, to put into his book irony enough not to seem to be his own dupe, and in the prefaces he has had occasion to affix to it later on—as recently as 1904—he has succeeded in saying that he had outgrown his doctrine without confessing quite plainly what he thinks of it at present. But I feel certain that a painfully pious little work lately published by one M. Massis must have been dreadfully unpalatable to him. Admiration of the literature of the Cult of Ego he may still relish, but it must be the literature and not the spiritual advice, and it requires a deft and agile pen to sift one from the other. Nobody has succeeded so well in this difficult task as M. Henri Bremond.

For all that, it is beyond doubt that M. Barrès believed in his axiom, and worked it out, and divided and subdivided under Greek letters its bearings and consequences with much gravity. This key to all wisdom and happiness consisted of two principles and a corollary:

First principle.—We are never so happy as when we are in a state of excitement.

Second principle.—The pleasure of feeling one's self in that condition is considerably increased by analysis.

Consequence.—We should endeavour to increase our sentiency by analysis.

The *Homme Libre* applied and tested his formula through a severe method borrowed chiefly from St. Ignatius of Loyola's *Exercises*, and expounded in the most technical mystic language. He sat down to try and make himself highly sentient with as much earnestness as a Jesuit novice would try and make himself obedient and self-renounced. There were considerations, spiritual dialogues, and prayers. There were intercessory saints also who helped the beginner through. The chief ones were Sainte-Beuve—the Sainte-Beuve of *Joseph Delorme*, not that of the *Lundis*, who was only a plodder—and Benjamin Constant. Shortly after, M. Barrès discovered Marie Bashkirtseff, and he worshipped at her altar, revering in her the cosmopolitanism for which he called her the Madonna of the Sleeping-car.

He declared that, thanks to these exercises, he had created for himself a world of his own, and so broken his soul into obedience to his wishes that it worked like a machine, giving him, at his pleasure, the rarest sensations. What this fancied universe was, and of what order were the exquisite sensations, we do not know for a certainty. A hint in the novel leads us to think that Master Maurice had lately experienced the pleasure of keeping a diary and of reverting to the entries which seemed to show him at his best. The book is as chary of definite illustrations of the method as it is circumstantial about the

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theory, and we are left to conjecture. Literature soon creeps in, too, and almost immediately drives out the first occupant; and we must say that this second half of *L'Homme Libre* is one of the best things that Barrès ever wrote. Every character in the book seems to go mad, but those lunatics are full of wisdom, distinction, and eloquence, and when you turn the last page you find yourself in a strange, bewildered condition which, after all, is a sort of enchantment in its way.

In one of those confidential fits in which he is even more apt than his generation to indulge, M. Barrès once said, with an accent of undisguised conviction, that *L'Homme Libre eut des suites*. Yes, the book bore its fruits. First of all, hundreds of young fellows, more or less literary, believed in the two principles and the corollary, and pretended to find a lofty, arrogant pleasure in living within themselves. Mere literary tricksting would have been of little importance: unfortunately many light-headed boys just out of their teens would live these beautiful theories, and worshipped their Ego in the name of powerful individualism. The race is not extinct. Another consequence was that young Barrès, who needed a lesson of humility, found himself, on the contrary, adulated as a successful writer and venerated as a director of modern consciences. It was vainly that he discovered in his next volume, *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, that spontaneity was everything, and that women and animals were the only beings who knew the secret of life. Through two or three more volumes he had to stick to his principles, analyse his excitement, and guide his contemporaries in the romantic paths he had opened for them. A heavy chain! He soon grew tired of what he has called the unbearable nihilism of self-contemplation; but he had to write, he lacked time for reflection, and, disgusted as he was with his own principles, ignorant as he realised that he was, he had to go on exciting himself over Venice and Toledo, or over artists or works of art which were too much for him (*cf.* in *Trois Stations de Psychothérapie* his study of Leonardo da Vinci, so poor that he looks like a sparrow chirping criticism over a cathedral), and he wrote and wrote, excellently when he could limit himself to the picturesque, flimsily and not always honestly[1] when he had to touch on subjects requiring study, constantly harping on the same chords and repeating the same few names, and, like all exhausted young writers, swelling his voice to appear powerful and using up half the force of his essays in their titles. He certainly paid a high ransom for pretending to believe in his axiom, and he must have felt it the more, as that was the very time when he thought he had come upon the hero.

[1] He makes game in *La Mort de Venise* of some 'Ruskinian babbling' over a little out-of-the-way church called Ste. Alvise. Refer to the Index of the *Stones of Venice*, you will be amazed to find just two lines beginning with the statement, 'I have never been in this church.' Ruskin was beginning to be talked of a great deal in France. Barrès could not ignore him, so he spoke at random.

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The hero was no other than General Boulanger. A poor hero, no doubt; yet millions believed in him, and when M. Barrès was longing for the coming of a strong man, he was longing above all for a chance of doing things instead of writing them. He was, as I have said, wildly ambitious, and had turned to literature, no doubt because he felt he could write, but above all because literature was the only field in which he could hastily raise laurels. He threw himself in the Boulangist wave, and the tide floated him into the Chamber. It was a great joy. Though he never made his mark as a debater, he was noticed for his youth and for his literary celebrity, and turned his wonderful opportunity of advertising himself to the best account. By the time he was thirty nobody had any great hopes of him as a politician, but everybody had heard of him, and the deliberate abstruseness of his books caused him to be regarded as a deep, subtle author, intelligible only to a few adepts.

No man was ever more lucky. He had just grown tired of the Cult of Ego, of the empty contemplation which made him expand over eighty pages the swift notation which two quatrains of Browning do ample justice to; he knew very well what good writing was; he had a unique chance of witnessing such thrilling scenes as the Boulangist movement and the Panama affair; he improved the occasion, boldly made himself the Tacitus of that exciting corruption, and *L'Appel au Soldat* and *Leurs Figures* appeared. He had not been as yet a really great writer—one is not a great writer for writing a good page here and there—but he was supposed to be one. The books were bought eagerly, and, lo! they were as lucid as they were forcible and picturesque; everybody could understand them; they united facts and feeling, an historical accuracy of their own with pungent irony; they were sure to be imperishable documents. Thousands of readers were grateful to Barrès for being clear and stirring when they thought him only difficult, and their gratitude turned into a conviction that his previous books were ten times better than they really were.

From that day Barrès could afford to be himself. He never reverted to his former style, and we have him in his last three or four books as he really is, with his limitations as well as his qualities.

His two chief characteristics are, as the reader can easily infer from what I have just said, lyricalness on one side and a sort of moral tendency—the root of which must be deep in his soul—on the other. The manifestations of this moral inclination are, with M. Barrès, rather æsthetical than ethical, and it is easy to see that he cares more for looking than for feeling beautiful. He is above all an artist. His lyrism is absolutely the same as that of most modern poets; it is fundamentally an irresistible attraction towards the most intimate, the most elusive, and the most unspeakable seductiveness of things, mostly nature, the picturesqueness and associations of old places,

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and the complexity of the human countenance in life or in art. The greatest lyrics, Shakespeare, Shelley, Heine, Browning, are warned by a secret instinct that this charm which holds them spellbound is exquisite, but dangerous too. They meet the Sirens from whom it emanates with the caution habitual to the strongest, and dally with them without ceasing for one moment to be on their guard against them. Their rapidity, their liquid rhythms, their quick and imponderable expression, are all intended to dodge as well as copy their models. What would become of Jaques if he were made to talk as much as Falstaff? Is it blasphemy to say that two or three verses could be cut out of the *Skylark* itself? As M. Barrès could not write verse—he never tried, which is a sure sign—he was a lyric in prose; but the consequence was that he talked too long, looked occasionally like a poetical Falstaff, and had his substance devoured by all the Spanish and Italian enchantresses he sought. Hence his disgust and the discontented speech I quoted above. His peculiar morality met with the same untoward experience. The spirituality of *L'Homme Libre* was only a farce. The experiment in active politics during the Boulangist period resulted in one remarkable book, *Leurs Figures*, but also in bitter disappointment. No peace there and no greatness, only literary success as before.

It was at that moment that Barrès struck the happy vein in which we now see him at his best. It had occurred to him long before—when he wrote *L'Homme Libre*—that there might be something in the fact that he had been born a Lorrain. Perhaps his Parisian ambitions of those days, or the thought of his Auvergnat forbears on his father's side, or the southern attraction of Italy and Spain, had diverted him from his quiet province. But it gradually dawned upon him that the gratification of all his wants, artistic as well as human, lay there, and he worked out the idea in *Les Déracinés*, and later on in his fragment on *All Souls' Day in Lorraine*. At present it is the chief source of his inspiration.

Though a hundre and twenty years have elapsed since the Revolution and the nominal disappearance of the old French provinces, provincialism, *i.e.* the local feeling of the Picard or Normand, is still alive. A boy at school is hardly aware of it and only talks about France and the French. Let him grow and become a soldier in some garrison town fifty miles from his native place, pride and contempt in indiscernibly subtle shades will teach him that the category 'French' supersedes the others only from a very general point of view. This local patriotism seems to me far more developed in France than in England. The provincialism of Barrès has little in common with that of Mr. Hardy. Its characteristic is a touch of exclusiveness helped by distinct local features, and its equivalent would be found only in the States of Southern Germany. M. Barrès thinks of his Lorrain ancestry with as much pride—deep, quiet, disdainful pride—as a

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Breton country nobleman of his pedigree. To have been born a Lorrain seems to him a wonderful piece of luck. Lorraine has not the semi-separate existence of other provinces like Flanders, Roussillon, Béarn, in which a local dialect maintains rough local peculiarities. But that is precisely one of the things for which Barrès is grateful. Everybody notices the characteristics of a town like Perpignan or Bayonne, but it requires the subtler receptivity of the native to distinguish the old German influences as well as the eighteenth-century refinement in a town like Nancy. A Parisian feels at home there, yet M. Barrès knows from a thousand signs that the Parisian is impervious to what seems to him the *genius loci* itself, and the knowledge adds to his intellectual pride.

Pride of another description arises from the fact that Lorraine, after centuries of independence, has accepted her geographical mission of acting as the sentry of France and keeping the Germans at arm's length. There is something chivalrous and soldierly in her attitude which is reflected back on all her sons. Finally the valleys of the Moselle have a poetical charm of their own, both subdued and active, soothing and flattering, which only the happy few perceive in its entirety, and which only the finest picture will describe.

The reader sees at once that such a country with such an atmosphere must be an endless source of exquisite sensations for an artist and a patriot of M. Barrès' type; the more so as there is something very deliberate and—we must never be tired of repeating it—very literary in his adoption of his mother's native province, and he is a Lorrain very much as Tolstoi is a moujik. He has given up the exhausting job of being happy for months in a cathedral which its builders intended only for a brief Sunday delight; he sneers at the sophisticated commandments of *L'Homme Libre*; he has at last discovered the secret of breathing a pure, free, bracing air, instead of his old oxygen bottles. He has found at home poetry combined with patriotism, that is to say, the complete gratification of all his tendencies. No wonder that he should write better and, in spite of his remnant of artificiality, that he should look at last like a man and not like an author. The first volume in which he appeared thus regenerated was *Les Amitiés Françaises*. It is a charming book simply fraught with poetry. There is no trace left in it of the straining after poetical excitement and expression which is the great fault of *Du Sang* and of *Amori et Dolori Sacrum*, no feverish longing after the rare and the subtle, no disquieting recollections of unforgettable minutes during which the charm of religion was revealed to the author in the same flash as the violence of passion. The book is supposed to be, and in one way really is, a study of the 'feelings which make life worth living for a Lorrain boy.' One chapter is entitled 'In Hymnis et Canticis,' and it is a defence of a poetical and almost musical method of education. That chapter is a key to the whole book. The boy and his father—

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Barrès himself—are seen going on pilgrimages to various places famous in the history of the province—once Domrémy, another time Woerth—and both hear voices which we in our turn hear singing softly through the book. Barrès, who had never known—except in his *Deux Novembre*—what the movement of style meant, seems to have learnt it from some mysterious master, and to have learnt at the same time that it will not go along with overcharged phrasing. His descriptions, too, are less graphic but so much more suggestive than before. You would not think it was the same writer, nor, above all, that it was the same man. He seems, after being tossed on treacherous seas, at last

> to see his own
> And pace the sacred old familiar fields.

There is the same solemnity in his tone as in Tennyson's line. All his intellectualism has been turned into feeling, and his voice is that of a convert.

He has, however, a fault of the convert. He has nothing but scorn for all questioning of what appears to him evident, and he revels in narrow-mindedness. His patriotism is far-reaching and purifying, and acts upon him like religion, but he makes it deliberately cold and heartless—totally different from the warm feeling of Déroulède. There is something offensively harsh in his telling little Philippe that no French boy ought ever to play with German children, and that prayers put up in German never mingle with French prayers. The same man who spoke of nationalities as fallen idols cherishes at present a cold, sober hatred of the Prussian and of whomsoever and whatever stands between him and revenge. Patriotism of a more spontaneous, less literary character does not know that exaggerated bitterness, even when it will hear of no compromise. I appeal to the recollections of every good Frenchman who has visited Metz in recent years and realised, as I have, that Germany *cannot* keep that town.

The exaggeration is striking in *Colette Baudoche*, a little novel full of the same charm as *Les Amitiés Françaises*. Colette Baudoche is a young girl who lives at Metz with her grandmother. They are poor. Dressmaking is not enough to keep them, and they occasionally let a room to a boarder. A young German professor, Dr. Asmus, takes the room. He is a heavy, good-natured fellow whose greatest wish is to learn French while he stays at Metz, and then go home and marry his Gretchen. But he falls in love with Colette, whom M. Barrès has admirably painted, giving her in a few touches all the charms of the France of yore with the pathos of the Metz girl, a prisoner in her own native town. Being in love with Colette he gradually espouses all her ideals and shakes off his German prejudices and heavy ways of thinking, until a visit to Nancy reveals to him that he is another man. He shows it rather bravely by taking up the cudgels for the Metz people against their invaders on several occasions. Colette loves him

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too. But she hesitates between her love and what she feels her duty, and, coming out of a funeral service in the cathedral for the French soldiers killed in 1870, she refuses him with a sternness which the writer's presentment makes very nearly savage. The reader is rather shocked and, from the artistic standpoint, the mistake is serious.

But M. Barrès cannot help it, and the lapse must be traced to a deeper cause than an occasional want of literary tact. Throughout the large production under his name there is something withering, a sort of blight which his talent nowhere succeeds in concealing. In the earlier volumes this curious dryness was a matter of course, and undoubtedly less unpleasant because it might be a literary artifice. Unfortunately we feel its presence quite as much in the patriotic works, which ought to be perfectly free from it. In spite of their poetry there is nothing warming in them, none of Dickens's optimism, none of Tolstoi's contagious conviction, none of the go-ahead spirit of Déroulède. All this beauty is barren. The cause lies in the writer's selfishness. He never writes to persuade. He is too much taken up with his Lorrain contemplation to care whether his readers ought not to think, like himself, of becoming better Frenchmen by becoming more conscious provincials. All his moral progress has been absorbed by his literary being, and, now as before, we see a man mainly and almost exclusively occupied with himself. This deficiency tells even on the purely artistic value of the work. M. Barrès too often steps in, even in *Colette Baudoche*, between his reader and his heroine. What do we care about *his* over-conscious sensations when we are enjoying the girl's delightful spontaneousness? He never can make up his mind to keep quite away. Hence also a monochordism which would not be easily bearable if the book happened to be longer. Perhaps we may also trace to the same cause that which seems his chief deficiency, viz. a singular want of inventiveness. Not that he is unable to realise human peculiarities and express them in truly human language. But they must be his peculiarities, the brilliant selfishness of *L'Homme Libre*, or the provincialism of Colette; or he must actually have met the puppets in Vanity Fair, for instance, the scoundrels in *Leurs Figures*. What he cannot do is to imagine an action and characters in which we readers should take an exclusively human interest. The creative imagination of Balzac, the playful fecundity of Dickens, are parts of which I should not be surprised if he had even no idea. He never quotes such creators, and possibly never reads them. They are too impersonal for a man whom life, as it really is, does not interest; who always wants to see it through some poetical medium. At all events the lesson they could have given him is lost or wasted, and I doubt but M. Barrès will ever be able to tell another story than his autobiography.

If I had to try and sum up this sketch of one of the prominent

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French writers of to-day, I should say that, in my opinion—no matter how strange and even inconsistent this may sound—he was born rather a good man than a good writer. The writer possessed two gifts in a high degree—verbal appreciativeness and the descriptive power. Of sensitiveness I think he had only a moderate share, far less, at any rate, than it is the fashion to admire in him; but he made the most of his talents, worked unremittingly and with increasing success.

Unfortunately the great literary fault, voracious vanity, vitiated the man's innate aspiration after the ideal. M. Barrès' qualities were intended for obscurity, not for fame—above all not for the fame he was in such a hurry to court. However, they managed to live on, and they still fight their way through the adventitious growth about them. But the fatal vicinity is too much for them, and patriotism, simplicity, kindness, appear inferior in M. Barrès' books to what they probably are in his soul. He is, and I am afraid will die, artificial. If literature had not usurped the place it holds nowadays, if there remained in this country more than a veneer of Christian morality, if the *grand sérieux* of the Christian life, toward which M. Barrès and so many of his political friends are drawn like butterflies who recoil from it every time they come near, still prevailed, surely the author of *L'Homme Libre* and of *Colette Baudoche* would not be so famous, for he owes all his success to literature; but if things were thus different, if this was a less sophisticated world, M. Barrès would be a better man, a happier man, and possibly something very like the man he would wish to be, for his faults, too, are due to literature. His nature, his life, his books, his success, are not a paradox but an instance of the disastrous influence of art for art, that is to say, in plain English, enjoyment for enjoyment's sake. He has cured himself of his scepticism only by adopting the crudest, no matter how poetical, pragmatism. He verifies the great historical principle laid down by the one Socialist writer who can be looked upon as a great moralist, M. Georges Sorel, 'that scepticism, at any period, invariably prepares its own ruin by making pleasure the one object of the sceptic's ambition.'

ERNEST DIMNET.

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ON THE ROAD IN CORSICA

'*En Corse, Mesdames, le ménage est primitif.*' The stewardess delivers herself of this dark saying as she places on the deck beside us two uninviting cups of tea without milk and two chunks of bread without butter. We venture to point out that we are not yet in Corsica, that it is only three hours since we have left a land flowing with milk, and a good many other things, at Leghorn, that the outline of Cap Corse is as yet barely visible on the horizon, and that we are, moreover, on board a French steamboat. But the stewardess smiles inexorably, and explains once more that this is the only form of *thé complet* or any other sustenance which we must expect before we reach Bastia. We have yet to learn that the Corsican is not logical, but we have also to learn that the stewardess has deemed it advisable to let us know the worst of her country at once. In Bastia and Ajaccio at all events there is no occasion to take so pessimistic a view of the *ménage* where such simple luxuries as milk and butter are concerned.

For the moment, however, we are steaming slowly over a deep green glass sea, flecked with white foam. On our right lies the desolate rocky island of Caprera, and far away on the left the blue mass of Elba, so conveniently near to the coast of Italy that the only marvel is that Napoleon consented to remain a prisoner for so long as he did.

The warning of the stewardess recalls itself to us a week or so later when, the interests of Ajaccio being exhausted, we decide to see something of the interior of the island. The little toy railway which has rattled us southwards from Bastia has given us more than an idea of what we may expect in the matter of scenery. And we have discovered that the scenery of Corsica is not only even wilder and more magnificent than we expected, but that it is of the kind which we associate with the stage, and especially with the stage of old-fashioned melodrama where probabilities may be legitimately ignored. The cultivated fertile country of the Nebbio is soon left behind, and the little train pants gallantly, like any overworked cab-horse, on its upward course through jagged masses of rocky mountains, over-topped by snow, scuttling down again with complete absence of self-control, and racing with agitated shrieks and whistles along the edge of yawning chasms and seemingly bottomless abysses. It

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requires some nerve to sit through this journey of seven hours, boxed up in a tiny compartment, and, as the shadows deepen, conscious of our progress and surroundings only by the erratic movements of the train. We are reassured however by the knowledge that there has never yet been an accident, and that the Corsicans, many of whom have seen none other, are justified in being ostentatiously proud of their railway.

But to gain any intimate knowledge of the island or of the people this manner of locomotion is certainly not sufficient. We must take to the road, in one of the light victorias drawn by a pair of sturdy long-suffering little horses, which we have seen standing about under the plane-trees on the Place du Diamant. And since we intend to spend several consecutive nights in the mountain villages we must face the primitive conditions of life in the country, of which everybody, from our stewardess onwards, has been so anxious to warn us.

Milk we know we must dispense with, other than that of the goat, but we supply ourselves with a little butter, which will last for two or three days in the mountains, and a large kettle and a spirit lamp, since hot water, except served in a small and shallow saucepan, is one of the unattainable luxuries. Our forethought in regard to both these items we learn to count as the greatest of our self-appointed blessings.

And so, early on a sunny April morning, lovely as only a spring morning in a Southern land can be, we turn our backs on the sparkling blue waters of the bay, on the blue mountains of the opposite shore sleeping in a haze that promises fine weather, and rattle out of Ajaccio under the heavily laden orange trees of the Cours Napoléon. Our little carriage is quite unusually shabby, but obviously light, and the small, lean horses, whose appearance promises nothing, are warranted to be remarkable both for speed and endurance. Our miscellaneous luggage and provisions are fastened with string upon the back seat; on the box by the driver is a bag of forage and his own very scattered possessions; and behind the carriage swings a bundle of further refreshment for the horses. Certainly our equipage is not elegant, but elegance is a negligible quantity in Corsica. Deficiency in this respect is moreover largely atoned for by the appearance of our coachman, Antoine Casalta, who, in his dark velveteen suit and silver buttons, his red sash and slouch felt hat, is quite a handsome object. It is very desirable to be upon good terms with your coachman in Corsica. For the time being you must commit yourself entirely to his care. He becomes your friend, philosopher, and guide, and as much philosophy as guiding is not infrequently required. There is no difficulty with Antoine. He is a true Corsican, of the most agreeable type, which means that he is also a very gentle child of Nature. We have been assured in his recommendation that he is *bon enfant*, and subsequent intercourse with him convinces us

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of the truth of this statement. Absolutely docile and dependable towards his employers, he is probably capable of destroying in cold blood any member of a family which in this or a previous generation has given offence to the house of Casalta. Like all Corsicans, he has little sense of humour, and he is childishly vain and childishly inquisitive. Yet he is a most courteous and considerate companion, and entirely deferential in manner so long as he is treated on mitigated terms of equality. Once clear of the town he decides that the moment for a formal introduction has arrived, and descending gravely from his seat he interviews us accordingly. Which is Madame and which is Mademoiselle? Satisfied on these points he gives us his own name, which we already know, decides that he will talk in Italian to Madame and in French to Mademoiselle, takes off his hat with a magnificent flourish, and scrambling back on to his seat proceeds to encourage his horses with those weird sounds which every European and no English driver's throat can produce. It must be added in parentheses that Antoine insists for the most part upon talking French; and that since his French is extremely incomprehensible, Mademoiselle has by far the harder part of the bargain. It is evidently a kindly and half patronising concession on his part when he breaks into the language which is obviously so much more nearly akin to his own.

Meantime we have begun the slow ascent of the Col de San Sebastien, and are confronted with that apparently impenetrable mass of rocky mountain of which the whole interior of the island seems from a distance to consist. Corsica has to thank Napoleon for the innumerable and well-engineered roads which make travelling by carriage a comparatively easy matter. It is still very early, for the most inexorable rule of the road is that the midday halting-place must be reached as soon after eleven as possible. We meet a few women coming down to the market on their mules and shaggy ponies, mounted amongst a pile of baskets, and most of them knitting as they come. One or two of them are riding astride and spurred, after the fashion of some parts of the country, but they are all as usual sombrely garbed in black. There are few men amongst them, for the men do not work. Presumably they have better occupations. We exchange greetings, for the civility of these country folk is quite unfailing—it is impossible to pass a man without his taking his hat off, and, however wide the road, they will all alike back their mules into a ditch when the carriage passes. Our destination for the night is the Greek colony of Carghésé, at the further extremity of the Gulf of Sagone, but meantime the beetling granite range of mountains in front of us has to be crossed before we can attain to *déjeuner* at Calcatoggio.

As the road mounts gradually upward we leave behind the mulberry trees and vineyards, and find ourselves more definitely in the country of *maquis*. Bushes of tall white Mediterranean heath, arbutus, cistus, myrtle, and every kind of aromatic shrub clothe the mountain

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side. Great clumps of wild hellebore, the pale green flowers, larger than a Christmas rose, growing in bunches of six or eight on a single stem, make bright patches of colour against the darker scrub. So beautiful is this hellebore in form and colour, as well as being one of the most distinctive botanical features of Corsica, that we cannot resist adding an armful of it to our luggage. Seeing which, Antoine promptly leaves his horses to their own devices, and, running hither and thither, gathers us quite a nosegay of hypatica, violets, wild pea, and orchids, to which in his zeal he would have added a bundle of *maquis* itself had we not strenuously and ungratefully resisted. As we crawl up the hot winding road we observe more than one small cross of sinister meaning by the wayside. Obviously this solitary pass over the mountains from Ajaccio to the West Coast has proved a convenient background for the wild justice of Corsican vengeance. At the top of the pass the Bocca San Sebastiano, though the immediate scene is extraordinarily desolate, the outlook is magnificent. Far below us lies the beautiful Gulf of Sagone, with its series of little bays, and beyond and around us range upon range of superb mountains, rocky and serrated, the towering snowy masses of Monte d'Oro, Monte Rotondo, and Monte Cintro, stretching away to the northern extremity of the island. Meantime, overhead the sun burns fiercely upon the shadeless *maquis* and the white winding ribbon of a road which we can see behind us almost as far as Ajaccio. A solitary hawk poises itself above us against a sky of cloudless blue; a herd of goats and a flock of black, horned sheep are scrambling about in inaccessible places; and lizards basking on the rocks peer at us with bright eyes for a moment, and then vanish into unseen crevices. An ancient goatherd, rising suddenly out of the bushes, where he has been enjoying a siesta, offers us a drink of goat's milk, which we decline. Antoine, who has allowed his horses a breathing space, gathers up the reins, and at breakneck speed we make the descent to Calcatoggio. Calcatoggio is a village half-way down the mountain, set in blossoming orchards of pear, almond, and cherry, and concerning which a rhyme, unjustifiable in our experience, has been handed down to posterity:

Calcatoggio, Calcatoggio,
Mala cena e peggio alloggio,

which has been translated

Calcatoggio, traveller's curse,
Supper bad and lodging worse.

I cannot speak for the supper or the lodging, but the *déjeuner* on the two occasions that we have halted there leaves little, judged by the standard of Corsican inns, to be desired. The Hôtel Paoli, as it is called, is indeed a fair specimen of all such country hostels in the island. An aged and welcoming crone appears out of the cavernous depths of a kitchen on the ground floor, and conducts us to the living-

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room above, whence several doors open into the surrounding bedrooms. Here we are fed on minute lamb, followed by a dish of remarkably plump blackbirds, which latter fills us with shame while their brethren are piping merrily in the trees outside—but we are hungry. This, after having indignantly rejected *pâté de merles*, the one delicacy of Ajaccio, is a downward step, but one due to the exigencies of Corsican travel. The old crone's little granddaughter, a child with classical features and wonderful black hair and eyes, waits upon us with grave dignity and deftness, and with an unusual regard for the British prejudice in favour of clean forks. Indeed we have every reason to be pleased with Calcatoggio. Before we start again, Antoine, who has espied a camera amongst our luggage, requests that he may be photographed. He is a good-looking young man, and he knows it. So having arranged his moustache and his hat to his satisfaction, and drawn the carriage and horses into position, he climbs on to his seat and poses himself with an expression of startling ferocity and concentration. This is the more surprising, as his features are by no means Napoleonic, and his usual expression is one of extreme gentleness.

The afternoon drive to Carghésé is generally admitted to be the most lovely in Corsica, for all the way the Corniche road follows the curves of the beautiful Gulf of Sagone. Sagone itself, once the seat of an archbishopric, has little or nothing left of its former magnificence. The earth might have opened and swallowed up whatever once existed except a few narrow commonplace-looking houses, the worst of which is labelled *Repos des Voyageurs*. Here the river Liamone ambles down to join the waters of the gulf through patches of bright green maize, the first sign of cultivation we have seen, and which, taken in conjunction with an avenue of eucalyptus and an interval of flat and sandy marsh, suggests extreme warmth and probably a fever-stricken haunt in summer.

In the bed of the river among the yellow iris, and on the seashore, a number of gulls, and small crows with grey backs and black wings, having all the appearance of being in half mourning, are searching for their dinner, while innumerable goldfinches haunt the trees above our heads. A hedge of tamarisk, just bursting into bloom, traces a delicate pattern of pale green and coral against the blue water of the little bay. These miniature bays, which follow one another in such quick succession, with their transparent rippling water and the silver sand of their shore full of wonderful shells and bits of coral, with the weird red rocks which guard the entrance to them at intervals, and the fields of pale purple asphodel, growing down to the edge of the sand itself, graceful and slender against a background of ancient silver olives, might well suggest the coast of fairyland. Here and there a mischievous fairy has planted a hedge of prickly pear—perhaps to keep out human intruders. But of these there are few indeed, for not a soul do we meet upon the road, although we pass the big stone oven

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where all the bread of Sagone is baked, and which is heated first by bundles of burning *maquis*. Later we learn to recognise these ovens as the necessary adjunct to the outskirts of a Corsican village. Only one human craft is on the sea, and she, with her white sails spread, is more like a large bird floating slowly inland, and might easily delude the fairies into misplaced confidence. She is coming to be laden with timber from the forest up in the mountains, one of the few products of their fertile country which the Corsicans take the trouble to export, and she will carry it to Ajaccio, where it will be transferred to a Continental-bound steamer.

It is late in the afternoon when, following the road which winds slowly upward above the sea, we reach the beautiful promontory on which, flanked by Genoese watch towers, stands the Greek colony of Carghésé.

In 1674 the Greeks of the Morea, flying before the Turkish invasion, found a refuge in Corsica, and were allowed to choose a site and establish a colony by the Genoese occupiers of the island. Not unnaturally, since they were befriended by the alien rulers, the Corsicans regarded these Greek settlers with animosity, and no doubt they were also jealous of the industry of the intruders and of the superior cultivation of their land. So at the time of the Corsican insurrection against the Genoese early in the eighteenth century, the Greeks took refuge in Ajaccio, but were brought back and re-established at Carghésé in 1774 by the Count de Marbœuf, who also built himself a magnificent castle, the ruins of which may still be seen. Less than twenty years later came the French Revolution, when the castle was burnt and the Greeks again took temporary refuge at Ajaccio, where some of them intermarried with the inhabitants and where their descendants remain to this day. And from that time the Greeks of Carghésé have continued to intermarry occasionally with the islanders, and as a result of being less exclusive their type has naturally become less pure. An imposing modern Greek church faces the Latin church across a narrow valley in the middle of the village, but the national costume has long been abandoned for the sober black garb of the Corsican, and except among themselves they speak the Corsican dialect and bad French like any other native. Their *pape*, a most venerable gentleman, does his best, we are told, against insuperable difficulties to cherish the classic traditions of his very mixed flock. Carghésé certainly has an individual stamp, which appears in an unwonted neatness and propriety in the village and in the cultivation of mulberry trees and vines around it. It has a cheerful appearance, moreover, from its position, not being so immediately overshadowed by rocks and mountains as are most of the Corsican villages. The houses are whitewashed, and many of them surrounded by gardens, an unusual sight in this country. Our spirits rise as we clatter up the street at a smart pace, and we have since wondered whether these

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pleasant-looking houses were merely whited sepulchres, externally relics of Greek tradition and order, and internally given over like the hotel to Corsican squalor! For the hotel, as it calls itself, has a charming garden also, full of wallflowers, stocks and marguerites, and all the other old-fashioned flowers which should adorn a cottage garden, but when we have said that we can say no more in its favour. Antoine in his zeal for our comfort has telegraphed to an hotel which does not exist, so there is some demur about rooms, and having heard so much about Greek hospitality we are a little chilled to find a less cordial greeting awaiting us than is usual in this country.

Our landlady is no doubt anxious to please us, but she is overburdened with a family of young children who cry incessantly. Her servant, of a purer Greek type than herself, and clothed in peculiarly unrelieved black, which is, however, no more dismal than herself, waits upon us with amazing reluctance. The dark wooden staircase is extremely discouraging, and reminds us of the retort made by Edward Lear's landlady at Sartène forty years ago when he reasoned with her on this same subject. 'Here, sir, it is never the custom to clean stairs; stairs are never cleaned, never!' Apparently the Corsican housewife is still faithful to her traditions. But meantime, outside the hotel, this little corner of the world is full of attraction. A swarm of merry little boys and girls, far more friendly than the children of Ajaccio, escort us in a body to the Greek church. Here, whilst Maria Amica, the eldest and plainest of them, is despatched at a swift gallop for the key, the rest crowd round us begging to be photographed, turning and twisting themselves and one another in all sorts of impossible groups and positions and keeping up a perpetual hubbub of laughter and chatter. By the time Maria Amica returns, still at a gallop, and shouting and waving a large key above her head, we are thankful to take sanctuary in the church, especially as the two sous bestowed upon our messenger have a most demoralising effect upon the manners of her companions. Later, passing through the narrow cobbled street, where we meet innumerable families of pigs wandering in and out of the houses, and where a lady in a pink dressing-gown is busy driving her chickens into her living-room for the night, we come to the old stone fountain of St. Jean, surrounded by weeping willows, at a corner of the road above the village, and facing the simple tall iron cross which is to be found at the entrance to every mountain village in Corsica. By this time the sun is disappearing, a ball of golden fire in a cloudless sky, behind the jagged line of Cape Rosso, sending a path of lurid light across the still waters of the bay. The mass of mountains behind are rapidly darkening in the brief twilight, the snowy peaks gleaming coldly where the remaining light touches them. Round the fountain is a group of women and girls filling their large pitchers and moving slowly off with stately upright carriage, the pitchers poised easily upon their heads. Two curly-headed little girls in pink frocks, who have

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followed us out of motives of curiosity, reminding us, however, at intervals with bursts of giggles that Maria Amica has had two sous, finding us unresponsive, have clambered upon the stone ledge above the fountain and are dangling their bare legs in the dripping water with much satisfaction. Coming from the village is a group of half-grown boys who are pushing in front of them what appear at a distance to be hobby-horses of the nursery. As they come nearer we see that from the handle of these sticks or wheels are slung the same pitchers which the women balance so easily upon their heads. This is the manner, peculiar it seems to the Greeks of Carghésé, by which the male sex lightens the labour which it so seldom feels called upon to share. A long and picturesque procession is winding its way up the hill from the other direction. Evidently there has been a market somewhere. There are carts full of children, men and women in their sombre garb mounted on mules and ponies, a very old man and an equally old and smiling wife sharing a mount in one case, almost as old as themselves, and both riding astride, the old woman clasping her husband round the waist. A picturesque goatherd is following his flock of black sheep and goats, amongst whom a lamb frisks and gambles with untoward levity, while droves of pigs with unlimited families appear, as always in this country, to take care of themselves. Some of the people are singing a melancholy chant in a minor key, but as they all appear remarkably cheerful it must be supposed that this is the Corsican method of rejoicing. It is a picturesque scene, with the rapidly darkening hills and water as a background, and the twinkling lights appearing one by one out of the velvet gloom of the village below.

The less said about the night which we spend at Carghésé the better. It is sufficient to note that the donkeys which converse into the small hours, and the cocks which crow all night lest they should forget to wake at dawn, are amongst the least of our troubles. It is our first night in a Corsican country inn, and I may say at once it is by far the worst of our experiences. Soon after five we find ourselves more than ready for the road, and only wishing we had acceded to Antoine's desire to start at six instead of at seven. The Greek servant is gazing listlessly from the window in the dining-room when I interrupt her meditation with a demand for breakfast. She has left the cloth on the table covered with crumbs exactly as it was the night before, and has contented herself with scattering a few drops out of a watering-pot to lay the dust on the floor. When at length we are ready for the start we are met by a rather woe-begone Antoine: '*Vous avez bien dormi, mesdames?*' he inquires with respectful solicitude. He has already been up to search our bedrooms for forgotten objects like any well-trained maid. We indignantly demand how anyone could sleep in such a place, and he shakes his head in sorrowful sympathy. He also has not slept; he has had to lie upon the ground with

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only a coat for his covering—but what would we? The Greeks do not know how to treat travellers. We shall see how different it is at Evisa. Now we have both heard Antoine snoring, and have envied him comfortably installed in the comparative safety of the carriage, but we are too considerate of his feelings to tell him so, and are properly commiserative. He certainly lacks his usual air of correctness, and as we drive out of the village, where we hope never to lay our heads again, we pause at the fountain of St. Jean while he sponges his own face and those of the horses, who also have a rather dissipated appearance. The Corsican air has a marvellous quality of freshness without being in the least sharp. Especially is this the case in the early morning, and the troubles of the night are soon forgotten. The mountains ahead of us are wrapped again in that blue haze which promises heat, and down below, under the lately risen sun, the sea sparkles with a myriad diamonds.

Our midday halt is to be at Piana, the further side of another arid mountain pass, a charmingly situated village overlooking the Gulf of Porto, connected by a steep path with the fishing hamlet on the shore below. At the last hill before we reach Piana, Antoine's toilet is more than usually elaborate. His moustaches are combed and twisted until they would not disgrace Emperor William himself. Many attempts are made before his soft felt hat attains the rakish angle which he fancies, and his wide red sash takes much arranging. The whole effect is surreptitiously studied in the looking-glass lid of a small box which he carries in his pocket, like any lady of fashion.

At Piana the humble edifice called by courtesy an hotel is in a great bustle. *Le Monde* is expected from Evisa. There are also ourselves and several French guests who are staying in the house. Nevertheless the old and toothless landlady finds time to greet us very courteously. She is assisted by a deaf and dumb handmaiden who, in spite of the heat of the day, waits upon us in an imitation Astrachan coat. It can surely not be for the *beaux yeux* of this lady that Antoine has made himself so smart, and yet there does not appear to be another female creature on the premises! *Le Monde* from Evisa consists of an English family which is taking the same drive as ourselves in a contrary direction, and is bound for Carghésé. Travellers who meet and pass on the road in Corsica are like ships which speak one another at sea. We at once exchange mutual experiences. Our compatriots can give us encouraging accounts of M. Gigli's hotel at Evisa, while we can only commiserate them on their impending doom at Carghésé. We confide to one another the secrets of the pantry cupboards, where glass and extra cutlery can always be obtained by the marauding visitor, and we agree that for the bedrooms to open out of the dining-room in a country where necessities are apt to be regarded as luxuries is a decidedly advantageous arrangement. When we are ready to start again we find Antoine dancing and gesticulating

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before our landlady in a perfect frenzy of passion. It appears that owing to a further inrush of visitors from Evisa his *déjeuner* has been curtailed, and he is vehemently refusing to pay the full price. Possibly, in view of the careful toilet he has made on the road, disappointment of another kind has something to do with his fury. Anyhow, the sight of his employers reduces him at once to gentleness and docility, and though he continues throughout our afternoon drive to pour maledictions on the Hôtel des Touristes, he is temporarily reduced like a child to smiles and satisfaction by the present of a piece of chocolate.

Soon after leaving Piana we reach the Calanches, a fantastic avenue of red rocks a mile and a half long. Distorted and twisted in every conceivable shape, these mighty granite spires and pinnacles, some of needle-like sharpness, tower far above our heads on either side of the road. Here and there an alarming gulf opens between them at our very feet, and we get a glimpse of the swirling surf of the sea. Happily the horses are sure-footed, but it is difficult not to believe that these rocky masses may at any moment fall and crush us. They are like the illustrations of a bad child's fairy book, the grotesque creations of an unhinged imagination, and brilliant as is the colouring of these vivid red rocks against the blue sea, we are glad to emerge on to the road which borders the calm serenity of the Gulf of Porto. At the mouth of the river we turn sharply inland, and confront once more those impregnable mountains which cover the whole interior of the island. Presently the road, which is marvellously engineered in the solid rock, begins the long ascent of the Col de Capicciolo. It is a wildly volcanic country we have come into. Here the giants have been at play hurling great boulders of granite, which have been caught in all sorts of unexpected places. Far above us tower the gaunt masses of the Spelunca range. Round and round, and higher and higher we mount, while the carriage swings upon the edge of a precipice from the depths of which we can only just hear the murmur of the river. Soon even the *maquis*, which has hitherto offered a safe refuge for a whole regiment of bandits, becomes less luxuriant, and leaves only rock above, beneath, and around us. The silence and loneliness of this amazing gorge become oppressive, and it is a relief to meet a solitary *cantonnier*, upon whom Antoine, who possibly shares our feelings, in a burst of generosity, bestows a cigar. But still the road winds and loops ever higher and higher, and with a wall of solid rock on one side and nothing between us and eternity on the other, we presently discover that Antoine is happily slumbering, his person extended on the forage bag and the reins twisted round the lamp. Later experience teaches us that this is the inevitable habit of Corsican drivers going uphill after the midday meal, where no doubt the red wine of the country has flowed freely. We prod the sleeper with our umbrellas and ask a series of intelligent questions, for to-day on the

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brink of this appalling abyss we cannot afford to trifle, but none of our methods avail for long. Antoine rouses himself quite amiably, and seconds our efforts for about ten minutes, and then relapses into peaceful unconsciousness. Recognising at length the futility of the situation we are reduced to tramping ourselves beside the horses, though it is true they know their business rather better than we do. At the first level ground, however, we sternly call a halt. Antoine is wide awake, in his seat, and with the reins in his hand in a moment. '*J'ai dormi toute la montée*,' he observes in a self-congratulatory tone, but looking round shamefacedly out of one eye to see how we take it. We remark coldly in both languages that the fact has been obvious, but happily it is not strictly true, as he had waited until the worst part of the ascent was over before he composed himself. While the horses are permitted to breathe, our coachman blandly expresses his surprise at the pleasure which English ladies seem to take in walking—for his part he should not have thought it was good for the health, and he is evidently rather aggrieved that we receive his criticisms in chilly silence.

At all events he is thoroughly aroused now. A lash is fastened to the whip, for it is essential to his credit to make a showy entrance into Evisa, and after a mile or so of chestnut woods not yet in leaf, although we have left them bursting into bloom at Ajaccio, we gallop at breakneck speed up to the door of M. Gigli's famous hotel. This is a modest whitewashed establishment, but exceedingly and refreshingly clean. Even the staircase is not repulsive, and our whitewashed bedrooms, hung with dimity, though bare of everything but actual necessities, have, after our night of horrors, a most inviting appearance. M. Gigli is a much-travelled young man. He has not only visited the Continent and England, but it is said that he has also been to India, and has even penetrated to the Carlton Hotel in London! There are no signs that he has attempted to model his own establishment upon such a magnificent example of luxury, but the cleanliness and order which prevail place it far above any other of the country inns of Corsica. M. Gigli refuses to take in any visitors who have not previously telegraphed, but happily we have conformed to the rule, and are most politely greeted, not only by our host himself and his wife, who does all the work, but also by most of the village. At Evisa indeed the hotel is the centre of life. On the low wall opposite, the whole male population, including M. Gigli, who has evidently relapsed into Corsican habits, sits from an early hour of the morning, like a string of swallows upon a telegraph wire, and smokes and gossips, and watches the mule carts laden with granite toiling up from the world below. On a bench outside the door of the inn itself, two or three old women and a very old man sit and blink at the sun as long as it is shining. In the evening they creep into the cavernous depths of an unused kitchen, where, later, I find an old witch stirring something

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in a pot over the fire, and am silently and majestically waved out again with a spoon as black as herself by this ancient recipient of our host's charity. Evisa with its clustering red roofs and white campanile, surrounded by chestnut woods, 3000 feet above the sea, is an unusually attractive village, and has a superb view of mountain ranges in all directions, beginning with the jagged granite masses of the Spelunca opposite. Five miles away lies the great forest of Aitone, under snow at present, which also makes the road over the pass to Corte impossible for carriages. There is no chill in the air, but it is very fresh and reviving after our long afternoon spent amongst the sun-baked rocks. We find quite a gathering at the evening meal served in a room upholstered in ancient yellow brocade in curious contrast to the whitewashed walls, and guiltless of armchairs, but we are the only English visitors. We are waited on by Madame, who joins at intervals in the conversation, and who gives us trout fresh from the stream, the usual *ragoût* of a nondescript kind, and a very perfect specimen of *broccio*, the dish of the country, a superior cream cheese made with goat's milk and eaten with sugar. The party includes the Inspector of the Roads, a venerable white-bearded gentleman, who has bicycled the whole arduous way from Piana, and intends in spite of the snow to continue his road over the mountains to Corte to-morrow. He produces a bottle of white wine with a curious taste like cider, which he insists upon sharing with the company, and meantime he gives us a great deal of interesting information. The Inspector deplores the good days of Napoleon III., when the *vendetta* was almost exterminated, for, under the indifferent rule of the Republic, it flourishes abundantly, and in his tour of the villages it is no uncommon thing for him to find that one at least of the inhabitants has gone *à la Campagne*, that is, to the shelter of the *maquis*! The Corsican moral sense seems to be controlled by his sense of duty to the clan to which he belongs, for the whole island is divided into clans, and it is no doubt this sentiment which has preserved the national character from receiving any but a superficial influence from the successive foreign occupiers of the island. It is this same sentiment, moreover, which will inflame these gentle, well-mannered people with a sudden unbridled ferocity, if the honour of the clan be in any way impugned. As far as strangers are concerned, there appears to be no civilised country in which it is possible to travel with greater ease and security. Though the power and the knowledge are both surprisingly limited, the wish to please and the ready tact and courtesy are almost invariable. So great is the horror of any kind of dishonesty, that for the careless traveller to whom the possession of keys is a serious annoyance, Corsica is an ideal place for a holiday. Once, it is true, in a fishing village on the north coast I discover the so-called chambermaid seated at her ease in my bedroom, with all my postcards spread out around her, but she is obviously prompted by a merely inquisitive spirit, and a desire to see those places on her native island which she has not yet visited.

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It is in this same neighbourhood that, no longer having the faithful Antoine to direct us, we omit to telegraph when we drive up to take our *déjeuner* in a mountain village. We are received with sufficient warmth and friendliness by the elderly widow who is our landlady on this occasion, but also with some embarrassment, for there is nothing in the house. Fortunately it is a Friday, which fact, since the Corsicans are a devout race, comes greatly to her assistance. It is worth quoting her menu to show what can be done at a very humble hostel in a Corsican village at an hour's notice. We are served in turn with boiled eggs, sardines (stale) and capers, a *purée* of lentils, a dish of young green peas, fried fish with salad, and lastly a very beautiful sweet commonly known as 'eggs in snow.' With this we drink a curious red wine, slightly *mousseux*, and lastly, as everywhere in Corsica, we are given an excellent cup of black coffee. We shall always believe that on this occasion we share the good lady's hospitality with a bandit, and a bandit who, judging from his attire, his thick mane of black hair and beard, is in training to be a second Bellacoscia. Perhaps he has come down from the mountain for a good meal, which, however, he steadily declines to share with us, according to the usual Corsican custom, so we have to sit upon a crazy balcony and count the chickens in the woodyard below until Monsieur has finished. Our theory may be mistaken. Very probably he is a respectable employé in the post-office or an advocate on his way to the Assize Courts at Calvi, in which case I can only recommend him to have his hair cut, not to wear ancient white flannels, and to be less exclusive. But this is a digression.

Monsieur the Inspector has a great deal to say on the subject of the idleness and incapacity for manual labour of the Corsican men. This he attributes in part to the long centuries of warfare when the men, who are splendid soldiers, were occupied in fighting desperately and in vain for their freedom against a series of invaders, and the cultivation of the ground was naturally left to the women. In these peaceful days the men are entirely absorbed in politics. They are mostly Imperialists, and even those who are owners of uncultivated acres only concern themselves with procuring minute posts under Government which will give them greater importance at the time of the elections. In the northern part of the island, in the rich districts of the Nebbio and the Balagna, where you may see well-ordered vineyards and orchards and terraces of wheat and barley, Italian workmen are regularly imported to do the work which the Corsican himself feels to be derogatory to his dignity. No doubt, as a Frenchman present at the supper-table on this occasion suggests, could the present race of men be exported and employed as soldiers, and a more industrious people introduced into the island to turn its vast mineral and vegetable wealth to account, France would be enormously profited.

We would gladly have stayed a week at Evisa, where the atmosphere

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is so soothing that we soon find ourselves sitting on the wall with the rest of the population watching Madame Gigli weigh the meat, which she does in the middle of the road, while M. Gigli is also an interested spectator. The arrival of a motor is so unusual an incident that it reduces the whole village to hysterics. Children, pigs, donkeys, dogs, and hens run screaming in different directions, and the old women on the bench outside the door disappear precipitately into the safety of the back kitchen. Our host alone remains calm and unmoved, and helps his guest to alight with an increased dignity and a condescension modelled, perhaps, on that of the manager of the Carlton Hotel in London. A few minutes later we count thirty-three children, who have sprung out of the ground to investigate the now quiescent monster. There is certainly no immediate fear that the population of Corsica will decrease. Antoine, who finds things much to his liking at Evisa, would also have preferred to linger there, but on the second day duty recalls us to Ajaccio. The drive to Vico, our halting-place, is only eleven miles, and takes us over the Col de Sevi, through a park-like country of ilex, chestnuts and olives, the ground carpeted with flowers and vegetation—as great a contrast as it is possible to imagine to the barren, rocky route of our ascent. At the top of the hill we find ourselves on a ridge of open down covered with short turf, the air blowing fresh off the sea and full of the aromatic scent of the *maquis*. Here Antoine descends, and producing a pair of lady's slippers of the kind known as *mules* from his pocket, spends a very considerable amount of time and labour in fastening them on to the back wheels of the carriage, his conversation meantime being entirely for his own benefit and encouragement. As we begin the descent we understand the reason of Antoine's ingenious machinations, for though the hill is not steep, it is many miles long, and out of consideration for our feelings, the horses are made to trot unusually slowly. At the cross-roads, where the Franciscan monastery guards the entrance to Vico, we draw up at the forge in order that we may have our brake attended to, and that Antoine may be congratulated upon his contrivance of slippers, which is a profound satisfaction to his vanity.

Vico is a large village lying in a cup of the mountains and surrounded by blossoming orchards. Its chief and only merit is indeed its situation, for it is appallingly dirty, and our hearts sink as we gallop up the long street into the piazza and stop at the door of a large and gloomy building with the promising but deceptive title of Hôtel des Gourmets. Deceptive it certainly is, for nowhere in our previous or subsequent wanderings in Corsica, not excepting Carghésé, have we met with such an inferior *ménage* served in so unattractive and uncleanly a manner. Nevertheless Vico lives very pleasantly in our memory, for nowhere have we met with such friendly and characteristic hospitality. In the cavernous stone hall which forms the

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ground floor of the hotel, followed by a train of half-grown boys and girls, who are presumably her servants, we are met by our landlady. She is an old woman, a widow, like most of the landladies in Corsica, and her attitude towards us is entirely maternal if apologetic. Alas! she has no bedrooms in the hotel. It goes to her heart to put *ces dames* elsewhere, but when their telegram came this morning a numerous party had already arrived from Ajaccio. But she has two friends in the town; yes, these ladies are personal friends of her own, or she would not recommend them, and her visitors will be theirs for the night. Unfortunately they only have one bedroom each, but we shall see, we shall be so happy with them! Not greatly elated at the prospect, yet conscious that in some way a favour is being conferred upon us, we submissively follow the escort of girls and boys carrying our luggage, through some narrow cobbled streets composed largely of rubbish heaps, up a very dirty staircase to a surprisingly nice little flat, where we are welcomed by a most friendly elderly woman. The bedroom, which, as usual, opens out of the living-room, is clean and well furnished, and the walls are adorned with rosaries, little stoups of holy water, sacred pictures and branches of palm, a relic of last Palm Sunday. Our hostess infinitely regrets that she has only the one bedroom, the other is occupied by herself and her husband. Were it only herself—but the ladies will understand that Monsieur cannot be deranged. So we deposit half our luggage and set forth again. Our second landlady, who lives alone, is even more demonstrative than the first, and enchanted to have a visitor. The staircase is even dirtier, but the flat is larger and decidedly more sumptuous. At the evening meal in the hotel the company is a mixed one, and less select than any we have hitherto encountered, consisting largely of Government employés and commercial travellers. Supper is over soon after eight, and we then realise to our dismay that we are expected to retire to our separate lodgings for the night. Madame is already marshalling her parties. There are several sleeping out besides ourselves, and each is provided with a hobbledehoy girl as a guide, bearing a lantern. We are the last to go, and we feebly protest at our summary dismissal, but Madame is not to be cajoled. Vico goes to bed early, she remarks pointedly. *Ces dames* must be on the road betimes if they wish to get to Ajaccio before dark, and it is not good for them to lose their sleep. She, an old widow woman, knows what is best, and, moreover, she will soon turn out the lamp in the *salle-à-manger*. In face of this final threat there is no room for further argument. Our escort consists of three girls with dirty woollen shawls tied round them in crossover fashion, and since no lantern is available Madame provides them with an ordinary duplex lamp without a shade. Once out of the house, however, we make a determined effort to free ourselves from tyranny, and we suggest that the girls should conduct us to the larger flat first, where my companion is lodged, and either wait or return for me later.

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They are only too delighted, and elect to wait, being determined not to separate themselves from us for a moment, and greatly enjoy investigating the mysteries of spirit lamps and hot bottles. Madame, revelling in her *rôle* of hostess, joins the party, and invites us all into her salon, where she says she will give us a little music. First, however, she shows us her library. One room is indeed given up entirely to books—a good selection of French standard works they appear to be, bound in red leather, and she explains that they have been left her by her sister. We are not allowed to linger here, however, for Madame is anxious to proceed with her own entertainment. She seats herself firmly at the piano, conversing all the time in a stentorian voice which may be heard all over Vico. Do the ladies like music? Well, she cannot play, because in fastening her bodice she has run a hook into her thumb—do the ladies see? and she holds out the injured member for inspection. 'I cannot sing either, Mesdames,' she bawls genially, 'for I have a heart complaint which affects the throat.' With that she orders the girls, who are now giggling convulsively, to bring up two chairs and place them close to the piano, on either side of her, 'that we may see,' as she explains. Then she thumps several loud chords upon the broken-winded instrument, and begins to shout—I can call it nothing else—an air from *Rigoletto*. Suddenly she stops in the middle of a bar and again presents the injured thumb for inspection. 'See, the hook went in just there, and I cannot sing, because'—but here we are able to assure her she is mistaken, and pleased with our appreciation, and taking up her song exactly where she left it off she finishes quite happily. 'That is an Italian opera,' she explains, 'of which I am very fond; you being English probably do not know it!' After this we have a selection of *La Traviata*. The girls giggle and we applaud vigorously, the applause being swelled from the street, where an audience has assembled. Madame is greatly pleased, and becomes a little excited. She produces some Corsican songs, and calls upon the girls to come and join in the chorus. With some persuasion two of them are induced to sing a duet, which they do very prettily. If we would stay another day Madame promises us a real concert; she would fetch some girls in from the mountains and they should sing us some of the old love songs of the country. It is an attractive offer, but like other good things it must wait for a future occasion. It is now nine o'clock, and for the sake of the sobriety of Vico, of which Madame of the hotel has warned us, it is time to retire. First there must be a considerable interchange of courtesies, and we can say with truth that we have never spent a more entertaining evening, nor one, we add to ourselves, when with very little personal trouble we have given such obvious entertainment to others. The girls, still bubbling with amusement, collect themselves and the lamp, and we start again, followed by Madame's strident tones, which are still audible when I reach my own room in another street. It is a black night, for the

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clouds have come down on the mountains, and there are no lights in the streets of Vico. Moreover, a puff of wind immediately extinguishes the lamp, to the delight of my escort, one of whom, clasping me firmly round the waist, conducts me over the rubbish heaps and up the filthy staircase to my own door. No reveller returning from a drunken carouse can have done so with less dignity, and next morning I view with horror the lanes through which we stumbled, and the unwashed appearance of our boon companions as they wait upon us soberly enough at breakfast under the eye of the *patrone*. Meantime my own hostess is awaiting me. She has heard the music and is inclined to be a little malicious at the expense of her neighbour, of whom she is evidently jealous. 'Ah, that one, she is an eccentric,' she observes, with a sniff, 'she always likes to get the visitors, and she always plays the same tunes!' Questioned as to the history of her rival, she admits that the father was a man of some importance in the neighbourhood, and something of a musician, that the sister, she of the books, became a 'Continental,' but returned to Corsica to die, and that 'Madame herself has been for long deserted by her husband, and'—she taps her forehead significantly. This may be all true, but my Madame is undoubtedly jealous. 'Madame over there has not so good an *armoire à glace* as you have, Mademoiselle,' she observes, whilst carefully examining my toilet accessories. The statement is untrue, but I do not correct it, as since in each case the wardrobe is securely locked and we have to pile our respective possessions upon a table, I cannot see that it is of much moment. '*Madame votre amie* will not be so comfortable as you are, Mademoiselle; the house is not so clean.' I can only hope this further statement is also incorrect, but her final announcement as she leaves me at length to repose between the fine herb-scented sheets, of which she is so justly proud, 'At least, Mademoiselle, you are the more respectably lodged,' is perhaps incontestable. Next morning, however, I can feel no sense of superiority in face of my companion's further experiences. As she was about to scale the heights of her vast bed there was a knocking at her door. This was alarming, as it gave direct upon the public staircase instead of into the usual living-room. It was only the irrepressible Madame, however, in slight *déshabillé*, who tripped across to the famous *armoire à glace*, unlocked it and produced therefrom several yards of very fine lace made by her own hands. These she pressed upon her visitor in a loud whisper, but in so charming a fashion that the latter was made to feel she was merely conferring a favour in accepting them. We part with this old lady with especial regret—a pathetic, eccentric, yet withal striking figure, with her books, her piano, her handsome furniture, her suggestion of a glorious if mysterious past set in such squalid surroundings. It may be added that for all this hospitality, good rooms and fine linen, we pay two francs each! Antoine also, it appears, has assisted from the street at the concert. We ask him

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if he knows anything of our hostess. 'Ah! that one, she is an eccentric,' he in his turn replies enigmatically, and with that his lips are closed.

Our homeward road takes us once more by Sagone and Calcatoggio. In these few days the cistus has come into bloom, and the mountain side is starred with pink and white flowers. The fig-trees are bursting into leaf, and summer is surely at hand.

As we approach the end of our journey Antoine, who has asked us repeatedly if we are pleased with him, and is scarcely satisfied with our British incapacity for paying compliments, waxes confidential. He is very poor, he tells us; his mother died when he was a little boy, so as there was nobody to work for him he had to leave school and to work for himself. Characteristically there is no mention of the father as a breadwinner.

'We Corsicans do not work as a rule,' he continues proudly, spreading out his hands comprehensively over the *maquis* on either side of the road. 'If we did, we should be rich!' Lying full length on the forage bag, with his back to the horses, his elbows on the seat and his chin in his hands, Antoine Casalta is an admirable specimen of the industrious Corsican! With intuitive quickness he seems to guess our thought, and assuming his proper attitude with remarkable agility, he smiles engagingly over his shoulder.

'And mesdames will not forget the photograph?'

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

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THE EDUCATIVE VALUE OF THE MODERN MUSEUM

THE imposing ceremony wherewith in June last their Majesties opened the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the magnificence of the buildings which now form the home of our national art collections, could hardly fail to inspire in the minds of those who were present reflections on the changes which have taken place in museums generally during the past generation.

Time was, and not so many years ago, when any museum was merely a receptacle for any and every article which might be considered a curiosity. Who does not remember the singular medley of exhibits which made up the collection in the museum of a county town that boasted such an establishment? An ill-stuffed crocodile, depending from the ceiling; a handful of flint arrow heads found in the neighbourhood shared a glass-covered case with bead ornaments from Central Africa, a box of undescribed shells, some bone trifles carved by French prisoners in England during the Napoleonic wars, and other strangely assorted miscellany. On the shelves an array of stuffed birds unrecognisable under the dust and decay of years; gods from the Fiji Islands, ancient cannon balls, weapons from various regions of the earth made picturesque variety against the walls. Method and arrangement were totally lacking; unless the museum possessed a collection of coins, in which case, it is fair to say, an attempt was made to display them in order. Some of the exhibits were labelled; but not a few bore nothing to enlighten the visitor as to their identity, origin, or use.

Such displays as these might stimulate curiosity, but their educative value was literally *nil*. The impression a county-town museum left upon the mind of the visitor who had strayed into the place to while away an hour of waiting for his train, or to escape the passing shower, was much the same as that left by the storehouse of a dealer in curios. The place was generally empty save for occasional invasion by small and idle boys; amusement—of a somewhat dismal kind—might be afforded by the miscellany. That it could, or should, provide instruction was an idea that was wholly wanting.

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The same absence of idea that a museum might be, or ought to be, instructive was not peculiar to the museum of a provincial town. It obtained in London equally: some of the officials connected with the British Museum in pre-Victorian days possessed more advanced views on this point; but the public, generally, regarded it merely as a storehouse where curiosities were kept for the amusement of those who had spare time to go back and look at them. It was a resort for the idle to gaze and wonder. In the popular esteem it had no other aim or purpose.

It is interesting to turn for a moment to the voluminous mass of evidence taken by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the management and affairs of the British Museum in 1835. The views held by most museum officials of those days were as yet undeveloped. Mr. J. G. Children, the curator in charge of the Natural History Department, was asked (Qs. 3364–6):

Q. 'While you were employed in arranging the collection in scientific order, did you keep distinctly in view at the same time the making of it attractive to the general public?'

Ans. 'Not further than distinctly exhibiting the specimens; there has been no particularly ornamental way of exhibiting them; that has not been considered, nor do I well know how it could be done.'

Q. 'Do you think it would be consistent with science to arrange the specimens in such a way as to give a slight notion of the habits of a family?'

Ans. 'Does the Committee mean by putting them in natural positions? It might be done, though it is not in general done. The effect would depend on the skill of the artist.'

In this department, of course, the museum official was dependent upon the skill of the taxidermist: he was not free to give effect to any plans of his own if his ideas had progressed beyond 'distinctly exhibiting the specimens.' It is not necessary to labour the point: one need only walk through the splendid bird-galleries of the Natural History Museum to see how far we have progressed, and to discover how interesting and instructive the museum curator of our own time, aided by modern taxidermy, makes a case of stuffed birds. The 'specimen' of an earlier day told the visitor nothing: that of our own, mounted in a natural pose with its nest and eggs amid artistically preserved natural surroundings, tells him more than he can learn from descriptions in books; more than he can learn in any way short of observing for himself birds in their woodland, meadow, or sea-cliff haunts.

The truth is that until the 'sixties, and perhaps later, we had not progressed beyond the seventeenth-century conception of a museum. 'Tradescant's Ark,' the earliest museum of which record remains, could not have been very dissimilar from the English provincial museum of forty years ago. John Tradescant, the reader may be reminded, was a gardener of eminence, who is believed to have died in the year 1637: he had a passion for collecting curiosities of all

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descriptions, and these he exhibited in his house in South Lambeth. A son, also named John, inherited his father's taste, in, apparently, an intensified form: he enlarged the collection and travelled widely in his search for additions to it.

A few quotations from the catalogue of this 'Collection of Rarities presently at South Lambeth near London,' which was published by John Tradescant junior in 1657, will show its character: 'Some kindes of Birds, their Egges, Beaks, Clawes, Feathers and Spurres,' 'Divers sortes of Egges from Turkie one given for a Dragon's Egge,' 'Easter Egges of the Patriarch of Jerusalem,' 'Two feathers of the Phœnix Tayle,' 'Cherrystone, on one side S. George and Dragon perfectly cut and on the other 88 Emperours' Faces.'

This collection eventually came into the possession of Elias Ashmole: he presented it, together with curiosities of his own, in 1683, to Oxford University, who erected the old Ashmolean buildings to accommodate the gift. A museum which contained, among other curiosities, feathers from the tail of the Phœnix and the egg of a dragon, no doubt embraced a great deal else that was false and spurious; but for at least one item posterity owes gratitude to this seventeenth-century museum maker. Tradescant's collection included a stuffed bird of which relics remain to this day—namely, 'a Dodar from the Island of Mauritius'; the head and foot of this dodo, the only remains of the famous bird known, if I am not mistaken, are now treasured in the University Museum of Oxford.

Even as Elias Ashmole's gift formed the nucleus of the museum known by his name at Oxford, so did the collections of Sir Hans Sloane contribute to form that of the British Museum. Public collections were unknown in the seventeenth century, but the few large collections made by private individuals were accessible to those who might wish to see them. Sir Hans Sloane's was the most remarkable of the time; and from the somewhat cursory account of it which appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1748, we are justified in assuming that Sir Hans Sloane recognised the educative possibilities of a museum, and endeavoured to make his collection instructive.

When the then Prince and Princess of Wales paid Sir Hans a visit at Chelsea, his collection consisted of over 200,000 objects of various kinds. Natural history specimens collected during fifteen months' residence in Jamaica, where he had held the appointment of physician to the Governor (the Duke of Albemarle) in 1687–8, appear to have formed the beginning; and for about sixty-five years he had continually added to his treasures. There were 'tables spread out with drawers fitted with all sorts of precious stones in their native beds' for example; collections of coins, medals, fossils (or 'remains of the antediluvian world,' to quote the contemporary account); Greek, Roman, British, and Egyptian antiquities; dried plants and insects,

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shells, feathers, and other specimens. The *Gentleman's Magazine* refers to the 'immense treasures of the valuable *and instructive* productions of nature and art.' The italics are mine: the words clearly indicate that this was a collection put together not to appeal only to idle curiosity.

When Sir Hans' museum and his large library became, under the owner's will, the property of the nation, they were deemed sufficiently valuable to be worthy of a proper home: and the collections were placed in Montagu House, which was purchased for the purpose; these, with the Cottonian and Harleian Manuscripts, formed the basis upon which the national collections have been reared.

The educative purpose of Sir Hans Sloane's collections no doubt developed as his museum grew, but we cannot doubt that the original idea was to collect for the sake of collecting. It is impossible for one man to be an expert in every department of science, art, and industry; and to possess any valuable educative quality a collection must be made by one who has closely studied the subject to which it refers, and knows the worth and interest of each item.

Medical men and naturalists were the first to make collections with the definite purpose of gaining and imparting instruction. The famous surgeon John Hunter, for about thirty years, 1763–1793, preserved anything he considered likely to prove useful for subsequent reference to members of his own profession, and his collections became the nucleus of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The origin of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art is traced to the famous physicians Sir Andrew Balfour (1630–1694) and Robert Sibbald (1641–1722); both were enthusiastic collectors, the former of natural curiosities generally, the latter devoting himself more particularly to zoological specimens, as might be expected of so keen a naturalist.

Sir John Soane (1753–1837) made his collection of paintings, drawings and sculpture, we may fairly assume, in the spirit of a connoisseur, without educative purpose; he deserves passing mention as one of the public-spirited men who presented the fruits of his taste and industry to the nation during his life-time. The furniture in the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields is now considered the part of the gift best worth seeing, though there are some excellent pictures, notably Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*.

The attitude of the public towards museums generally during our own time was reflected in the speeches made in Parliament when the idea of opening these institutions on Sunday was first mooted.

No small measure of progress in management and classification of collections had been made before the year 1879, when Lord Thurlow's motion to permit access to museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons was vetoed in the House of Lords; but those who successfully opposed the innovation had not, it would seem, realised that

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museum or picture gallery could be otherwise than a place of recreation; of intellectual recreation it is true, but still a place of amusement, and therefore a resort which it would be improper to throw open on Sundays. 'Open your museums,' they said in effect, 'and clamour for the opening of theatres and music halls must inevitably follow'; as though the museum and the music hall existed for identical purposes and what was applicable to the one was applicable to the other.

Some stress was laid by peers who spoke upon the fact that Sunday work would be thrown upon attendants and officials, and this perhaps was the only sound argument advanced; the opponents of the step based their main objection on the plea that it would destroy the character of the British Sunday by affording opportunities of recreation which would pave the way to the 'Continental Sunday' with its work as well as its pleasure. A few speakers referred to museums in broader terms; Viscount Midleton incidentally spoke of them as 'places of public instruction and amusement': and when the subject was debated in the House of Commons in 1896, Mr. Thomas Lough, the member for West Islington, spoke of the 'useful lessons' to be learned in a museum.

Now I am not prepared to say that they were wrong who insisted upon the 'innocent recreation' a visit to the museum on Sunday implies. Assuredly far more people visit museums, whether on Sunday or any of the other six days of the week, in search of pleasure, than visit them for instruction: I have merely glanced at this phase of the subject by way of showing how little the educative possibilities of the museum were realised within the memory of persons not yet middle-aged.

One of our national inconsistencies, and not the least glaring, was swept away when the British Museum and others were made accessible to the public on Sunday afternoons. It was a wise measure, one that had been far too long delayed, but was fully appreciated when it came. It materially widened the scope of usefulness of these institutions; they had been opened three evenings per week till ten o'clock at night as a method of enabling the working classes to visit them; but the average worker did not take sufficient interest in what he might see in a museum to make an expedition thereto after a long day's work.

Who shall venture to assert that the visitor of ordinary intelligence, whether he be workman or schoolboy, who strolls through any one of the great galleries in the Victoria and Albert Museum, whether among pictures, sculpture, wood carving, armour, porcelain, textiles, or what you will, does not carry away therefrom some new impression? Who can say of the large majority that what they see does not kindle the spark of a new interest and turn their thoughts in a new direction? Much more do the children, more impressionable than the parents they accompany, gain new ideas from this glimpse of strange worlds;

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the ideas may be vague and nebulous, but the seed has been sown and a crop may follow.

Dr. John Edward Grey, one of the pioneers of what I may call the modern museum movement, said in the address he delivered before the British Association (Section D) at Bath in 1864, that the purposes for which a museum was established were two: first the diffusion of instruction and rational amusement among the mass of the people, and secondly to afford the scientific student every possible means of examining and studying the specimens of which the collections consist.

We may take it that if a collection of any kind is to convey instruction, it must be properly classified and displayed; its arrangement must be such as to enable the uninformed visitor to trace the progress which has been made in the course of centuries. An admirable example of chronological arrangement occurs to mind in the series of rooms in the Victoria and Albert Museum wherein are exhibited the earthenware and porcelain of various ages and countries, from the pottery of Ancient Egypt to the Worcester and Chelsea products of our own age.

Not every collection lends itself to chronological arrangement with perfect facility; but the instructional value of any, whether of art, arms, or domestic appliances, depends so largely upon arrangement that those who realise the true purpose of a museum lay the greatest stress upon it.

The custodians of our national collections are unfortunately handicapped in this part of their work. The donations and bequests which are received from private individuals form no small part of the public possessions, and these are frequently given or bequeathed with the stipulation that the collection shall be kept together as a complete unit.

Such stipulation, natural as it is, must, as I venture to think, do something to retard the progress of the modern museum ideal; which, as the late Sir W. H. Flower said in his presidential address to the Museums Association in 1893, is 'not only the simple preservation of the objects contained in it, but also their arrangement in such a manner as to provide for the instruction of those who visit it.' Our national collections profit enormously from private munificence in the shape of gift, bequest and loan, but it is to be regretted that gifts and bequests should so often be accompanied by a stipulation which prevents the greatest educational use being obtained from them.

A striking instance of the control exercised by testators over their bequests may be cited. A certain valuable collection of paintings was bequeathed to the nation with the proviso that the pictures should not be exhibited on Sunday. The works comprised in the collection might be, and are, distributed in appropriate rooms; and the Sunday afternoon visitor is confronted by green baize coverings with which the canvases on that day are shrouded in order to comply with the terms of the bequest.

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So far I have referred only to the incidental educational uses of a museum; to the effect the exhibits may produce, it may be almost insensibly, upon the visitor who resorts thither without idea of gaining advantage in the shape of mental improvement. There is another class for whom the museum caters: a much smaller class, but one whose importance is not to be estimated by its numerical strength.

Dr. Grey, whose name was mentioned on a former page, laid it down as the secondary object of a museum that it should afford facilities to the student—the man or woman who goes regularly to the galleries with a definite educative purpose in view. The importance of considering the needs of the student has long been recognised by setting apart certain days of the week on which special facilities are given for study by the exclusion of the general public—or more accurately by the levying of a small fee which limits the attendance of the crowd.

I have not been able to ascertain when the system of 'student days' was introduced; but it has obtained, so far as the British Museum is concerned, for at least seventy-five years.

The art student of the eighteenth century enjoyed no such opportunities as are accessible to the art student of a later age. He counted himself fortunate if, by favour of influential friends, his promise as an artist obtained for him the privilege of admission to the studio of some great painter whose works he might study and whose methods he could copy. Apart from such opportunity he might, also by influence, obtain access to the private gallery of some wealthy collector and patron of art: but these opportunities were insignificant by comparison with the range of study open to the young artist of to-day. The eighteenth-century student, unless he had means and could travel, was confined to observation of works necessarily limited in number and in style.

It is permissible to think that this limitation of opportunity for study may, to some extent at least, explain why English art lagged in its development: why, until about the middle of the eighteenth century, the majority of great painters who worked in England were of foreign birth and training. Whatever the talent or means of the student of the present day our national collections afford equal opportunities to all: thanks to our museums and art galleries no beginner, however humble, need lack the models nor the examples of great masters to cultivate his style.

It may not be generally realised how much of improvement in the public taste we owe to our national collections. When Sir Richard, then Mr., Westmacott, R.A., was examined before the Select Committee before mentioned in 1835, he made some interesting and significant statements regarding the use made of the Elgin marbles; 'I think,' he said, 'that the improvement of the taste of the country since the acquisition of the Elgin marbles is quite extraordinary.'

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Sir Richard was also asked whether much improvement followed in any other department of art from the purchase of the Hamilton vases. He replied that a great variety of domestic articles were improved in shape and form : the models offered by these vases had 'improved the potteries and gave new and more elegant forms to the productions of the potteries.'

The Elgin marbles, it is hardly necessary to say, were acquired by the nation in the year 1816 ; the less familiar 'Hamilton Vases' were acquired from Sir William Hamilton, the diplomat and archæologist, in 1772 ; the collection consisted of Greek antiquities, and formed a very valuable addition to the Museum.

Of necessity it rarely happens that an addition to the Museum is productive of such direct influence upon the taste and the art of the time ; but it cannot be doubted that the taste of those who visit the collections is, sensibly or insensibly, formed and elevated, though it may not be possible to point to any definite stimulus such as cited by Sir Richard Westmacott in 1835.

A very heavy responsibility rests upon those who buy for, and upon the experts who are in charge of, our great collections. Few probably of those who enter the British Museum or other of our great national treasure houses, are aware that the exhibits represent only a small proportion of the objects housed under that roof ; that there are, packed away for lack of space to show them, vast quantities of articles of all kinds.

Fewer still perhaps realise how great is the knowledge and discrimination possessed by those upon whom rests the task of selecting objects for exhibition from among the stores at their disposal. The museum curator must be a specialist in his department, whether it be modern art, ancient leather work, arms or coins ; and he must be something more : he must possess understanding of popular taste and seek to educate while he gratifies it ; he has, as it were, to *edit* the collections under his charge and make the most and, at the same time, the best of them in the space, always limited, at his disposal.

Looking round the magnificent halls of the Victoria and Albert Museum the visitor might be pardoned if he reflected that here the curator's demand for space and more space was at last satisfied. No doubt it is satisfied for a time, but it can only be for a time. The greatest, the fundamental difficulty of conducting a museum is that of finding space for the exhibition of collections which it is the primary duty of the curators to enlarge. 'A finished museum is a dead museum,' to quote the pithy remark of a great American authority.

A museum to which well-chosen additions are not being continually made, a museum which is not kept up to date, loses its educative value, and for instructional purposes is no more use than an uncompleted book. Hence the ideal museum building would be one whose conspicuous quality was elasticity ; one built upon a site which would

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allow of periodical addition as circumstances required: an ideal obviously impossible of attainment when the first condition of utility is that the museum shall be accessible to the greatest number of visitors—in other words, be situated in a large city where land is sold by the square foot.

This space question of course is of greatest moment to our national collections, which embrace exhibits of every description from Egyptian mummies to postage stamps; and this suggests the reflection that the national museum and the provincial museum have, or should have, different scope. It is out of the question for the local museum to emulate the national with any but ludicrous results; it has neither the funds nor the opportunity to make its collections all-embracing; it is the willingness with which the county-town museum has accepted gifts of all sorts and descriptions which makes it the heterogeneous jumble we so frequently find.

The local museum, as I venture to think, should be modestly local in its aims. It should seek to acquire collections of articles of local interest, natural, antiquarian, industrial, and artistic. Fossils, ancient Roman remains and natural history specimens obtained in the neighbourhood possess stronger interest when shown on the spot than when sent to some distant city, and they are appropriate to the local museum.

Examples of local industries, ironwork, wood carving, lace, or what not, displayed in proper chronological order, would possess both interest and utility—an interest and utility which must increase as time passes, when so many of our old local industries have fallen into decay.

Another matter to which our provincial museums might most profitably devote themselves is the collection of old-time domestic appliances and utensils: these varied to a remarkable degree in different parts of England, in material and shape. Take so commonplace an item as the jug: an expert in those articles can tell at once in what district it was made and assign to it the period of its making. In some parts of the country leather jugs were in regular use; in others, wooden vessels built up in pieces bound together with hoops. The local pottery of England is a study in itself. Then there are those appliances which were common to all the country, but are not for that reason less well worth preservation in the museum of the county where they have been found. Some of these things, once familiar in every cottage, are gone so long and so completely out of use that few persons living know what they are.

A friend of mine, some little time since, was going over an old house in a quiet part of Surrey, where a sale was about to take place. Among the objects catalogued were two wooden pedestals, each carrying an iron implement resembling a long and narrow pair of pincers. That they had puzzled the auctioneer who compiled the

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catalogue was evident, for he had grouped them with some other small matters as 'et cetera.' My friend found his companions debating the use of the appliances, and he, having some knowledge of these matters, was able to explain that the articles were rushlight holders, the predecessors of the modern candlestick, which would have been useless to uphold the limp and slender rushlight of a past age.

Let our local museums, then, devote their funds and their space to exhibits of local interest. The strange and ill-assorted 'collection' made by some resident during his travels in Africa or his service in India, and bestowed upon the museum not infrequently because the owner has no room to house it himself, is entirely out of place there.

The system under which selections of pictures, sculpture, and other objects of art are sent out from the national collections to be exhibited for a time in provincial towns has been in vogue for some years, and it goes far to relieve the local museum from the necessity for attempting to form such a collection for itself.

The Museums Association, founded in 1888, is a body which has done much useful work without ostentation, and with little notice from the public at large. Among its objects are—to secure the better and more systematic working of museums throughout the kingdom; to promote the interchange of duplicates and surplus specimens; to secure models and casts; to prepare loan collections of an educational character for circulation among schools; to promote lectures to working men; and to secure a uniform plan of arranging natural history collections.

I have not given the full list of objects, but those mentioned serve to show the nature of the work to which the Association has set its hands; more especially I wish to draw attention to the preparation of loan collections for educational purposes. This scheme is one which appears to me deserving of the greatest encouragement and assistance. It is a practical endeavour to turn to the best account the educational possibilities of the museum, and bring them within reach of the young in a manner which will enable them to profit thereby.

At the same time, masters of private schools in our provincial towns may well consider whether they cannot make use of such museums as the Victoria and Albert on their own initiative. The schoolmaster who should bring a selected party of his boys to visit these great collections would, I am convinced, find that the experience proved both interesting and instructive to them.

WALTER GILBEY.

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AB OCCIDENTE AD ORIENTEM

AN IMPRESSIONIST STUDY EN ROUTE *TO INDIA*

I

No one can, I suppose, look forward to, much less embark on, a visit to India without having many thoughts and visions, however vague, about a land that has for so long held such a conspicuous place in the realm of wonders and gorgeousness, and in the sphere of religious and philosophical lore, and the modern history of which is so full of striking events and great names and deeds.

How much of our early memories and surprise centres round pictures and stories of the bejewelled raja and the hidden princess, the naked fakir and the juggler, the brahminy priest and bull, the elephant and the tiger, the peacock and the snake, parrots, monkeys, crocodiles—the jungle and the bungalow, palms and deodars, fig-trees and rice-fields, temples, gardens, palaces, tents—and always the swarming crores of black people! What an aroma of spells and spices, of portents and flowers, pervades the atmosphere! What a display of pearls and ivory, of muslins and marble, feasts the eyes! What a lustre of fabulous wealth Golconda and the Kohinoor reflect! What a thrill of horror tales of the Thugs and Suttee arouse! And how terrible look the very words—the Black Hole of Calcutta or the Car of Juggernaut! My thoughts harked away even to representations of Bacchus on his famous tour to furthest Ind—seated in a triumphal chariot drawn by a pair of tigers and escorted by satyrs; and I fancied, too, that I had seen somewhere peacocks yoked as steeds, and deities riding on parrots. Monkey-armies fought with snakes that resembled men; and gymnosophists, like moths, voluntarily mounted the pyre and burnt themselves. Great napoleonic names—Alexander, Tamerlane, Aurungzebe, victorious demigods amid orient hosts—confronted one; and the Himalayas towered over the Alps. Or, again, gentler scenes—redolent of Lalla Rookh and of Heine's visionary love-haunt—appeared in an afar and a fairy land, aflame with colours and light and gems and perfumes—the home of sacred rivers and lotus-blossoms, of moonlit dreams and songs of love. The magic flute of histrionic art evoked a strange and enchanting

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spectacle of Eastern life—where precious stones grew on golden trees, and silken cushions floated in the azure sky—where godlike forms sat on diamond thrones, and mystic symbols of the stars foretold the emblazoned destinies of men.

And, to our more mature appreciation, what social and political interest surround the zenana and the pariah, the rules of caste and the village community, the Native States and the British Raj! What fields of misery the wars and famines and plagues present! And how brave and noble read the lives of the many heroes, whose actions and work adorn the annals of the country! What true romance and poetry are to be found, too, in the epics and legends of the ancient literature of the land! And how sublime are the words and teaching of Indian wisdom, and the seraphic examples of self-renunciation and spiritual illumination! I reverently stood still and held my breath, as I meditated on the profound abstraction and consciousness of the Eastern mind, with its belief in the universal transiency and sorrow and illusion of life, and on the submissiveness and fatalism that supervene—on the age-long immobility of their world, with its absence of science and mechanism and modern commercial society—on the general insouciance and irresponsibility in mundane affairs—on the scrupulous regard for all forms of mysterious life—on the quiet poetry and pathos, the meekness and endurance and child-like simplicity of the people's lives—and on the deep and earnest character of their religious thought and conduct, culminating in the ascetic search for and attainment of that peace, that freedom from self and all desires, which is found in perfect contemplation of the divine and absolute.

Yet—leaving such thoughts and visions and reverence aside—a small piece of india-rubber would, I must confess, have sufficed to erase all that I really knew of this marvellous land and its myriads and history. My learning was that of a Western baboo, and my experience was confined to a tame, domestic acquaintance with a few such things and appellations as kedgeree and curry, pyjamas and a shampoo. I was also not unaware that people in the East took off their foot-covers, instead of their headdress, on entering a building, though I had not realised that slippers would lie about the threshold as hats do here, or that there would be twice as many of them, since man, whether he be black or be white, or hail from the East or from the West, is a unicephalic biped. I could, perhaps, have recalled speeches in the debating society at school on the misdeeds of Warren Hastings, and might almost have repeated perorations on the robbery of the Begums of Oude or of Cheyte Singh. I had heard that holy men sat with legs crossed motionless for years, perched on pillars or rocks, or squatting in bowers or under the shade of trees; and I knew that animals were venerated and very familiar, and I believed that there, if anywhere, birds built their nests in old men's beards. I had handled a Cashmir shawl, and, when I threw rice over a newly-wedded couple, I had a notion that one did so because, *à l'indien*, it was a

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symbol of fertility and affluence and happiness. I was not sure whether Brahmins were priests or cooks, or whether they were not somehow both. But I was quite certain that the cow was a sacred animal, and that pepper was cheap in Hindostan; and I guessed that I would be having mulligatawny, rather than oxtail, soup. Indeed, beyond having been once upon a time vaccinated and having dabbled in philosophy, I felt but little qualified for appreciating, or being initiated into, the mysteries of this vast, ruminating realm of oxen and men.

And—over and above all facts and fancies and pictures and feelings—I knew that there would be the broad, unclouded sun, streaming in straight rays upon the scene below with its white glory and reviving power—as the milk is poured from the full udder of the cow.

II

The bridge from Europe to Asia is a canal; and it is, when we recall the old accounts of doubling the Cape, a most remarkable short cut. And this safe, tranquil watercourse between its artificial uplifted banks forms too, after its modern fashion, a miraculous transit, allowing us, in our time and manner, to escape from much philistinism and bondage and many tasks. Yet the slow, laborious navigation of the Suez Canal, edged with slanting stonesets and bare, monotonous sand tracts, is in itself a dull and prosaic proceeding, and cannot rival the story of the passage through a crevasse in an unfrozen, marine glacier—with its cerulean glamour and the infinite visibility of its upright green walls—of our religious forefathers.

But, as we steam over these depths—in the dry bed of which, between the waters piled up on the right hand and on the left by the blast of the nostrils of the Lord, the unquenchable faith of the Israelites enabled them to walk—we cannot but seriously reflect on the very holy, very historic ground that we are on the border of. How sacrosanct is the whole region! How solemn all its memories and associations! Hard by is even the radiating spot on the wide earth's surface whence spread 'the light of the world,' and—moving, as we are, from the west to the east, from one side of the planet to the other—we perceive how central the fountain of our faith and civilisation is, how it has verily flowed from the middle earth. For here is the home of the beginning of things. All around is the ancient land of earliest signs and wonders and revelations and works. It must have been from some point of vantage here that the Ancient of Days set His compass. It was surely in this eastern sphere that the Almighty said 'Let there be light,' which blessing we enjoy in so sparse and diffracted a condition in the West, but the oriental effulgence of which still glows somewhat; and I tried my best to catch a lingering note of the morning stars singing together. Not far is Mount Ararat and the garden of Paradise—amid the first flowers of which Adam and Eve in their innocent bloom dwelt; and I thought of Rodin's *Hand of God* moulding the forms of man and woman side by side out of the very clay of life,

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exemplifying with plastic realism and inspired art the actual, clammy, gestatory process, as it were, of the original immaculate conception of the human race. Over our heads it was that the sun stood still, and that the finger of the Lord stretched forth from the skies and was visible. And there is Sinai, where the Creator and the creature stood face to face.

It was here, too, that the Chaldean shepherds began to record the tale of our religious history, and we also muse upon the many grand, local objects of ancient deification—the elemental purities of the Persian, and the starry heavens of the Arabian, and the natural seasons of the Egyptian. A thousand thoughts and recollections—of ancient myths and glories, of prehistoric cosmogonies and chronologies, of genesis, and of the long childhood and education of humanity, from the primeval dawn of earliest wonder and trust, through ages of magic and superstition, down to the testament of divine revelation and mediation—fill the mind and soul as we pass by this theophanous land—although now this sacred middle earth is for the most part a sad waste and desert, its tribes scattered and its glory departed, only the dust of cities and altars, the tombs of gods and nations, the desolation of the dead and past, which overtakes the terrestrial home of all things human and divine.

III

But not until we have left the Canal behind us do we emerge for the first time into the sun-steeped regions of the East and begin to experience a new atmosphere and unwonted sensations. Soon, however, novel effects of colour and light, of smell, taste, hearing—and of life and behaviour—become noticeable. Strange little droves of flying fish arise ever and anon from the crests of the waves and scud along the frothy expanse of the blue waters, reminding one somehow of the liquid swoop and undulating flight of the limpid swallows as from the eaves they fall and skim along, and seem to dip into, the herbaceous level of the verdant lawn. Queer visitants, in the shape of enormous insects, make their appearance and crawl upon the deck of the ship; and you yourself feel inclined to take to crawling like any invertebrate, and to forget the fuss and energy, the bone and bluster, of the West. Time seems to hang, and the ship to move more heavily and leisurely as kine to their pasture, while we on our part begin to chew the cud of a growing reflectiveness. The clock gets clogged in its diurnal round, and stops or ceases to strike. The machinery and tension of life have slackened in this warmer clime; and the hour or appointment vanish under the sultry sway of a general stagnation of mind and body. And in this quiescent mood you even resent and recoil from the presence and activity of the fire and engines that propel the vessel. Surely all this noise and motion are unnecessary, and are a violation of this calm sanctuary? Let the ship drift as she may, or move not at all. For we are content now to sink or float as circumstances may ordain. Already the fatalistic spell of the East is descending upon us.

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And it is most remarkable, and somewhat disconcerting to our treasured sense of stableness and identity, to have to acknowledge how quickly one finds oneself getting acclimatised in thought and feeling to totally new surroundings and influences, and changing colour and coat in them, like any rat or chameleon. It becomes painfully apparent that we had rather flattered ourselves in estimating our constancy of nature and character. For, in the change of position, one very soon discovers that one feels and sees and hears and smells and thinks differently from the way one used to, and that it is necessary to test and modify and readapt, as though we were fresh-born, all our old senses and habits and beliefs and values. The effect of climate is so strong that it is said that, when voyaging into the Pacific, it takes only three days to turn the deck even of an American liner into one of the Society Islands; and one is reminded of the astonishing scientific fact that response to environment will quickly—in a few weeks—turn an aquatic into a land animal. One thus gets an inkling of the immense importance of situation in the making of men and nations, and begins to understand what is meant by 'the brand of the East'—that powerful 'mark' which can, like a tattoo or lichen, colour and cover the mind and skin of the white man, when he 'dwells in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden.' We are told that the traveller, however much the scenes vary, always carries about with him himself; but we do, methinks, cross some rubicons in life—intellectual and moral, as well as physical ones—that make us wonder who it is has alighted on the other side; and I am inclined to believe that the white man would be black and the black man white in a few generations if they exchanged quarters. What chance have other agencies against the climatic? Most questions are meteorological. Man is not a bad weathercock. For myself, I know that if I went to the Coral seas I would want to be an ammonite—and that on the coasts of the Red Sea, or on the banks of the Irawadi, I would surely turn into a troglodyte—and in the Indian jungle or forests of the night, would I not soon become a tiger or a yogi, burning bright?

But this naturalisation that sets in is, doubtless, due to some extent to actual kinship; for, after all, are not we Westerns but Aryans returning to our old home in the East, and is it surprising that atavistic qualities and traits should revive in us as we bask under its primordial sun? Highly polished heir of the ages though one may be, we cannot deny that here is the rude, 'procreant' cradle of our religion and race. Europa came from Asia across the Bosphorus on a bull; and it only took Byron an hour and ten minutes to swim back from Sestos to Abydos. Nevertheless, in stage of growth or civilisation, there is much that is instructive to be found in an old land like India. One goes to it in order to see what the world was like when younger. For it is we who, however modern and advanced and recent, are the ancient-born of the world's life, it is we who are

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the old and the late and, in some important respects, the corrupt and effete. And, as our most remote ancestors are the earliest and youngest people, so their unchanged descendants afford us an opportunity of having a peep back into the nursery of our own origin and growth; and the photographs of childhood and infancy are not uninteresting to the adult and aged. In this way India is an excellent studio in which to take some pictures and to learn some lessons. Its life and thought are a rich, palæ-ethnological mine, where one can excavate and explore the past ages and submerged strata of the race, and marvel at the curious formations and vestiges of early, obscure, sedimentary humanity.

And we went to this old land by the eastern route because we knew that if we attempted, like Columbus, to reach it westwards we would come across a very different country blocking our path. For to go west is to accentuate and increase on similar lines all the developments and conditions of modern civilised life. To go east is to divest ourselves largely of them and to attempt to recover our ancient heritage and traditions. It is a sort of ancestor-worship, whereas America—the antipodes—apotheosises posterity. The West is a long way from the East not merely in mileage, but also in mentality. It requires a great distance to produce a mirage. The world is still dissymmetrical, and the East is not a replica of the West no more than the right hand is of the left. Life is from every point of view double, and the transition from the West to the East has all the novelty and wonderment of seeing the other side.

IV

And it is well for the Western—the greedy, ambitious, jealous, noisy, sordid, vulgar, busy, practical, restless, aggressive, mundane Western—to visit the East, where the sole wish is to escape from a world of desire and action, of possessions and distinction. We come from the West, complacently absorbed in the innumerable affairs and details of our elaborate society and governance and public life, and we find a people to whom our civilisation—all our social and political and economic and commercial and scientific development—is foolish and contemptible, and who cannot condescend to give it any thought or attention, while the mystery of life—the nature and destiny of the soul—confronts us; and, of course, the Eastern view is essentially right. For, with all our modern devices and inducements and arguments, we cannot hoodwink ourselves into a denial and oblivion of the great spiritual problems of life. However deluded and ensnared and overlarded by the pomposity and trappings and luxuries of a rich, external life we may be, however occupied with chattels, trades, professions, undertakings, the mysteries are there all the same and appertain to each human soul; and, as long as that is so, it can never seem reasonable to shirk or ignore them. And it is

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the being thus engrossed in the affairs of the world, in the passing activities and complications of our vast social mechanism, the intense commercialism and utilitarianism and secularism of outlook—the absorption of our whole time in objects, plans, traffics, uses, gains, honours, offices, properties, tasks, orders—which is the hideous nightmare of modern life. The countless accoutrements and accessories and ornaments of our civilisation, the frightful abundance of superfluities, hide and suffocate life itself. 'Things are in the saddle and ride mankind.' Our whole being and existence is so externalised, so cut up and labelled, so allotted and confiscated, it has become a mere matter of nomenclature and classification, of position and repute, of relations and ties. Publicity is the end and advertisement the means. All values are commercial. Social measurements, or your credit, alone count. In every matter votes—or other people's opinions—are the only proofs or guides required. They are the passport to the highest success and worth. The claptrap of the ubiquitous market-place and the voices of our inquisitive neighbours are everything. The individual soul and its personal spiritual excellency and responsibility are nothing. The West firmly believes that—if there is a God, He reads the *Daily Mail* every morning, and is much interested in it. For the public is the fickle goddess whom by daily flattery, incantations, and offerings we worship and try to appease, and, on festivals and sensational occasions, deliberately sacrifice a scape-goat to; whose altar is the press, and her many priests—the journalists.

But now—as we face eastwards—we are happily escaping from the horological curriculum of news and works and projects and duties that has usurped the place and privilege of genuine life. We are getting free of all the conventional standards and barriers and obligations and concerns, of society and citizenship. With gasping relief we turn from a loud world of movement and business, of multiplicity and confusion, to a life of quiet and simplicity, where we shall not be prevented meditating on the problem of our spiritual destiny. For there is a high order of thought and emotion which is above, and almost unconnected with, the plane of the senses and of everyday life and intelligence and activity. In the West the idlest of us is ever seeking employment in some pursuit or occupation, in some way or another; we are cursed with the curse of work; but in the East the soul is supreme, and—perfectly amiable and universal—it includes and surpasses all ways without adopting any. However great may be the achievements of the active-minded and busy-bodied, we would, then, turn to those whose aim is—to lull and eliminate such mere expositions of the brain and senses, and to arrive at a higher, unimpeded spiritual sovereignty, and who believe that this attainment of a pure, self-centred, all-inclusive consciousness and composure is alone valuable, and enables us, through attachment to nothing that is, to become a microcosm of all that is.

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So, the crowded distractions and engagements of the West are left behind. The close, suffocating fog of society and civilisation is dispelled, and we gladly put aside, like a cast slough, all the wrappings and protections and encumbrances and paraphernalia of our old social conditions, and begin to share somewhat the glory of the spirits whom the mystic describes as 'raised to the degree of nudity.' And what lightness and purity and freedom, this disrobing, this defoliation gives, after our burdensome, confined, upholstered, contiguous existence! What greater delight is there than doffing garments with all their compressed perspiration and uncomfortable ligaments! Piece after piece of a complicated and irritating social investiture we fling away, as we smile and saunter and squat in the naked East. A feeling of warmth and light from sun and soul clothes us sufficiently; and we look back with pity on the poor, smothered—the unspiritual and unexposed—creature, whose skin knows little of the air or the sun, and whose mind recks little of God or the soul. We seem nearer to Him Who is without name or form, when at least we are without raiment or possessions. The mantle of the Lord is light, and the texture of the soul is luminous.

Of course, in the East it is perhaps not so hard to be detached from things—or clothes. In Italy, to say nothing of more northerly countries, even St. Francis had some trouble in arranging how many coats the Brothers might wear. But here life is simpler; the very travail of birth or of death is easier, shorter than in the West; many complexities and obstructions are unheard of. There are fewer things, fewer cares, objects, desires, utilities. Under the overpowering sway of nature and elemental life, commercial values and social interests and differences begin to wane. At last our spiritual apprehension can grow and expand at its ease, and everything about us does not jar with our new ecstasy. Life is a mystery everywhere, but in the East you are allowed to think so openly, and to attend to, and occupy yourself with, the same. In the West it is very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to save his soul. But—with or without reason—we have a presentiment that the East contains some kind of esoteric knowledge of life and death, of their secrets and miracles, compared with which the religious thought of the West is superficial and inanimate; and we know that the Wise Men came from the East. There the soul, as much as the body, is naked and free, and would seem to be able to get closer to the Divine Essence. Indeed, according to Indian teaching, even the most profound consciousness is inferior to a sort of super-consciousness, or bliss, in which the soul returns to, and is merged in, its original source; the final goal of spiritual ambition is to reach and share the Divine Apathy, which is the secret and solution of life; and the ash-besmeared, soul-annihilating answer of the East is better than no question at all.

I longed, therefore, to see the East—the East which will conquer and survive the West and which is so much wiser than the West;

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and, like a worshipper in a truly orientated church, I devoutly faced the East and the ever-returning glory of the great luminary—a fireplace in whose honour was the original altar of mankind. It was, too, a physical pleasure to escape for a bit from the cold and gray and iron of the smoky West to the bright colours and soft scenes of the golden Orient. Although the planet is so explored, and novelties and adventures are well-nigh obsolete, yet the East—its climate, people, vegetation, animals, customs—must still surprise and interest the Western mind; it remains, with its poppies and pearls, the purple patch of a colourless, utilitarian world. Without regret, therefore, one turned from contracted and disciplined Europe, and debouched with rapturous expectation into the unbounded, naked, sun-clad, soulful, serious East. Joyfully, with clasped hands, I hailed its rising, auroral dawn—the deep line of crimson and the emerald shades fading into the light blue—while far behind I left the noisy factory and twilight gloom of the West, and the awful remembrance of its busy hours and overwhelming superfluities.

V

Thus we broke into the Red Sea of a rosy, rathe world. And now appeared on the far horizon of the waters those mirages or illusory scenes—spectral shapes and evanescent hues—that arise from the inversion caused by atmospheric refraction. And, as we approached these ethereal representations we seemed to be passing through the mystic, tremulous veils and shades and tints of some enchanted vestibule that led from the cold rind of the outer world into the fiery secrets of an inner life; it was like the portal and halo of the great temple of the East. And all the genii were present as we were launched on the smooth, translucent surface of this magic mirror of rarefied views and inverted impressions.

> The dew is on the lotus!—Rise, great Sun!
> And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
> Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
> The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!

So, we glided into the vibrating, entrancing phantasm beyond, and it seemed to me to grow less and less unreal, while the ephemeral world of goods and chattels behind us dissolved and vanished under the vaporising glow of the dazzling light and ecstatic vision. For we are, so to speak, getting on the right side of the sun; and denizens of another psychic system—we shall see further and feel deeper, and become more conscious of our transcendent spiritual powers and inheritance.

But soon it is evident, too, that in this clear and light atmosphere much else besides the mirage will appear suspended in the air, and many of our own ideas become, also, rarefied and inverted. A sort of intellectual refraction begins to operate on the spacious horizon of the mind and soul, turning upside down old thoughts and convictions and beliefs and hopes. For, after all, is the mirage less lasting

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or real than anything else which we have come across? Are these illusory shapes and views and promises the first or only representations that I have had my doubts about or that have failed me? Is not all that we think and see—mental images as well as physical phenomena—a specious show and delusion, full of attractive snares and cleverest jugglery, of false inferences and eccentric transformations? Is not life but a series of haphazard and fallacious occurrences? Has one not long since realised that the whole of nature is one gigantic freak, and the world a fraud — that time is a jilt and experience a jade—and all of them ever deceiving, robbing, changing, and forsaking me and mine?

What we call truth or certitude or order or propriety or harmony is only the little fragment of the fundamental chaos which we, in our puny outlook, have got accustomed to. Is not everything but shift and conventionalism and blindness and ignorance and make-believe? What can stand analysis? Behind every illusion there is another; for all we know, the great sun borrows its light from a greater luminary. The mystery of life is greater than any account or explanation of it that has ever been given. The world is so old and complicated that almost any theory can be plausibly run about its origin and meaning, and providing for our conduct in it; and I doubt that any man has been a complete adherent of any particular philosophy or creed, and am sure that every thoughtful, imaginative person has been from time to time guilty of every possible heresy and vagary. For the most part, we do not know whether we believe a thing or not—however we may act or speak in regard to it. The wisest of us makes but an infinitesimal approach to an understanding of the mysterious plight in which we find ourselves. Have ages of pondering got us much further than the back of the tortoise or the calyx of the lotus? Does it matter what anyone thinks about anything, when none can arrive at a definite, ultimate conception, when none, it would seem, can correct or arrest the casual, diffused, incoherent existence which we all carry on and fill our little day with? Nobody has said or done a right thing yet, since none has got more than the most distant and incomprehensible notion of the truth and reality.

Have I, moreover, ever thought that life was anything but a phantasmagoria? Have I ever felt so securely based on solid ground as not to be ready to recognise that the whole world, or any part of it, was at any moment liable to enchantment? I count on nothing, but take matters as one sees and feels them each second; and I guess that many of our most important and influential so-called facts are mere figures of speech, having no substance or objective reality. Much more than the mirage is phenomenal. We have but seeming pictures before us of the world, of ourselves, of the future. Each lives in his own delusion, ensconced and protected by his own prejudices and folly; and, in our saner and less practical moments, we perceive

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how so much that controls our conduct has no existence whatever outside the cerebral hallucination of each one of us.

Was I not, too, approaching a land where all nature is magic and the great Lord a magician? And would not the whole universe disappear if Brahma ceased to look at it? Is it not but a wraith, or phantom-spirit, of him? And I wondered—if the mirage melted—would not the real scene fade too; for I see little difference between an object and its reflection. If the mirror moves, am I not deluded and think that the world moves? All things—all objects, thoughts, feelings—are themselves only a reflection, very blurred and indistinct, of more than we know. What word or symbol, what sight or sound, is not erroneous and misleading? The whirling disk may have many spokes, and all colours will agree in the light; and you are much wiser than I am if you know what's what. As for me, my whole faith and hope is—that things are not as they seem, that there is a world of truth beyond the senses, and that justice works unseen. O that one could pierce through and discover, grip hold of and demonstrate, the non-existence of the phenomenal!

VI

Some such vacillating and impressionist humour was not an unfitting mood and attitude for a visit to India, since you ought to see the East in a dream as it were, and not attempt to give legs to any mirage or an explanation to any illusion or actuality to any vision. Also, it is advisable to endeavour to enjoy the idea of the East, with its few primary colours, before one sets foot in Bombay, for then we shall come up against those empirical particularities which ever mar the universal vision of the imagination; and truth in all matters is a blend of these two points of view. Here, as elsewhere, I would look in the multiplex conglomeration that repels me for the idea that attracts and interests me. Out of three sounds the genius of the musician produces 'not a fourth, but a star,' since that dimension creates and is the *tout ensemble*. For the whole is greater than its parts. The organism is more than all its cells. The universe is larger than space and time; and life is more wonderful than all its affairs and details. The content is not the absolute. The spirit is more than any form or expression. The essence foils words and definitions. The soul surpasses creeds and systems. God is integrity, above all objects and distributions.

But now, Bombay is in sight, and we enter its beautiful harbour, and there arise—clear cut against the Eastern sky—the hills of the island of Elephanta, plumed with palms and their still fronds. The name of the island seemed curiously appropriate,—as though Ireland's Eye, which you see as you approach Dublin Bay, were called Piggy. But I was no longer a Paddy or near my native shore, and I had left my caubeen far away stuck into the window at home; and so, instead, I donned a sola-topee and henceforth was a sahib. KILLANIN.

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WORK FOR THE WEALTHY UNEMPLOYED

Among women generally, and especially among unmarried women, there is a growing unrest. Popular literature betrays it, public meetings bewail it, and private confidences from girls to older women are full of it. Parents are distressed at the dissatisfaction openly displayed by their daughters over the programme of incessant pastimes which they have arranged for their benefit, but as a rule the right remedy is the last one they are inclined to approve or consider.

There is only one cure for this sort of discontent, viz.—an outlet for unused energy in some form of work. Broadly speaking not five per cent. of the women who attend Girton, Newnham, Lady Margaret, or Somerville Hall belong to the Upper Ten Thousand. The education of girls who are not going to earn their living continues to be brought to a summary close at eighteen, though their brothers are sent to college and allowed opportunities, at least, of further instruction till the age of twenty-two. In fact, for many women the private means of their parents is a curse and a handicap. It is considered *infra dig.* for them to have a profession, and they linger on at home trying in vain to be satisfied with desultory occupations and unnecessary trifles. They arrange the flowers and entertain the guests year in and year out. The very rich take refuge in excitement and society. Upon even them an awful pall falls, when after a few seasons in London they find themselves still unmarried, and with younger sisters to take their places in the social whirl. As for clergymen's daughters—those who stay at home are often miserable; visiting the sick does not satisfy every energy, and sometimes they have been well educated and are rather bored than otherwise by mothers' meetings or playing the organ on Sunday.

The mass of unused material which exists among the unoccupied unmarried women of this country would be a matter of concern to politicians if it belonged to the opposite sex. As it is, the movement which fifteen years ago was christened 'Revolted Daughters' reappears in a political form under 'Women's Rights' and the Suffragist movement. The more generous minded among men already acknowledge the 'rights' and encourage 'revolt.' Meanwhile women could, I think, help themselves in a career which no legal disqualification has blocked.

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For this reason I wish to place before them the possibility of doing a much-needed work, and one moreover which will rouse less opposition and cause less dislocation in the home circle than any other of equal importance and interest. At their own doors in most places is a school. At once—to-morrow!—they could visit the schoolmistress, and ask her leave to come down for half an hour, one hour, two hours a week and give instruction to a class on almost any subject they like to suggest. Few people are aware that ladies would be allowed to give this voluntary help in State-aided schools as extra teachers on special subjects. Yet in gardening, botany, carpentry, carving, tailoring, nursing, cooking, boot-mending—any and every help can still be given for limited periods without interference from the Central or Local Authorities, provided always that no extra grant is demanded in consequence of the instruction. If all the discontented ladies who spend weary hours attending their mothers to garden parties and drinking cold tea at 'At Homes' could insist on leisure to perform this definite consecutive work uninterruptedly for two hours a week, they would find life far more bearable to themselves, while their assistance and sympathy would be an unspeakable boon to the lonely village schoolmistress.

All types of hand-work are specially popular, and if the words 'Various lessons' are inserted on the time-table a desirable element of surprise to the taught and liberty to the teacher is secured. But if the girl in question cannot undertake the gardening or cooking class, she can at any rate give a geography lesson. Here she could show the exact route she herself followed in her last tour abroad, describing the dresses, the houses, the food, explaining any differences she noticed in the type of vehicles she passed. She will find that any and every homely detail illustrated by picture post-cards will awaken enthusiasm in the little yokel whose attention wanders sadly when asked routine questions on the capitals of Europe.

Will such a one, think you, ever read of France or Switzerland again without remembering that the lady from the big house helped to pick grapes in a vineyard in that country, and that the little boys there, &c., &c. ? . . . But this is not a geography lesson.

Only, whether professionally or unprofessionally undertaken, an immense unexplored field lies open to many a woman in our country schools. The higher her social position the better: she will be able to hold her own all the more safely if she is not working for her bread and butter. Political influence has hitherto unfortunately been utilised largely for the benefit of the pockets of the ratepayers rather than the welfare of the children. If political or any other social influence could be brought to bear in this kind of way on the nearest school, the benefit to the children would be enormous, and the expense to the ratepayer *nil*.

In most people's minds a great dread exists of 'interfering,' and

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the consequence is that the unfortunate teachers are left alone to solve their own problems and propitiate their own inspectors. Very few of the latter would fail to encourage voluntary help *if regularly given* with a properly drawn up 'scheme' of its object. There is no reason, in spite of financial aid being drawn from the State and official inspection being universal, why voluntary assistance should be withheld from our village schools. If all the unprofessional but capable women of this country would attempt the work with the same zeal that some of them already devote to parish visiting, success would be assured. The fact that parish work is not under official but only under clerical inspection is no doubt the reason for the difference, but I believe any modern official of the County Council or Inspector from the Central or Local Authority would be glad to support an effort such as I have indicated—nay, more, I believe they would welcome it. At any rate, it is worth trying, and under the present conditions it is perfectly legal.

Supplementary teachers are allowed on the staff of a school (see page 34, Paragraph 1, Code of Regulations for Elementary Schools),[1] and special teachers can be employed for any subject in the way I have described.

In America boarded-out children are regularly inspected and mothered by lady visitors, who are not paid for their services. Moreover these wealthy ladies with leisure have a definite responsibility, and report on their protégés to a paid State official. If they fail to carry out their work satisfactorily and methodically they are simply dismissed. Consequently the rich lady is proud of her position: it means recognition from the State that she performs her work efficiently.

In this country it is perhaps more difficult for a patriotic motive to sustain the unassisted efforts of voteless women. But if for one year for two hours a week the women of this land would actually teach a big class in the nearest big school, the difficulty of that experience would nerve their tongues to speak home truths to all the men M.P.s who, with the exception of the representatives of the National Union of Teachers, talk and talk in the House of Commons about an educational system of which they know nothing. Let influential women get the knowledge that influential men lack, and the desire to get things altered will surely grow in force until something is accomplished.

Again, would that these fortunate folk might pause to consider a further proposition.

The ordinary elementary school teacher can by a system of scholarships obtain financial assistance for a long course of previous training, but this does not exclude those who have not had that particular type of experience. If, among my readers, there are some who desire to take up teaching professionally, say between the age of twenty-five and

[1] The Code referred to throughout this article is that of 1908.

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thirty-five, to them also the elementary schools are open, and inasmuch as these ladies are constantly unaware of their own advantages and deeply conscious of their disadvantages, I wish to press upon them another point of view. The elementary schools require the assistance of people with larger means and wider opportunities than those of a bursar, a pupil teacher, or the winner of a scholarship. State nets exist to catch these fish. Why not angle in other waters? We need the assistance of young women who have escaped State supervision, and have been educated at home, in high schools, or abroad. Even if their education has been a trifle unmethodical, the home interests of cultivated people are necessarily on a broader basis than those with less fortunate surroundings. They have read more—they have travelled farther, and sheer worldly prosperity has brought them into contact with people and things that the educational drudge, however clever and successful, knows only from the footnotes of her primer.

The great drawback to all mechanical educational systems is the sameness of the product. Everybody is exactly like everybody else—method becomes a fetish—fashions prevail in 'methods'—and all methods become wrong except the one in fashion. Originality, imagination, diversity, are 'naughty' in a child, and intolerable in the teacher. Crushed by system, and bewildered by incessant inspection, the unfortunate elementary school teacher grows old early, and enjoys even her Saturdays but little, with the knowledge that Monday is near.

This yielding to official pressure and uniformity began in her plastic youth. She was moulded as a pupil teacher into the form then in fashion. With much suffering she has since changed her fashion with her inspectors, but never has she been allowed the luxury of being herself. What I say holds good of both men and women. Where men cannot succeed, how should women hope to do better? Men and women alike who pass through the 'mill' of State education often lose what I wish to see retained—their own individuality.

If women from the wealthier classes would come in uncrushed and fresh to bring their own vigour and life to bear on our country children the effect would be felt in even the town schools of the neighbourhood, and perhaps their more fettered brethren would then dare step outside the suggestions of the Inspectorate, and force the State itself into more elastic regulations, and their own Trades Union—the National Union of Teachers—into less blind belief in the miraculous effect of possessing a certificate.

A very little preparation—at most a year—will enable any average woman to pass the Preliminary Examination,[2] while many women

[2] See page 33 viii., also 33–3, *Code for Elementary Schools*, published by Wyman and procurable for a few pence, or consult *Guide to the Teaching Profession*, by Ikin and Lightfoot, published by the Normal Press, 47 Melford Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

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have already in their youth taken the examinations which are accepted as equivalents to this test. This examination or an equivalent constitutes in itself a legal right to become *Head Mistress* of a country school whose average attendance does not exceed forty, provided the Inspector can report favourably upon the teacher's powers of organisation, &c.[3]

Let us imagine that a lady prefers the smallest school she can get, consisting, perhaps, of between twelve and twenty children. These little schools are rapidly disappearing—I am heretic enough to regret the fact.

Although difficult to organise under red-tape regulations, the personal relationship between teachers and taught—the home-like atmosphere, the necessity that each child should study alone for part of each day, produces to my mind a more natural, more adaptive, and more resourceful pupil than the big Board School can ever turn out.

When, however, these little schools survive, great difficulty is experienced in securing teachers. The villages are usually isolated—the clergyman is sometimes non-resident—the property constantly belongs to a landlord living at a distance; besides all this, the salary is small, and the prospect of promotion smaller. And yet to my mind a cultivated lady might do worse than settle down in such a place, and would find independence and the work itself her own reward.

As a rule a cottage is given rent free—sometimes coal is also included; the salary is seldom less than 60*l.* a year. Inspectors will leave her far more to herself than is the case in town schools—she would be free within the regulations of the Code to try experiments, and, if she has a bicycle, intercourse with her own kind will not be hopeless.

I can recall several schools which I have personally visited where almost infinite scope existed for a triumphant and original school career, but the 'lack of society' constantly left such places to old ladies, and sometimes alas! to the inefficient, and failed to tempt the young and vigorous, who drift as a rule into larger (albeit to my mind more cramped) spheres.

To return, however, to the squire or clergyman's daughter who has passed the Preliminary Certificate examination already specified. (This, by-the-bye, is held at various places all over England every December.) In spite, perhaps, of two hours' experience per week in teaching, and in spite of the fact that she is technically qualified to become head mistress of a small village school—I would strongly recommend her before launching into this career to pass one year as an assistant-teacher in any elementary school she likes; for, apart from teaching power, apart from educational advantages, another essential element to success lies in the technical knowledge required

[3] See page vii, chap. 2, art. 9 (*b*) (11), of the *Code for Elementary Schools.*

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to fill up the necessary 'Forms.' When State aid depends upon statistics, these statistics must be carefully kept. The process requires care and familiarity rather than skill, but this familiarity is learnt more easily in a subordinate position, than it would be as a solitary individual who must hunt up a manager if she requires information.

I press the advisability of this year of trial and preparation because I once knew of a school where the lady teacher discharged the duties of instruction and moral training admirably, but was hopelessly deficient in power to cope with the forms, circulars, &c., with which Local and Central Authorities now deluge the teachers. Her registers were, inadvertently, not always perfect. In consequence of this the Inspector was dissatisfied, and his report led to her dismissal. The whole village suffered from this loss, and the managers were in despair, for a far less well-educated woman succeeded her. This lady, however, fulfilled to the letter the requirements of red-tape, and the authorities were pacified. It is really remarkable in the elementary school system how much more necessary the filling up of forms has become than any power to rouse interest, awake enthusiasm, or be in any sense a mother to the bairns.

Let any lady therefore seek this experience first, and the rest will be added to her. Full recognition of the work she does she must not expect. Spectacles for the near-sighted, foot-stools for the lame, toys for the babies, and love from all, can only be obtained from higher motives, and will pass unrecorded in any Blue-book. The work is a missionary work and must be undertaken in a missionary spirit: neither the Board of Education nor the Local Authority will interfere so long as the Forms are 'in order.'

Like other people, a teacher must regulate her own life. With a cottage of her own, the home-like surroundings which lodgings cannot provide will be an unfailing pleasure. Perhaps a sister, friend, or the village nurse will share it with her, and visitors are always possible.

Let her be sure, whether living alone or not, to spend thought and care on her meals. It is no use attempting to work in an elementary school with a bread-and-butter luncheon. A hot meal, properly served at midday, would save many a breakdown, while a point should be made of regular exercise, be the weather good or bad. My maiden must fight also for fresh air and open windows, and render the life of the managers unbearable until every pane of glass in her schoolroom is made to open. Let her also insist on a teaching chair for herself, and proper warmth. Lastly, let her study to bring some of the 'self-teaching' of the secondary school system into the 'being taught' environment of her elementary school. 'Preparation' is by no means waste time in a child's life. Moreover, if it be done in school, the teacher will be free to supervise the lower classes when the upper classes are thus engaged.

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As for the Infant Department, let her study the 'Reports of Women Inspectors' on children under five, which appeared in 1905; also the Report of the Consultative Committee on the same subject issued in July 1908. In these, clear and simple rules and advice abound.

Again, let no teacher seek to copy servilely the suggestions of the Inspector, but rather to convert him to her own, when she has reason to differ from him; and, above all, let her out of hours read *not* text-books but the literature of our land, so that her mind, thus daily enriched, may never grow stagnant in unreflecting solitude.

With the ordinary holidays, the certain pension in the future, and the present ever-useful routine, the life of an elementary school teacher may be one of value to herself to a degree unknown to those whose pastime is amusement only, and their aim variety.

Ladies must, however, be sure not to take less salary than their predecessors, and they must try to get the Local Authority to spend money on the premises, &c. Their own fortune should go on food and amusements. They must refrain from spoiling the Local Authority by saving them expenses. Unless they are firm in these matters they may lower instead of raise wages all round: and their arrival will be resented by their brethren. I am very anxious this experiment should be tried on a proper economic basis.

As a matter of fact, elementary school teaching can be in some aspects regarded as a sweated industry. This may seem curious, as competition is one of the chief causes of low wages in the recognised sweating trades, and competition has not until lately been excessive among elementary school teachers. The explanation appears to be that emulation is keen enough for all the well-paid posts, but it is non-existent for the ill-paid ones. Into the ill-paid ones drift single women and widows who have been left behind in the race, and there are really hardly enough of them to go round! Moreover these people are tired with life's struggle; they cannot better their own conditions, they can raise no clamour over the ill-ventilated school, the ill-drained yard, or their own inconvenient cottage. If the work was undertaken by a highly educated, wealthier class, they would be in a better position to get the comforts and recreation such a life requires, and it is undeniable that a person with social influence can often get more out of the County Council than any poorer claimant whose demands are based purely on the merits of the case.

In fact, I take it that a few rich country teachers could eventually get better terms for all country teachers, and would, in consequence of the lack of competition for isolated country schools, not oust any but the inefficient.

KATHARINE BATHURST
(Late Inspector of Schools).

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WHAT WERE THE SERAPHIM?

EIGHT years ago I was permitted by the courtesy of the editor to discuss the question 'What were the Cherubim?'[1] and I then brought together sufficient evidence, as I considered, for adopting the conclusion that they were *au fond* and in the earliest stage of Semitic belief personifications of the four winds of heaven on which the God of the firmament was conceived as riding forth, using them as His vehicle or means of manifestation, just as in an Egyptian hymn Amon the God of Heaven appears resplendent 'in the tetrad of the winds of heaven.'[2] Very similar is the representation in Assyrian belief where the storm-spirits sent forth by Rimmon (Hadad), the weather god, are enormous winged creatures, which swoop on swift pinions and breathe flames which are the lightnings.[3] The writer of 1 Chronicles states explicitly that 'the Cherubim which stretch out their wings are the chariot' (*merkâbâh*) of the Most High, a conception largely developed by the prophet Ezekiel. Familiar with the religious imagery of Babylonia, where he is writing, he represents the theophany of Jahveh as essentially elemental in character. In a tempestuous wind issuing from the north he beholds a great cloud, with a fire flashing continually (i. 4), which takes shape as four living creatures yoked together; whither the wind (*ruach*) was to go they went; their appearance was like burning coals of fire, like the appearance of torches, as of a flash of lightning (vv. 12–14), and the noise of their wings was the thunder ('the voice of El Shaddai,' the Mighty, v. 24). These elemental beings are the throne-bearers of Jahveh, and they are formally identified with the Cherubim in the tenth chapter. Milton reproduces the prophetic picture with accuracy:

> Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
> The chariot of paternal Deity,
> Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel withdrawn,
> Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
> By four cherubic shapes.[4]

This cherubic vehicle of the four winds among the old Aramæans

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, February 1901.
[2] Brugsch, *Hymn from the Oasis of El Khargeh*, Sixth Century B.C.
[3] Maspero, *Dawn of Civilisation*, p. 659.
[4] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 749–753.

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actually received divine honour, as a deity Rekûb-El, 'Chariot of God'; denoting originally that in which He rode, exactly as in Psalm xviii. 10 (Heb. *rakab*, Ass. *rakâbu*, to ride).[5]

The two features conspicuous in this phenomenal manifestation of the Divine presence are the winds and the lightnings. If the former received visual embodiment as the Cherubim we would expect that the latter, which make their appeal even more directly and powerfully to the senses, would also be envisaged in some symbolic shape. Now, intimately associated with the Cherubim, first in the Book of Enoch and afterwards in ecclesiastical tradition, which the opening verses of the *Te Deum* make familiar to all, are the Seraphim. They are only mentioned in the Bible by this name in the remarkable theophany which was vouchsafed to Isaiah (Is. vi. 1–8). The two orders of mystical beings thus paired together are closely connected and of kindred origin. That they do not come within the category of angels strictly speaking is evident, as they are never sent as ministers or messengers to men. They are rather a part of the retinue of Jehovah's Majesty, whose province it is to proclaim the glory and magnificence of their Almighty King. Both alike are the winged guardians of His sacred throne, who repel afar all that is unholy.[6] We have a similar scene suggested in the sublime 'Psalm of the seven thunderings,' where the mighty voice of Jehovah is heard upon the waters in the rolling thunder-peals, while it also 'cleaveth the flames of fire' in the gloom-splitting lightnings, and 'everything in His Palace cries "Glory!"' (Psalm xxix. 3, 7, 9.) So in Isaiah's vision, the Palace (Heb. *hekal*, which is the Assyrian *E-kal*, the Great House) of the Lord of Sabaoth is revealed to him, and the Seraphim, who are hovering above His throne on extended wings, cry aloud 'The whole earth is full of His glory' (vi. 3). Both Cherubim and Seraphim are religious conceptions founded on the same phenomenal basis that is suggested by the Psalm, and they speak only in the sense that they utter forth the praises of their Creator. If we are correct in believing that the Cherubim were originally the storm-winds, we might be prepared to expect that their coadjutors the Seraphim are the lightnings, and there is little doubt that this is so, as I shall proceed to show.[7]

Primitive man, richly endowed with the childlike faculty of poetising common things, sees life everywhere. He imagines that everything that moves has the conscious activity which he has himself, and he freely attributes earthly and animal qualities to physical and aerial phenomena. The sun which traverses the sky is to him a brilliant soaring bird; the lazy-pacing clouds as they drift are cattle

[5] Ball, *Light from the East*, p. 184; Maspero, *Passing of Empires*, p. 38.

[6] In an Egyptian text quoted by Piehl a winged creature protects sanctity with her wings. (*P.S.B.A.*, xiv. 142).

[7] I find that Professor Cornill has already adopted this view, *Prophets of Israel*, p. 21; see also Haupt, *Acts of Oriental Congress*, 1899, p. clxxiv.

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being slowly driven over their azure pastures; the dark circling clouds are a winding dragon—'Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish'; [8] and the swift lightning is nothing less than a darting serpent.

Now Serâphîm in Hebrew is the plural of *sârâph*, a burning creature, from a root *sâraph*, to burn up or consume with fire (Assyrian *sharâpu*). The word elsewhere is always used as the name of a burning or fiery serpent of the desert (Num. xxi. 8; Deut. viii. 15; Is. xiv. 29, xxx. 6), which appears to have been so called from the inflammatory consequences of its venomous bite. Mr. Finn, who was formerly our Consul at Jerusalem, states that the natives of the desert west of the Red Sea call a certain serpent *meshabiyeh*, from the Arabic *meshâbeh*, a dart or arrow,[9] from its habit of flinging itself from point to point through the air with astonishing velocity; and he adds that they also apply to it the epithet of 'flying,' just as Isaiah does (xxx. 6). He suggests that being long and yellow when darting rapidly in the sunshine, it may glitter like a flame.[10] This enables us to understand how the same word is applicable in Hebrew to the serpent and to lightning, just as in Greek *prêster*, 'burner,' has the same two meanings.[11] There is nothing to suggest that Isaiah is using the words in totally different senses in chapter vi. and chapters xiv. and xxx., nor would a Hebrew reader understand him as doing so.

Near akin to *sârâph*, the fiery serpent, is the Assyrian *Sarâpu*, the Burning One; a title given to the Sun-God Nergal as expressive of his burning heat.[12] It is further to be noticed that in the Greek version of the Book of Enoch *drakontes*, or serpents, stand for the Seraphim, over whom, in conjunction with the Cherubim, Gabriel the angel of fire, presides (ch. xx. 7).[13] Dr. Benzinger in consequence adopts the conclusion that these symbolic beings bore the actual form of the reptile, which seems highly improbable.[14]

It is much more likely that there lies at the root of the conception the popular mythologising idea of the lightning as a snake-like

[8] *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xii. 3.

[9] So *akontias* in Greek is both a darting serpent and a darting meteor, like Latin *aculus*, the *javelin*-serpent, 'Swift thro' the air the flying javelin shoots'—Rowe; which Topsell calls the 'dart,' *History of Serpents*, 1608, p. 145. Compare 'arrow-snake,' *R.V.*, Is. xxxiv. 15, which is also the literal meaning of the Arabic *tayyârah*. On the other hand, Aeschylus calls an arrow 'a winged glistering serpent,' *Eumenides*, l. 172, and the Psalmist calls arrows 'lightnings (*rishpe*) of the bow,' Psalm lxxvi. 3. Tennyson calls lightning "a flying fire in heaven"—*Boadicea*.

[10] J. Finn, *Byways in Palestine*, p. 304.

[11] 'We find in Suidas *prester* for the fire of heaven or for a cloud of fire carried about with a vehement strong wind, and sometimes lightnings. And it seemeth that this is indeed a fiery kind of serpent.'—Topsell, *History of Serpents*, 1608, p. 215. It is to be noted that the Welsh *sarff*, a serpent, has nothing to do with *sârâph*, but is akin to Sansk. *sarpa*, a serpent. The Welsh have a 'fiery' viper (M. Trevelyan).

[12] Cheyne, *The Expositor*, 3rd Ser. 2, 319.

[13] Cheyne, *Bib. Encyclopædia*, p. 745. See also Ewald, *Prophets of Old Testament*, ii. 70; W. R. Smith, *Prophets of Israel*, 1882, p. 218.

[14] *Jewish Encycl. s.v.* '*Seraphim*.'

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creature, darting down from the sky, with a forked fiery tongue, and dealing death to what it strikes.[15] Abundance of evidence can be adduced in the way of analogies which render this conclusion the most probable. In all lands, and not in those only of a primitive state of civilisation, men have seen in the phenomena of lightning a resemblance to writhing serpents, and they have seen correctly. Instantaneous photography shows that this depicture is really far more true to Nature than the sharp-angled zigzag which has long been accepted as the conventional symbol of the flash. The word ἀπόῤῥοια, 'efflux,' which Aquila uses as a rendering of lightning in Ezekiel i. 14, accurately reproduces the stream-like flowing of the electric fluid. No less graphic is ἑλίκιας, the tortuous or twisting flash, and the line in Aeschylus which speaks of the bellowing of the thunder accompanied by the gleaming forth of the 'twisters' (ἕλικες, *Prom. Vinctus*, l. 1104), a word properly used of the coils and spires of the winding serpent. The keen eyes of the Indian tribes of Central America have not failed to discern this resemblance. In a wall-painting of the Navajos, which embodies a prayer to Omá-a, the god of the clouds, to send rain upon their growing crops, red and blue snakes darting right and left out of the embanked clouds represent lightnings, while perpendicular lines show the descent of rain. See the remarkable plates xix and xxiii in J. G. Bourke's *Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona*, 1884, pp. 120, 124. They bear a curious likeness to the Egyptian hieroglyphics in which the same two phenomena are depicted by waved and straight lines descending from a canopy (*pet*) which stands for the sky.[16] The Algonkins also conceived the lightning as a long serpent of fire which is disgorged by Manitou, the Sky-god, and they even pretend that they find the reptile under trees which have been struck by a flash.[17] The Shawnees share this belief and add that the rumbling of the thunder is the noise made by this huge atmospheric serpent.[18]

Sahagun, in his account of the religion of the ancient Mexicans, mentions that they worship the Tlalocs or Genii of the lightning under the form of serpents, and the golden serpent which Tlaloc, the thunder-god himself, brandishes in his hand has the same significance.

[15] In ancient Babylonia *enum-gir*, 'heaven-striker,' the lightning, was sometimes symbolised by *gir*, 'striker,' 'stinger,' the scorpion.—R. Brown, *Prim. Constellations*, i. 76; ii. 141.

Some excellent reproductions of photographs of flashes showing their serpentine form are given in the *London Magazine*, August 1905, pp. 59, 60. It is interesting to note that the Jewish Chronicles of Jerahmeel when speaking of the Seraphim say 'from their faces streams down a fiery river,' ch. i. 13, ed. Gaster, p. 9.

[16] *Trans. of Soc. of Bib. Archæology*, vi. 475. The Maya hieroglyph of the atmospheric firmament given by Dr. Brinton, *Essays of an Americanist*, p. 201, is very similar. *Cf.* Fr. *serpenter*, to wind, "la lave *serpente*"—Lamartine.

[17] De Rialle, *Mythologie Comparée*, p. 98; Goldziher, *Mythology of the Hebrews*, p. 185.

[18] Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, 3rd ed. p. 136.

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'Rien ne représente mieux,' says M. de Rialle, 'la foudre sillonnant la nue qu'un serpent de feu.'[19] 'L'éclair semble un serpent de feu qui traverse l'espace avec une rapidité vertigineuse, et certains dieux de la foudre et de l'air portaient des serpents dans les mains.'[20]

The Huichol Indians visited by Carl Lumholtz regarded the darting lightning as a serpent (*Unknown Mexico*, ii. 234), and the same mythological idea is found among the Zunis, the Pueblos, and other tribes of Indians, who consequently revere the serpent as a sacred animal, and as an emblem of the fruitfulness produced by the lightning and the fertilising showers which accompany it.[21] It is interesting to note a people so remote from these as the Ainus having a legend that the lightning flashes are nothing else but a mythical serpent and his brood seen descending from the sky.[22] The Mordvines in a similar way see a fiery snake in the trail of a shooting star.[23]

But we need not travel so far afield to find instances of this envisaging of the phenomenon. I have myself heard an intelligent Englishwoman, as she gazed on the fitful gleams of a thunderstorm, exclaim with admiration 'What a splendid snake that was!' when an unusually brilliant jag rent the curtain of the night; and Mr. Baring-Gould reports a German peasant as greeting a vivid flash, as it struck downwards, with the remark 'What a glorious serpent!'[24] 'Fire-drake,' the name which our forefathers frequently gave to a flaming meteor, embodied the same conception, 'drake' being an old word (A. Sax. *draca*) for a serpent or 'dragon' (Lat. *draco*).

> The fiery drake alofte
> Fleeth up in the air.—Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, iii. 96.
>
> So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight.
> Chapman, *Caesar and Pompey*, iii. 1.

Near akin and of the same phenomenal origin is the *drakos*, or atmospheric demon, of the modern Greeks, which exclaims in a folk-song,

> Know that I'm the lightning's son, the daughter of the thunder.[25]

[19] De Rialle, *Mythologie Comparée*, p. 300.

[20] *Ibid.* p. 317. Robertson Smith remarks 'that the primitive man interprets the remote by the near, and thinks of heavenly bodies as men or animals like the animate denizens of the earth'—*Religion of the Semites*, p. 127. The wings which Isaiah attributes to the Seraphim were perhaps suggested by streamers issuing from the shoulders of light-deities, which in Assyrian art indicated beams, and have much the effect of pinions; moreover, they are generally six in number, three on each side, as in Isaiah vi. 2.

[21] Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 134; Lang, *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, ii. 61; W. J. Hoffman, *Beginnings of Writing*, pp. 131, 160. 'He maketh lightnings for the rain.'—Psalm cxxxv. 7. A. H. Keane, *Man Past and Present*, p. 403.

[22] J. Batchelor, *The Ainus and their Folk-lore*, p. 358.

[23] Max Müller, *Contributions to Mythology*, p. 252. M. Petitot describes the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis as 'livid serpents, with metallic gleams, gliding silently through the depths of space,' Reclus, *Primitive Folk*, p. 5.

[24] *Book of Werewolves*, p. 171; cf. *Fortnightly Review*, 1894, p. 537.

[25] H. F. Tozer, *Highlands of Turkey*, ii. 303; L. M. J. Garnet, *Greek Folk-Songs*, p. 79.

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In a thirteenth century poem Satan is styled the '*furbernynde* (fire-burning) *drake*';[26] and still earlier the Beowulf knows of the *fyr-draca* (l. 2690) or 'fire-serpent.'

Turning now to the religions of antiquity, when the mythologising faculty was in its prime, we find, as we might expect, this striking feature of the storm drama envisaged in precisely the same manner. Among the Avestan worshippers the principle of fire was hailed as revealing itself, says Dr. Mills, in the 'snake-like figure' of the forked lightning as it darted from the heavens;[27] and the 'fiendish snake' of the tempest cloud, Azi Dahâka (Zohak), which sprang down to the earth to blight the good creation, was no doubt originally the blasting lightning-flash.[28] The serpentine form of the storm-fiend was suggested by the sinuosity of the lightning, and the descent of Ahriman to the earth in this guise is thus to be accounted for. And for this reason Aurvataspa, identical with Apãm Napât, 'the Son of the Waters' (of the Sky), the lightning god born in the clouds, is sometimes represented brandishing a writhing snake in his hand.[29] The Moki Indians believe that the water god shows himself in the lightning which takes the form of a serpent, and it is so depicted on their prayer-sticks and on rocks.[30]

According to some mythologists the serpent which the Greeks held sacred to Athene, the goddess of the thunder-cloud, was in this connexion the lightning;[31] and the divinised serpents of the Vedas, including the storm-fiend Ahi, are likewise of meteoric origin.[32] The fire-spitting snake which illumines the darkness of the Egyptian Amenti or Hades[33] can hardly have a different meaning.

In the Babylonian Epic of the Creation (Tablet ii.) when Tiâmât arms her host for the conflict, among the various mythological serpents which she summons are 'the raging pythons,' 'with awful brightness she robed them,' and also 'fierce white snakes' (ll. 115–121), where the Assyrian word *ûmu* seems akin to the Arabic *uyum*, long white venomous serpents. Mr. Ball suggests that these represent the storm-clouds,[34] but they are much more likely, I think, to be the lightnings. Moreover, in a Babylonian hymn one of the seven evil

[26] *An Old English Miscellany*, E.E.T.S., p. 181. [27] *Avestan Eschatology*, p. 71.

[28] Darmesteter, *The Zend-Avesta*, i. pp. lxxii., lxxiii. In Arabic he is said to have been called Dechak 'the laugher' (M. Müller, *Chips*, iv. 285, 1907), which is also a name for the lightning. Sir R. F. Burton compares Illyrian *Azhdaja*, a dragon (serpent).—*Etruscan Bologna*, p. 226.

[29] Maspero, *Passing of the Empires*, p. 581; *Zend-Avesta*, ii. 6.

[30] M. C. Judd, *Wigwam Stories of N. A. Indians*, 55–6.

[31] Lang, *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, ii. 247.

[32] De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 306; J.R.A.S., 1893, 429.

[33] Wiedemann, *Rel. of Ancient Egyptians*, p. 94. See the representation of a fire-breathing and serpentine dragon flying across the sky taken from an old French chap-book in Nisard, *Livres Populaires*, i. 110. In Esthonian folk-belief shooting stars are little dragons.—Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, p. 1847.

[34] *Light from the East*, p. 3.

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messengers of Anu, the Sky-god, which fly forth at his bidding, is the serpent ;[35] its companions being the wind, the rain, and the tempest ; this must in all probability be the swift and sinuous flash.

Still less doubt can be entertained as to the meaning of the following from a Babylonian incantation in which evil spirits are described as

> Great worms (? snakes)[36] let loose from heaven here below,
> Terrible ones, whose roarings pervade the city,
> Which fall with the waters of heaven.[37]

In the cognate field of Hebrew tradition we note Livyâthân (Leviathan, Job iii. 8), the twisting serpent as its name implies (*coluber tortuosus*—Jerome), and 'the flying serpent' of Job xxvi. 13, which appear to be aerial phenomena, and, as some have thought, phases of the lightning.[38] Goldziher has no doubt that the fiery flying serpent of Isaiah xiv. 29 is a mythologising presentment of this brilliant manifestation of power.[39] Accordingly neither Semite nor savage would have any difficulty in divining the answer to Schiller's riddle :

> Unter allen Schlangen ist eine
> Auf Erden nicht gezeugt,
> Mit der an Schnelle keine,
> An Wuth sich keine vergleicht.
>
> Not one there is of serpent kind
> Such as the earth doth bear,
> That in its rage and swiftness
> With this one can compare.

How natural it is to conceive the wreathed lightning, with its sudden spring and deadly bite, as a flaming serpent, is evidenced by the frequent employment of this figure of speech by our own writers. 'Outleapt the flash with the spring of a serpent,' says Mr. Thomas Hardy in his *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1895, p. 292), calling the phenomena immediately afterwards 'undulating snakes of green' (p. 294). Major Leonard speaks of 'the electric element overhead running riot in vivid streaks of living fire, like fiery sky serpents, over the cloud-covered vault' (*The Lower Niger*, 1906, p. 124), and later on of 'the serpent-gliding lightning flashes' (p. 551).[40]

Similarly the German divine, Dr. J. P. Lange, commenting on Satan's fall from heaven :—'The lightnings of snake-like light, at its fall to the earth, dissolved into dark gloomy snakes with lightning-

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[35] Sayce, *Rel. of the Ancient Babylonians*, p. 463. Anu is probably meant by the Chaldean Jupiter, whose statue, Macrobius says, surmounted the temple of Belus. The veil bordered with serpents which hung from his shoulders is supposed to signify the clouds which veil the sky whence spring the serpentine lightnings.—De Rougemont, *Le Peuple Primitif*, i. 180, 288.

[36] *Ûmu rabû*, but see Muss-Arnolt, *Assyr. Dict.* p. 54.

[37] Maspero, *Lectures Historiques*, p. 231 ; Sayce, *Hibbert Lect.*, p. 451.

[38] Goldziher, *Mythology of the Hebrews*, pp. 184, 224. [39] *Ibid.* p. 185.

[40] On the other hand, Coleridge says of water-snakes,

> They coiled and swam ; and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire.—*The Ancient Mariner*, pt. iv.

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like darting and with sinister gleam.'[41] And, needless to say, the comparison is common in the poets ; *e.g.* :

> The lightnings pour not down, from ragged holes
> In heaven, the torment of their forked tongues,
> And, like fell serpents, dart and sting—not yet.
>
> J. Ingelow, *Poems*, 1885, ii. 204.

> With jet-black troughs the mad seas break at him,
> And the lightning springs like a hissing snake at him.
>
> Robert Buchanan.[42]

> Here in the night appears a flaming spire,
> There a fierce dragon folded all in fire.
>
> J. Sylvester, *Div. Workes and Weeks*, 1621, p. 33.

The worship of thunder which marks the Naga-feast, or snake festival of the Hindus held in July,[43] suggests that the *Naga* or serpent must have originally been the lightning.

Finally, as already mentioned, the Book of Enoch places the *drakontes* or serpents in company with the Cherubim under the presidency of Gabriel, evidently meaning the serpent-like lightnings which are the Seraphim. Sufficient reasons have been alleged, therefore, for warranting the conclusion that Seraph is really at bottom the same word as Sârâph, the fiery flying serpent, and a spiritualised embodiment of the serpent-like lightning as it flashes and darts from the dark thundercloud which Jehovah makes His chariot[44] :

> Those eternall burning Seraphims
> Which from their faces dart out fierie light.[45]

The 'wings' of Isaiah vi. 1, were naturally assigned to them to symbolise the swift motion of their wavering gleam. Maimonides explains that certain forms of the lower animals were introduced in the description of angels to mark their inferiority to the divine existence, and that the most perfect and most sublime movement of the brute creation is flying.[46] The human faces and limbs would doubtless be added to help on the personification. Thus when the Hebrew

[41] *Life of Christ*, translated by M. G. Huxtable, iii., p. 417.

[42] Compare—

> Quick as Indra's forked lightning are these arrows feather-plumed,
> Deadly as the hissing serpent are these darts with points illumed.
>
> *Ramayana*, trans. R. Dutt, p. 106.

[43] Hopkins, *Religion of India*, p. 536.

[44] So Kautsch, Hastings, *B. D.*, v. 644 ; Cheyne ; Strachan ; Delitzsch, *New Com. on Genesis*, i. 174 ; Riehm ; W. R. Smith, *Prophets of Israel*, p. 218 ; Ewald, *Prophets of Old Testament*, ii. 70. The Seraphim wear the form of serpents in the *Secrets of Enoch*, ed. Charles, xii. 1, and p. xxx.

[45] Spenser, *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*, l. 95.

[46] *Guide of the Perplexed*, pt. i. ch. 49. Similarly the Zulus regard the lightning as a fabulous bird which descends in the thunderstorm.—Callaway, *Religious System of the Amazulu*, pp. 381–3. The deity of Central America which personifies the wind is conceived as a flying serpent or bird serpent—Reville, *Religion of Mexico and Peru*, p. 38.

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seer in ecstatic vision beheld Jahveh like a human monarch enthroned within His palace, and wearing a royal robe with a wide-extended train which covered all the pavement, certain attendants of His Majesty appeared to the eyes of his soul as super-sensuous beings clothed in apocalyptic symbols—but symbols necessarily suggested by natural and physical objects, and especially by the visible phenomena of the meteoric firmament. Where indeed could the fittest emblems of heavenly things be sought, if not there? We are not bound to hold as an article of faith that these personifications of the winged lightnings seen in vision have a literal and substantive existence as such, any more than we are compelled to believe in the anthropomorphism of the vision as literally a fact. Both are a more or less material embodiment of beings to man invisible as they impressed themselves on the seer's entranced consciousness. 'Angels are incorporeal,' says Maimonides, 'and have no permanent bodily form independent of the mind of him who perceives them; they exist entirely in prophetic visions and depend on the action of the imaginative power.' Many will probably consider the winds and lightnings more ethereal ideals of spiritual beings than the later conception of beautiful youths endowed with pinions. Certainly there is nothing in the world of Nature more awe-inspiring in its magnificence than the sudden revelation of the dazzling flash as it makes itself visible in momentary splendour.[47] It seems a very fissure opening in the floor of heaven. To Isaiah it was a symbol of the all-consuming holiness of God which burns up (*sârâph*) all that is unholy and purifies the unclean; and he boldly adopts the already familiar word, 'saraph' or fiery serpent,[48] without a hint that he means something essentially different. We must not let the evil connotation, which later became attached to the idea, prejudice us against its employment for celestial images.

An incidental and confirmatory proof of the fiery nature of the Seraph is suggested by the burning 'coal of fire,' which he is represented by Isaiah as carrying from the altar to the prophet. In the language of Hebrew poetry 'live coals,' or 'stones of fire,' are frequently used for lightnings, and thunderbolts conceived as kindled embers hurled blazing from the sky.[49] In 2 Sam. xx. 13, for instance, the levin is described as 'coals of fire' (*gacheleth*); and here we find the meteoric flames which, as I believe, are the idealistic basis of the

[47] It is doubtless only a coincidence that Thomson introduces Seraphs into his picture of a thunderstorm:

> That very voice
> Which thunders terror through the guilty heart
> With tongues of Seraphs whispers peace to thine.—*Summer.*

[48] Isaiah uses it so, xiv. 29, xxx. 6.

[49] So Shakespeare speaks of 'the lightning flash' and 'the all-dreaded thunderstone.'—*Cymbeline*, IV. ii. Milton has 'the flaming seraph' (*P. L.* v. 875), and 'celestial ardours' (*ibid.* 249); Pope, 'the rapt seraph that adores and burns' (*Essay on Man*); Thomson, 'seraphs burning round the Almighty's throne' (*Castle of Indolence*, ii. 49). May we compare 'the effulgurations of Jah' (*Cant.* viii. 6)?

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Seraphim, in close connexion with the winds which are identified by the parallelism of the distich with the Cherubim. In the sublime theophany of Jahveh in the tempest

> He rode upon a cherub and did fly,
> Yea, He was seen upon the wings of the wind;
> At the brightness before Him
> Coals of fire were kindled.—(*vv.* 11, 13, and 8);

which is more literally expressed in the words that follow:

> Jahveh thundered from heaven,
> And the Most High uttered His voice,
> And He sent out arrows and scattered them,
> Lightning and discomforted them.—(*v.* 14);

or, as Psalm xviii. 13, has it, 'hailstones and coals of fire.' In Habakkuk iii. 5–11, a passage of a very similar character, the presence of Jahveh on His sacred mountain-top is manifested by His thunder, and by the lightnings which issue forth at His side, as arrows and glittering spears, and at His feet under the semblance of burning coals. The word employed here is Reseph, the lightning (as in Psalm lxxviii. 48; lxxvi. 3), akin to Isaiah's word for 'live coal' (vi. 6), partly personified as one of the attendants or ministers of the wrathful Deity, and so virtually equivalent to the Seraph. Quite similarly in the vision of Ezekiel, ch. i. 4–6, we observe the same phenomenal agents of Divine manifestation; the Cherubim in the likeness of four living creatures (the four cardinal winds), with cloud and whirlwind, and also 'the appearance of fire flashing continually.' In other words, they are accompanied by the Seraphim, or lightning angels;[50] and in a later passage (Ezek. x. 7) a cherubic being is seen to take forth fire in his hand from the midst of the whirling Cherubim, exactly as the Seraph takes it in the vision of Isaiah.

In quite the same manner one of the Assyrian Deluge tablets in a magnificent inscription of a storm introduces in close connexion the Guzalli or throne-bearers—the Cherubic winds—which 'traverse mountain and plain,' and the Anunnaki or Seraphs of lightning which 'bear flaming-brands (*dibrati*) and in their wild course burn up the earth.'[51]

The same connexion of the Cherubim with lightnings and thunderings comes out in the obscure imagery of Ezekiel xxviii. 'thou wast the consecrated cherub that overshadoweth . . . upon the holy mountain of God thou hast walked up and down in the midst of

[50] Heywood in his *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels* had an inkling of the truth,

> Seraph, if we but retyre
> To the word's force, importeth nought save fire
> Cherub, aire.—Bk. iv. p. 217.

[51] Boscawen, *The Bible and the Monuments*, p. 137; or, 'with their sheen lighten the world'—Ball, *Light from the East*, p. 38; so Maspero, *Dawn of Civilisation*, p. 568; Jastrow, *Rel. of Babylonia*, p. 500.

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the stones of fire' (*v.* 14); 'I have destroyed thee, overshadowing cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire' (*v.* 16). This constant association of the fiery and fulminating phenomena of the firmament with the Cherubim is suggestive of their relation to the Seraphim. In precisely the same manner the four Cherubic beings in the Apocalypse of St. John, who before God's throne re-echo the 'Thrice-Holy' of Isaiah's Seraphim, have lightnings and thunderings as accompaniments of their praises (Rev. iv. 5–8).[52]

But probably the most explicit passage for the purpose of illustration is that afforded by Psalm civ. 3–4:

> He maketh the clouds His chariot,
> He goeth forth upon the wings of the wind;
> He maketh the winds His angels (or messengers),
> The flaming fire His ministers.

In other words, when Jahveh displays His glorious Majesty He makes use of the winds and lightnings, which are the Cherubim and Seraphim, to herald His approach. Hence when the Psalmist calls on all the powers of Nature to do homage to Him he appropriately says 'Praise Jahveh from the earth ye serpents, fire . . . and stormy wind fulfilling His word'—Ps. cxlviii. 7, 8. It is sufficiently obvious therefore that when Isaiah mentions that the Seraphim offer the service of praise to their great Creator he is merely stating as a matter of fact what the Song of the Three Children expresses as an invocation:

> O all ye winds, bless ye the Lord . . .
> O ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the Lord,
> Praise and exalt Him above all for ever.—(*vv.* 43, 51);

and there is as little reason to imagine articulate speech on their part as in Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise*:

> Ye Lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
> Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with praise!

Or in Wordsworth's:

> Ye storms resound the praises of your King.

Dante[53] brought out the true spirit of the Isaianic vision when he spoke of

> the heavens
> Glad with the singing of those holy fires
> Which of their six wings make themselves a cowl;

and as in some measure analogous to the antheming lightnings we may compare the Maruts, or storm-spirits of the Vedas, which as 'singers' are said to raise their hymn (*arká*) of praise in songs of flame to the music of the gale[54]: 'gale' itself indeed being that which *sings* amidst the trees, as does the night*ingale*.

[52] See Massie, in Hastings *B. D.*, iii. 129.
[53] 'Col canto di que' fuochi pii'—*Paradiso*, ix. 77. [54] M. Müller, *Vedas*, i. 78.

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To find the earliest suggestion of this personification of elemental forces we have to turn back to the third chapter of Genesis (*v.* 24). There we find two guardian powers set at the entrance of Paradise to repel man's return. One of these is the Cherubim, a personification of the winds, the other is 'the whirling flame of a sword.' This fiery phenomenon, which strikes right and left like a keen blade, is not represented as being wielded in the hand of the Cherubim, but as a distinct and independent agent; and as the very same word which is used there of the whirling flame is used in Job xxxvii. 12 of the lightning, which 'turns round about by His guidance' (compare xxxvi. 32), we may confidently infer that the second of the sentinel powers which act as God's guards are the darting lightnings.[55] We may further compare the 'flying swords' of 2 Esdras xv. 41, which are aerial phenomena associated with fire and hail; and the fork-like waving thunderbolt which Hadad the weather-god and Marduk brandish in their hands as a weapon.[56]

As strongly confirmatory of the view here advanced I would direct attention to the pair of symbolic figures which the Assyrians were accustomed to set as protecting guardians at each side of the gate of the King's palace. These are called in the inscriptions *shedi* and *lamassi*. The *shedi* or genii were the winged bulls, which, as symbolising power in motion have been identified with the Cherubim as embodiments of the winds. The meaning of the *lamassi* is not so obvious; but when we learn that this word is very probably derived from *lamas*, which means flame, and that *lamas-su*, the name of an Assyrian asterism, means 'the flaming one,' being explained on the tablet where it occurs as 'the burning-fire of the Goddess Bahu,'[57] we seem justified in concluding that these guardian *lamassi* were 'the burning ones,' and so an exact equivalent both in name and

[55] So Thureau-Dangin; Kalisch; R. S. Poole and others. *The Book of Jubilees*, (ab. 100 B.C.), amongst other elemental spirits mentions angels of the lightning (ii. 2, p. 13, ed. Charles). Chashmalim, electric or amber angels, were the fourth order (Maimonides, *Yad Haz*, ch. ii).

[56] The three-forked tongue (*lingua trisulca*) commonly attributed to the serpent by the classical writers seems to have been borrowed from the old representation of the lightning as a sheaf of three-pointed arrows; 'the three-bolted thunder' of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 764; *e.g. trisulcum fulmen*—Varro; *trisulcum telum Jovis*—Ovid. Thus the flying eagle, carrying the trifid thunderbolt in its talons as a symbol of the lightning, is a counterpart of the winged Seraph of the Hebrews. See D'Alviella, *Migration of Symbols*, pp. 97–99; Bochart, i. 25. Similarly in North American mythology the serpent as lightning is frequently associated with birds as winds.—Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 141. Sylvester, with more reason probably than he knew, represents the guilty pair as driven out of Eden by—

> A Seraphim that bore
> A warning sword, whose body shined bright
> Like flaming comet in the midst of night.
>
> *Divine Weekes and Workes*, 1621, p. 199.

[57] See R. Brown, *Prim. Constellations*, ii. 82; Spencer, *De Legibus Heb.* ii. 353; Lenormant, *Beginnings of History*, identifying *lahat*, the flame of the revolving sword, Gen. iii. 24, with *littu* (*lihittu*), the lightning weapon of Marduk (p. 143).

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function of the piercing and circling flame which protected the entrance of Paradise.[58] Both alike we may identify in their ground idea with the fiery and serpentine embodiment of the lightning, to which Isaiah gave the name of Seraphim.[59]

When we add that bronze serpents used to be erected at the portals of Babylonian temples as guardians, and that Nebuchadnezzar the Second, speaking of the gates of Babylon, says, 'strong bulls of bronze [*i.e.* Cherubim] and powerful snakes standing upright [*i.e.* Seraphim] I set at their threshold,'[60] nothing seems wanting to complete the proof.

A. Smythe Palmer.

[58] Compare Esarhaddon's account of his colossi: 'Right and left of the doorways I caused *shedi* and *lamassi* to be set up; *they are placed there to repulse the wicked*'—*Revue de l'Hist. des Religions*, i. 43; Perrot-Chipiez, *Hist. of Art in Chaldæa*, 266 *note*.

[59] I might have mentioned above (note 21) that with the Aztecs the glittering lightning was their fire god covered with gleaming feathers like unto wings (Brinton, p. 169), and that Schwartz (*Ursprung der Mythologie*) has shown how frequently the electric discharge was assimilated to a deadly darting serpent, the reptile which, according to Porphyry, 'was held to be of a fiery nature and of incredible celerity' (Cory, *Anct. Fragments*, p. 22). The Chipeway Michabo as lord of the lightning brandishes a rattlesnake, 'the snake with feathers which moves in the waters' of the sky (Brinton, 201, 141), when God 'divides the night with flying flame' (Tennyson).

[60] Sayce, *Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia*, p. 471; Trumbull, *The Threshold Covenant*, pp. 110, 234; Ball, *Light from the East*, p. 31.

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THE ATTITUDE OF CANADA

THE prevailing note in the relations between the various self-governing parts of the British Empire seems just now to be one of exuberant good feeling. So much magnanimity is there that one sometimes hears Englishmen talk with complacency of the time when, by the shifting of population, Ottawa and not London may have become the capital of the Empire and the Mother Country the dependency almost of her present dependencies. Prussia has been absorbed into Germany; why should not England lose herself in a larger state? A Canadian is almost astounded when he picks up *The Times* to see how much space is given to the affairs of his country. If he is old enough to remember that, twenty-five years ago, he felt something like a glow of pride when he found in a copy of *The Times* a single paragraph relating to Canada, he will not fail to be impressed by the change. Yet it may puzzle him. It is probably true that four-fifths of the people of Canada do not understand the present attitude of Great Britain towards them. They are not conscious of any considerable change in outlook. They have always believed in their own country. They have always valued the tie with Great Britain, and they are content to go along in the old way with the difference only of a somewhat stronger national feeling as Canadians. On the other hand, most Englishmen have changed their point of view. One is obliged at times almost to rub one's eyes. The old note that the Colonies may go when they like, and good luck to them, is changing not merely to a desire to retain them, but to a nervous dread lest they may go and thus bring about Britain's ruin. The Englishman has been wondering whether, since there is no immortality on earth for the individual, so also may there be none for any state, and he is haunted by the fear that the days are numbered of Britain, the oldest of the present great monarchies of Europe.

It is striking to see with what humility of spirit the Englishman is trying to meet a new situation. Of late years he has been told so often that in facing new conditions he is unadaptive and arrogant that now he distrusts himself. The national character has hardly changed—national character does not change in a generation. The Englishman still believes that his is the highest type of civilisation

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in the world, and I rather think he is right. But the more thoughtful are deeply anxious to be conciliatory and to understand the point of view of other nationalities within the Empire. They are frank in admitting past mistakes and failures. In their present theory of Empire they put the Canadians, for instance, and themselves on a perfectly equal footing. When one remembers that the Briton alone has been carrying the heavy load of the army and navy, adequate to defend this Empire, it is not his arrogance but his modesty and humility that are noteworthy.

It is towards Canada that he is most wistful. Rightly or wrongly, many Englishmen have come to think that the well-being of England is bound up with Canada, and that the great Dominion will soon be the heart of the Empire. Their own population may begin to decline; and they picture an aggressive Germany outnumbering Great Britain two to one. In gloomy moments they remember what Holland, another maritime state with only a small home territory, once was, and what she now is, and then they see that the tie with Canada will save the situation. Here is a vast and almost unpeopled land with amazing possibilities. Let but Canada and Great Britain unite their resources and the future is no longer gloomy but steadily brighter as Canada fills up. Germany, instead of outnumbering, will soon be outnumbered by this mighty combination, and Britain will be sure to remain one of the leading states of the world. Mr. Chamberlain has even dreamed of a union between Great Britain, Canada, and other states from which should be evolved 'a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles of sea.' Lord Milner, while less exuberant, thinks that an organic union to form a single body politic is possible for the British Empire. It is true that when details are required he becomes vague. But the desire for such close union is real. Were it seen to be finally impossible many a Briton would despair of his country. A recent writer, Mr. Bernard Holland, reflects a common opinion: 'If the Empire should dissolve, England would doubtless decay and decline, exhausted by the effort of creating so many new states and now impelled by her economic condition to become again a self-contained and self-supporting country.'[1]

Perhaps this attitude of mind shows too much self-distrust, a quality we do not readily associate with the Englishman. Bereft of colonies and dependencies Great Britain would still have a larger population than France or Italy. But extreme militarism, the legacy to Europe of the Franco-German War, has become a nightmare. The flight of time has failed to mitigate it, and now Britain is startled at the increasing menace which this may be to her own safety. As long as the war-spirit limited itself chiefly to huge military armaments she felt reasonably secure with the sea as her frontier. But when

[1] *Imperium et Libertas*, p. 265.

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Germany, already controlling a vast army, evolved plans for a huge navy too, Britain's alarm lest this navy might be used to land the army on her shores has grown, until now, with many, it has reached the point of panic. Looking round to strengthen herself she sees that she needs the daughter-nations and clings to them with a fervour almost pathetic.

And all the time the daughter-nations hardly understand the need of the mother-land. Canada at least feels herself menaced by no new dangers, and, living possibly in a fool's paradise, has no paroxysm of nerves. It has always been hopeless for her to think of armed strife with her only neighbour, for this neighbour could put a dozen men into the field to her one. From Europe, rightly or wrongly, she fears nothing, since, in case of such aggression, Canada would inevitably be backed by the United States.

It is a defect of Canadian newspapers that they are apt to be provincial in character, and give most of their space to the discussion of local issues. It thus happens that Canadians get little information about Europe. I doubt if there are two dozen people in Canada who read the daily *Times*. More of course read some less exhaustive English newspaper; but, after all, these, too, are only the few. The great bulk of the people of Canada learn the news of Great Britain only through the medium of Canadian newspapers. In former times these published the full, though of course biassed, cables which went to the press of the United States. But now the Canadian press has a cable service of its own, and it is proving a doubtful blessing. Instead of the former copious cables we have now usually only a few paragraphs from the Old World. The tables are completely turned. England is growing less ignorant of Canada than is Canada of England.

The Canadians are becoming indeed a people quite different from the English. The saying of Horace, now trite enough, *cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, is, in this relation, profoundly untrue. The European, transplanted to America, becomes, in some ways, a changed being. No doubt the extreme views of Buckle are out of date, that man's thought and actions represent simply the mechanical result of the physical forces about him. But we hardly need to be reminded nowadays that environment counts for something. The man who passes from Great Britain to Canada passes into a totally new world. Change of climate accounts for much, change of conditions for even more. In the land which he leaves there has been time to evolve definite social types and to unite them, with some precision, into one organism. English society is a unit. The Court circle, the public schools, the Universities, the clubs and drawing-rooms of London, the country houses scattered all over the land, unite to form one composite whole. In spite of concessions which rank now makes to wealth, this society is nicely graded. A hostess well understands who is to be asked to dinner and who only to luncheon

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or to tea. The clubs make their distinctions sharply, and schools for the gentry draw the line at the children of a retail tradesman, though they have no objection to those of his book-keeper.

It would be untrue to say that, because Canada is democratic, she has no social distinctions. It happened not so very long ago that a gentleman, otherwise entirely eligible, was blackballed at a Toronto club because he was in some way connected with trade. Many of the 'old families' hold aloof from the *nouveaux riches*. But the lines are not drawn as they are drawn in England. In Canada social distinctions and birth count for much less, the individual for much more. There is no unity in Canadian society; there is no well-entrenched social caste favoured for its continuance by laws, such as that of primogeniture; there is no social capital or court to determine standards. Montreal and Toronto, more than three hundred miles apart, know little of each other's social life; a social magnate in one place will be almost unknown in the other. Positions are made rapidly. In twenty, or even ten, years a man may rise from wealth to great affluence. He may still remain socially obscure; but, on the other hand, if he or his wife possesses the required qualities he may pass readily into something like social leadership. It all depends on the individual. There is no gradation of rank well recognised by public opinion, and itself the outcome of a long social growth.

Thus a profound initial difference exists between the outlook of the Canadian and that of the Englishman upon the society of which he forms a part. To the Englishman the Canadian seems often raw and crude, as perhaps he is. But it is as likely as not to be the crudeness of a strength conscious of itself and indifferent to other standards. No doubt the Canadian too feels the respect for high rank, the awe in the presence of royalty, so characteristic of the homeland; like Thackeray, he would be proud to be seen walking down the street arm-in-arm with a duke. But at heart the Canadian is, ceremonially, at least, a republican. He thinks monarchy a cheap and efficient form of government, and prefers it to a system that involves the prolonged quadrennial convulsion of his great republican neighbour. But he knows nothing of courts or of any practical aspects of the divinity that hedges about kingship. There is no local magnate in his neighbourhood to whom he looks up with awe and respect; he himself is probably a landowner, in his own view equal to every other landowner. If persons of rank conduct themselves with simple dignity he respects them, but he resents sharply any arrogance or lack of tact. Any one who presumed, in the slightest degree, upon his rank would find himself face to face with a plain-spoken democrat, who had no difficulty in calling a spade a spade. I remember that, when a scion of a noble house once forgot his manners at a social gathering in Canada, he was promptly toasted to his face as 'our absent-minded friend.'

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There is in truth in Canada, outside of a very limited circle, little or nothing of the social discipline that the Englishman accepts as a part of his natural atmosphere. The member of an old society knows almost instinctively the gradations of dignity from the premier duke to the last created baron. If he lives in the academic world he knows what profound difference of meaning there is between Oxford and Glasgow. He sees Glasgow itself bend the knee to Oxford and accept its inferior *status* as a part of that ordering of society which, if not recognised as divine, is at least the outcome of a long historical growth. No doubt the Canadian, too, is a little awed by the majestic traditions of the grey city on the Isis. But it is merely an emotion; these traditions are not concrete facts that have weight in his society as they have in that of England. The Canadian usually thinks it probable that his own universities will fit him or his son better for life than any in the Old World, and little or no prestige is gained in Canadian society by any brand of school or college. Even Eton and Christ Church would have but slight weight in this New World. One might draw out in other directions the contrast between the society of the two countries. But enough has been said to show that Canada has standards of her own; she is evolving her own type of social life and is supremely interested in that and not in any other. She believes in herself. A few days ago I greeted a party of friends returning to Canada after a prolonged sojourn in England. 'Thank God, I am back again in God's own country,' one of them said as he alighted at the station. I smiled as I remembered that that is precisely what many an Englishman would be likely to say on returning home from Canada. It is assuredly not strange that Canada is to the Canadian what England is to the Englishman.

Canada is not becoming Americanised, if this means that she is drawing closer politically to the United States. On the contrary, just because she has a growing confidence in her own self, she is daily growing farther away from any thought of political union with that country. She shows indeed an increasing desire to be unlike rather than like the United States. As the outcome of a long and unhappy evolution the United States has to-day an embittered racial quarrel which, if combined with lack of confidence in the courts of justice, leads to dreadful scenes of mob violence. Such spectacles Canada has never witnessed, and they fill the minds of her people with horror. The scandal-mongering American press, that most inadequate exponent of the life of a people truly great, finds, happily, few imitators in Canada. The traditions of society in the United States are not understood or regarded in Canada; the new citizen of the West is respected as much or as little as the Boston Brahmin; it all depends on himself. Above all is Canada convinced that the machinery of government in the United States, its rigid conservatism and the impossibility of organic change, are inadequate to modern needs.

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A Canadian cannot readily grasp a situation in which the man responsible for carrying on the Government can be at issue with the legislative body, as Mr. Roosevelt has been recently. In this he is at one with his English fellow-citizen. Both are accustomed to the sway of a Prime Minister, himself the creation of the House of Commons, and working always in harmony with it. The development in Britain's political methods during the nineteenth century has been thoroughly assimilated by the daughter-state, and here they stand whole-heartedly together. From the older ox the younger has learned to plough.

It is indeed probably beyond question that Great Britain and Canada are now more substantially one in outlook than at any previous period in their history. Their people are familiar with the same types of political machinery, they enjoy identical liberties. If Canada has had grievances in the past, the impression of the average man is that they have been removed, and that all is now smooth sailing. One is hardly prepared for a complaint from Canada that she has suffered, and is still suffering, at the hands of a jealous stepmother, and that there is a good deal yet to do in order to be rid of irksome leading-strings. Yet a book which appeared last year by an eminent and learned Canadian lawyer rings from end to end with the thought that Canada has nearly always been badly treated, or that she would have been badly treated but for her own strenuous and successful resistance, and that she is not yet a free state.[2] With great skill and ingenuity the author works up an elaborate case against Great Britain. She has checked Canada unduly in the past; she is checking her unduly still, and resisting her assertion of the privileges of the grown-up. Canada has a long list of grievances. Mr. Ewart has read widely, not, one fears, so much to see his subject as a whole, but to make points against Great Britain. Yet his bark is worse than his bite. Beginning with denunciation he ends, like a Hebrew prophet, with benediction. After all, the two countries are now getting on very well together, he admits, and he wishes them always to stand side by side.

None the less is his list of Canada's supposed grievances worth examination. The first one is that to-day, by Great Britain's fault, Canada has the nondescript title of 'Dominion' instead of being a kingdom. When Canada was federated Sir John Macdonald intended that the new state should be called the 'Kingdom of Canada.' By this title he wished to assert Canada's equality of *status* with the mother-land. She was to be an auxiliary kingdom, and, starting with a title of equality, as her population grew, Canada, without further organic change, would take naturally the position among the various states of the Empire to which her importance entitled her at each phase of development. It is easy to say that to call Canada a Kingdom would have made no real difference. But

[2] *The Kingdom of Canada and other Essays*, by John S. Ewart, K.C. Toronto: Morang & Co., 1908.

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perhaps it is as shallow to make too little of names as it is to make too much. Two centuries ago Prussia was extremely anxious for the *status* of a kingdom. When her ruler gained his point he took equal rank with Louis the Fourteenth and other kings of his time, and the subsequent history of Prussia has not shown that this accession of dignity in title was unimportant. But Canada was not allowed to become a kingdom because a nervous British minister feared to irritate the Republicans of the United States by setting up a new monarchy on their border; and so at his demand the proposed kingdom became the 'Dominion.' Certainly this minister at least must have thought that names were important, and now we have a note of indignant regret that Sir John Macdonald's idea was not carried out.

Mr. Ewart would still change 'Dominion' to 'Kingdom,' and thus assert Canada's political equality with Great Britain. He would have Canada definitely renounce the idea that the Imperial Parliament has any jurisdiction over her. He wishes Great Britain and Canada to stand together in a free union of perfectly equal states. He does not wish a British Empire, for to him an 'Empire' means the dominance of one central state over inferior states. Yet he is no Republican. King Edward would still be Sovereign of Canada; indeed, the King, and the King alone, would be the permanent tie between the two countries. They would work together, without any thought that one state had control over the other. Since King Edward could not be in two places at once, it would seem as if he must be represented in Canada by a viceroy. Mr. Ewart does not say who is to appoint the viceroy. Certainly it cannot be the Government of Great Britain, which is to have no authority in Canada; and it can hardly be the King, who can perform no political acts except through the medium of a responsible minister. Is the Parliament of Canada then to appoint him? The question is not uninteresting or unimportant, but here we need not discuss it further.

It may be that, in regard to this title of Kingdom, Canada has a grievance, though it is not a grievance very widely known or felt. Of course it is interesting to find that forty-three years ago a British minister, with a stroke of his pen, changed Canada from a proposed kingdom to a 'Dominion,' in spite of the emphatic wishes of those who created the new federation. But for our present relations the question is whether Britain would do this now. Assuredly she would not. Yet Mr. Ewart persists that unreasonable restrictions upon Canada still endure, and he draws up a considerable list of disabilities from which she suffers. Canada could not hold biennial parliaments; an Act of the British Parliament makes it obligatory for the Canadian Parliament to sit annually. Canada could not take a census every twelfth year instead of every tenth year. The Maritime Provinces of Canada, with their three legislatures, could not take the economical

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step of uniting under one. Canada has no power to change her own capital, or even the quorum in her House of Commons, should she so desire. She has not complete control over such matters as coinage, copyright, and shipping, even that engaged in her own coasting trade. The powers of Canada's Parliament, like those of a State in the American Union, are strictly confined to her own actual territory. Even there she is not supreme, for the British Parliament has sovereign jurisdiction in Canada, as everywhere else in the Empire; all of Canada's legislation is null and void that conflicts with that of the United Kingdom; on any Canadian measures the United Kingdom still has the power of disallowance, and an Imperial Act can at any time override a Canadian Act. If Britain declares war on any state, Canada is at war too, though her Government may disapprove of the declaration. In short, Burke's pictures of Britain 'as from the throne of Heaven she superintends all the several inferior legislatures,' is still true, Mr. Ewart seems to think, of her relations with Canada.

It looks as if Canada were cribbed, cabined, and confined. But Mr. Ewart is too good a constitutional lawyer not to know that Canada really can do what she likes within the limits of the law of nations. It is true that the Constitution of Canada was created and might be revoked by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. But it will never be revoked, and any amendments that Canada desires she can have. Such amendments are made with great ease. If the United States wishes to amend its Constitution it must go through an elaborate process of submitting the proposal to the vote of each of the States—a process so difficult that less than twenty amendments have been made in 120 years. Canada has merely to express by vote in Parliament what amendments she desires and almost automatically the British Parliament passes the necessary Bill. No doubt Canada's *amour propre* would be saved if her own enactment were alone necessary. But this might be even too easy; it is, in practice, not a bad thing that two parliaments must be consulted before a final step is taken. The method may be a little belated, but it springs out of the relation between parent and child. Be the forms what they may, the fact remains that Canada controls her own destiny. It is no reproach that forty years ago Great Britain did not let Canada do all that she wished. It is hardly a reproach to a parent that he restrained his son in youth. The restraints may or may not have been wise. What is important is that the youth's manhood should be fully recognised when he reaches that stage.

In the end the people of Canada have always had their way, and this will continue to be the case. That their own way will lead to separation from Britain I do not believe; that it will lead to closer organic union with Britain I do not believe either. Canada will steadily become more independent in her outlook, more determined to retain and develop control of her own affairs, more ambitious to

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rank among the nations of the earth. She can surrender none of her authority to any political body not controlled by her own people. It is not likely that any central Parliament for the British people would be efficient. Rapid and complete adjustment to local conditions is one of the secrets of political as well as business efficiency. It is hard to see how any one can imagine that the welfare of Canada would be promoted by organic union with other states which would leave her in any respect less free than she now is to make this rapid adjustment.

One may well doubt whether organic union even between Canada and the United States with their contiguous territory would make for good government on the North American continent. I heard a wise statesman say recently that because the centralisation at Washington is already so vast, it would probably be in the interest of the United States, did Canada not already exist, that she should be brought into being. A whole continent could not be well governed in one state. If this is true of North America, how much truer is it likely to be of the widely-scattered regions that now make up the British Empire! A common public opinion over such an area would be impossible; and to what are we to trust for the control of an organic union if it is not public opinion? Great Britain is nearer geographically to Canada than to any other of the larger sections of the British Empire; yet in many things there is no public opinion common to the two countries. Great Britain does not share Canada's dread of immigration from the East, simply because to her this is no menace. Recently, when Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was profoundly stirred over the Alaska Boundary question, Great Britain was apathetic or in sympathy with the opinion that Canada was combating. There is a similar apathy in Canada now regarding Britain's alarm over the designs of Germany. Imagination is not strong enough for countries so widely separated, and with problems so different, to feel acutely the more immediate issues of each other.

Present-day exponents of Imperial theories are a little apt not to have viewed the problems in the light of the long past in which they have developed. The two supreme questions of Empire which are new and pressing with each political change are also very old—how shall burdens be divided equally, and how shall there be equality in control among those who bear the burdens? Adam Smith wrestled with these problems when the British Colonies in America first took up arms, and found no solution that could be adjusted to facts. Subsequent thinkers have fared no better. The problems are in truth intellectually insoluble; the uncontrollable logic of facts, the conclusions of which may not be by us foreseen, will alone determine them.

Assuredly they will not be solved by the pressure of the exigencies of Europe alone. For some reason a great continent has chosen to turn itself into an armed camp, with its various political units ready

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at a moment's notice to spring at each other's throats. So stupendous is this array of power that it fills the rest of the world with awe, if not with admiration. Great Britain shares the dangers which Europe chooses to impose upon itself. Her burden is abnormal, artificial, one may hope transient. Must the scale of the individual British citizen's responsibility all over the world be adjusted to the exacting standard of Europe alone? Yes, if altruism prevailed in politics, and if the minds of the multitude could be swayed by a discerning few possessing world-wide vision. But the citizen of Canada, plain, unlettered, unimaginative, is not thinking of the situation in Europe. He does not listen expectant to hear whether the German Emperor, in an after-dinner speech, is a little more or a little less optimistic about the continuance of peace. What he is thinking of is the resources to build his own house, to construct the school-house, the highways, the railways that a new country urgently needs. Even a small tax-bill vexes his thrifty soul, for he has not yet been trained to bear heavy burdens of this kind, and he will be slow to learn the lesson. To talk of this man accepting, or remotely approximating to, the standards of Europe in regard to military equipment is absurd. The old questions are as insoluble as ever. The burden cannot be divided equally, and without equality of burden there can be no unity of control.

What then can be done? Must the great states of the Empire drift apart with the prospect of each becoming a separate nation with no relation to the others? God forbid! There are times when one grasps at the thought of an Imperial *Zollverein* as containing the solution of the whole matter. Make it the commercial interest of the various parts of the Empire to hold together and permanent union is assured. Perhaps! But one pauses before the possible effect of such a change upon the future of Britain herself. To see a Canadian traveller, returned from England, unpack his trunks is an object-lesson; there are all kinds of fabrics, durable and beautiful, bought in England for much less than they would cost in Canada, and it is a stupendous commerce in such things that keeps Britain alive. To make them even a little dearer may be to destroy a vast trade. Assuredly no voice from over the seas has any right to urge upon Britain a course that may be to her full of danger. Moreover, even were such a union possible, it could not be regarded as permanent, for each state must be left free to enter and to withdraw at pleasure. Nothing will endure that interferes with the national aspirations of the various portions of the Empire.

In regard to burdens, one may only hope for a levelling-down in Europe, and, at the same time, for a levelling-up in Canada. While Canada must repudiate the military standards of Europe as necessarily to be imitated by her, the stern truth cannot be avoided that these standards have obtained a footing both in America and in Asia. Just

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because the world to-day, with its intricate relationships, represents something like a unit, both Japan and the United States have had to prepare themselves for emergencies not of their own creating. If Canada aims, as she does aim, at being a great nation, she cannot expect always to be protected by any arm but her own. After all, the basis of human well-being lies in each man's capacity to take care of himself. Canada has yet to learn this lesson of true manhood. There are signs that she has begun to learn it, and to-day no better promise of success lies before an aspirant to political leadership in Canada than in a strong appeal to the Canadian conscience on this point. But one may hope that at the same time the standard of preparedness set by Europe will be lowered. Only one state seems now to bar the way to accomplishing this, and perhaps the waste involved in unbridled militarism will before long force this state to moderate its ambitions. Then for the British Empire a simpler standard of common burdens may slowly be evolved, and in time the British and the Canadian tax-payer may have an equal share in responsibility.

At any rate, other parts of the Empire cannot expect much longer from Great Britain the admission, so frankly made at the last Colonial Conference, that she is fully responsible for their protection. Canada has never admitted that she holds it to be her duty to share in whatever wars Great Britain may undertake. Each question, she says, will be determined as it arises. Would it be unfair were Great Britain to say the same thing regarding Canada? When we ask the question, what is defensible in theory is seen to be impossible in practice. If Canada became involved in war, could Great Britain hold aloof and perhaps see the territory of Canada impaired? Would Canada see Germany overwhelm Britain and make no move to help the mother-land? *The Times* recently threatened that, should Australia not do more to fill up her waste areas, she could not count upon Britain's defence if some other state undertook the task. Could Great Britain then stand by and see Japan or Germany attack Australia? One comes back again to the truth that the problems of the Empire are just now intellectually insoluble.

'An impotent conclusion after saying so much,' a reader may well say. 'Why write at all only to reach it?' Perhaps in the presence of a multitude of theories of Empire it is worth while to see for a moment exactly where we are, even though we may not quite know whither we are going. We are at the point where Canadian national feeling is already strong and growing stronger, and it must have free play. But it is in no sense hostile to Great Britain. The mischief of a book such as Mr. Ewart's is that it may tend to foster alienation; if people are told with great skill and persistence that they have grievances they are not unlikely to believe it. To say that Britain's handling of Canadian questions has been ideally wise would be absurd. She has made blunders, and her last—the tactless dealing

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with the Alaska Boundary dispute—caused a resentment in Canada that is not yet understood in London. But this is not what Canada chooses to think of chiefly. She is not nursing grievances. She prefers to think of the sacrifices Britain made to win and hold Canada and of the generosity with which this splendid heritage has now been handed over freely to the Canadian people. 'As the legal ties are slackened, the moral ties are tightened,' said Lord Thring, and this is eminently true of the development of political thought in Canada to-day. She is ceasing to be a dependent, but she is more than an ally. Alliances are determined by self-interest. Not in any spirit of self-interest, but in obedience to the dictates of nature and education is Canada, the daughter-state, resolved to remain linked with the mother-land.

GEORGE M. WRONG.

University of Toronto.

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THE MISSING ESSENTIALS IN ECONOMIC SCIENCE

CONCLUDING ARTICLE[1]

I

In the preceding article I analysed the theory of value which, formulated by the 'bourgeois' economists (as the Socialists are pleased to call them) and invested by Mill with its classical or accepted form, was adopted by Marx, and, being pushed by him to its strictly logical conclusion, was turned by him into the basis of attack on the entire social system which Mill regarded as being for the present the only system practicable.

According to this theory of value, common to Mill and Marx, commodities of different kinds exchange with one another (apart from some few exceptions) in proportion to the amount of ordinary labour embodied in them; and in the preceding article it was shown that, while labour in very simple states of society is really the sole factor by which the value of commodities is determined, it is not the sole or even the most important factor in society as it exists to-day. In very simple states of society labour alone determined values, because in such states of society labour alone produced commodities. It is not the sole factor by which values are determined to-day because it is not the sole agency by which commodities are produced to-day. The distinctive feature of industry in the modern world is the fact that, in addition to the muscular power by which matter is moved under the mental direction of the men by whom the muscular power is exerted, there comes systematically into play the mental direction of other men, by whose knowledge, by whose judgment, and by whose constructive ideas the minds and the muscular exertions of the labouring majority are guided, and the labouring units organised into complex productive groups. It is only through the operation of these guiding minds that the amount of commodities corresponding to a given amount of

[1] The series concluded by this article commenced in the March number, and was continued in May and August.

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muscular exertion is raised above a certain minimum; and in proportion to the efficiency of the minds by which the productive groups are directed these groups have more commodities to offer to one another; or, in other words, the wealth of the entire community is increased. Thus that share of the value of a given total of products which is taken by the employer as his profit is not, as Mill says, and as Marx says, due to the fact 'that labour produces more than is necessary for its own support.' It is due to the fact that the labour of average men, when directed by a man whose mind is above the average, produces indefinitely more than it would produce were it operating solely under the direction of the minds of the labourers themselves. Profits represent something added to the products of labour, not something taken away from them.

I need not repeat myself here by elaborating this proposition farther. What I am about to do now is to turn to another issue, which was definitely raised by Mill, and with regard to which most Socialists either explicitly or implicitly follow him.

As will have been seen in a passage quoted from in the preceding article, Mill insists that, under conditions such as those which prevail at present, 'the question of value is fundamental.' But this question, he says, is fundamental only under such conditions, and these conditions are artificial. It would be possible so to alter them that the question of value would disappear. Competition and individualism, he argues, might be transformed into Socialism or Communism; and in whatever way commodities were then produced, they would no longer be distributed by means of exchange or sale. Everybody would either help himself out of a common store, or be awarded so much or so little out of a common store by the State. There would no longer be any balancing of one set of products against another on the part of the men by whom the different products were produced; and the problem of value, he continues, and all the practical difficulties arising from it would, under such circumstances, die a natural death. Such is the contention with which Mill opens the Third Book of his *Principles of Political Economy*—the Book in which he discusses value under the conditions which prevail at present. It is this statement that I here propose to examine; and there will be little difficulty in showing that, with one unimportant exception, it is in all its details altogether fallacious; and that, in whatever way 'social arrangements' were altered, the problem of value would remain a 'fundamental' problem still.

II

I have spoken of an exception. Let me deal with that exception first. There is one condition of society—it is a possible one, and examples of it survive—under which the problem of value is actually non-existent, and the truth of Mill's statement is so far vindicated.

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I refer to conditions under which, in remote districts, isolated families, living under the same roof, produce the whole, or practically the whole, of the things which they consume and use. Families whose mode of life closely approximated to this existed till lately in some of the Scottish islands. Thus a family in the Island of Tyree would produce not only its own food, clothing and fuel, but even its own pottery; and, apart from the few articles of cutlery and other implements of iron used by it, it lived from one year to another without purchasing anything.

But where families live thus, none of the comforts, conveniences, luxuries, or means of knowledge, which Socialists declare ought to be possessed by everybody, are possessed by anybody. In order that the kinds of wealth which Socialism aims at redistributing may come into existence at all, this system of production by self-sufficing family groups must be broken up, and productive effort divided. One set of workers must produce one set of commodities, and another set must produce another; and as soon as this happens, production and consumption are separated in the sense that, though each producer may consume a little of his own produce, most of what he consumes is the produce of other people. Hence most of what he produces himself must by some means or other be taken from him and distributed somehow or other for consumption amongst other people; and a certain assortment of things which other people produce must somehow or other be introduced into his own home.

Now, whenever a condition of this kind prevails there is necessarily an exchange of products, no matter how effected; and when Mill declares that it is possible to eliminate from this process of exchange the element of economic value, and to conduct it on other principles, what he is saying resolves itself virtually into this. The exchange in question may effect itself in two ways—either by a direct bargaining amongst the various producers themselves, in which case the amount of clothing which A. gives to B. determines the amount of food which B. gives to A.; or by the handing over of his products on the part of each producer to the State, which will then distribute them amongst A., B., and the rest, not according to the amounts which each of them may happen to have produced, but according to what, on some totally different principle, it is held that each requires. Thus if, out of the various bread-makers—B1, B2, and B3—B2 and B3 produce more loaves than B1; and if, out of the various coat-makers—A1, A2, and A3—A2 and A3 produce more coats than A1, there will be awarded to B1 as many coats, and to A1 as many loaves as are awarded to their fellow-workers, whose output may be indefinitely greater. A society embodying an arrangement of this latter kind, even if not practically workable, is at least theoretically possible; and what Mill means is that, in such a society, were it established, the question of economic value would have no practical meaning; for value is an equivalence of products as measured by the operations of the producers, whilst the

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only equivalence in this case would be determined by the requirements of the consumers.

Now what I am about to point out here is this—that even if we assume the existence of a society of the kind contemplated, and even if we admit that in such a society the laws of value would be inoperative, they would be inoperative only in the sense that they were artificially neglected; and the consequences of this neglect would give rise to as many difficulties, and to difficulties of the same kind, as now arise from the observance of them.

The reader will recollect that the analysis of Mill and Marx, according to which the value of commodities, under a system of free exchange, is determined by the amount of ordinary labour embodied in them, has been here admitted to be true as applied to those societies in which ordinary labourers are practically the sole producing class, and in which no class has been evolved of specially gifted persons, directing the labourers but separate from them. Let us begin, then, with supposing the establishment of a Socialistic community in which the two main assumptions of all modern Socialists are realised—the first of these being that the general supply of commodities and public conveniences requires a division of the population into various industrial groups; and the second being that labour is the sole productive force on the exercise of which this supply depends. Under such conditions labour will still require materials on which to exert itself, and tools or implements similar to those which would be in use otherwise. All these, however, would be the property, not of individuals but of the State, in accordance with the formula enunciated on every Socialistic platform; and the State—a body with no personal interests of its own—would take all the products as fast as the citizens made them, and for purposes of consumption would so dole them out that the portions received by all should be equal. Most Socialists, no doubt, admit that an absolute equality in distribution, though the goal at which Socialism aims, is not in their view practicable; but, since the more nearly it is reached the more completely is the ideal of Socialism realised, we may, in forming a picture of what a Socialistic State would be, suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that the equality of distribution is complete, and that all the citizens are for the moment satisfied, and have reached a condition of perfect economic equilibrium.

Such being the case, then, our society will present the following features. It will, as has just been said, consist of a number of groups, each of which produces some one class of commodity. It will be enough for us to suppose that these groups are five in number, each producing some commodity required and consumed by all. One group produces bread, another butter, another coats, another coal, and another oil for lamps; and since we are supposing the conditions with which we start to be altogether satisfactory, we must suppose that the articles of consumption are produced and supplied in

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quantities which suffice, not only to keep the consumers alive, but also to satisfy their demands for pleasure, ease, and luxury. Each man has two loaves daily, whereas he could live on one, and two pats of butter, whereas he could live without any. In addition to his suit of working clothes, which alone is really necessary, he has year by year two others which adorn him in his hours of leisure. He gets coal enough, not only for the necessary fire in his kitchen, but for one, whenever he wishes for it, in his sitting-room and his bedroom also; and he has oil enough for three lamps to light him when the sun has set, whereas, so far as the necessities of his nature are concerned, he might just as well go to bed and snore till the following morning. Further, these daily or yearly rations are, from the very nature of our supposition, not secured by each man for himself by the precarious process of bargaining with his fellow-citizens, but are assured to him by the State—for this is the essence of complete Socialism. The State collects all commodities as fast as ever they are made; and either delivers, by means of its own carriers, a given quantity of each at the door of each citizen, or issues to him a demand-note of some kind, in return for which the State officials will give him a similar quantity according to his own convenience.

In the latter case, it is true, a form of purchase would be gone through; but there would be no balancing, on the part of any one purchaser, of the quantity of goods which he claimed to have produced himself with the quantity of other goods produced by other men, which he demanded as an equivalent to his own. The basis of exchange would be authority, not value. This at least is what Mill means, when he declares that individualism and competition in production need only be superseded by authority distributing in the interests of all, and the problem of value would no longer exist. It is, however, only necessary to look under the surface, in order to see that it would be the vital problem still.

For on what would the state of equilibrium—of equal economic comfort—depend? It would depend on the fact that each of the five productive groups always maintained unaltered the precise productive efficiency which we suppose it to be exhibiting at the ideal period with which we start. If each group consists of a thousand men, and if each man for the three comfortable fires which we suppose him at starting to enjoy in his own house requires a supply of twelve tons of coal a year, it is obviously necessary that the thousand who produce the coal shall hew and bring to the surface sixty thousand tons annually. If each man, in addition to one suit of working clothes, is yearly to have two other suits to adorn him in his hours of leisure, and enhance his attractiveness in the eyes of the other sex, it is obvious that the thousand men whose business it is to make clothes shall produce in the course of the year fifteen thousand suits. And the same reasoning applies to all the other commodities. It has been

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possible for the State to establish a certain scheme of distribution, only because it has for its datum a certain equilibrium in production; and if there were any decline in the products of any one of the productive groups, the State would be powerless to prevent this change from reflecting itself in the equalised incomes of the whole mass of its citizens.

Let us suppose, for example, that of the men who produced the coal one half refused to maintain the original rate of production, and contented themselves with doing two-thirds of what they had done before. In that case the yearly output of coal would sink from sixty thousand to forty thousand tons. Under such conditions, let the State do what it would, it would have in the course of the year only forty thousand tons to distribute; and if the distribution continued still to be equal, the inevitable result for each citizen would be that, instead of having coal enough for three fires, he would only have enough for two. In every dwelling there would be one hearth extinguished. Or again, let us take the group which produced the clothes, and suppose that all the original cutters died, and were succeeded by a generation of greatly inferior skill, the result being that each garment when sewn together required a week for alterations before it would fit the wearer, and that only ten thousand suits were now producible within the year instead of fifteen thousand as formerly. This would mean that each one of the citizens would now have only two suits a year instead of three. In short, if any one of the five productive groups ceased to maintain its original maximum of productivity, every one of the four other groups would suffer. 'We all,' these four groups would jointly say to the fifth group, 'are continuing to provide you with as much as we did originally. You are defrauding us by reducing the quantity of what you give us in return. We are giving you as much superfluous butter as ever, or as much oil for those lamps which you burn only as luxuries; and you refuse to supply us with our accustomed fires in our bedrooms, or those cool third suits of clothes—the delight of our summer holidays. Such is the situation. What is to be the remedy? It is true that we are all Socialists, and can only act through the State; but we are four to one, and we must get the State to assist us.'

The State, under such circumstances, might do one or other of two things. It might, if the producers of coal were the group whose efficiency had declined, allow each collier to retain only coal enough for one fire, and distribute what was saved amongst the other workers, so that each might still have three; or it might divide the loss amongst all the workers equally, so that everybody had as much bread and butter as heretofore, but was cut down in the matter of fires from three to two. Certain people would be bound to suffer in either case. If the former course were adopted the only sufferers would be the colliers. If the latter were adopted, all the groups would suffer o

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account of a decline in efficiency which was entirely confined to one.

Here we have, in everything except the name, the factor of value asserting itself precisely as it does to-day. If matters were so arranged that the colliers alone suffered, this would mean, however the intervention of the Socialistic State might disguise the fact, that the values of bread and butter and so forth had fallen as measured by coal, in the sense that the same amount of them would exchange for less coal than formerly; or else the value of coal would have fallen as measured by bread and butter, in the sense that in order to purchase the same amount of food, the colliers would have to sacrifice a larger portion of their yearly output, and would so have less left for the warming of their own houses. Thus, though in a Socialistic community the problem of value might seem to be in abeyance at some particular period when the efficiencies of all were in a condition which was accepted as a standard of equilibrium, yet as soon as this equilibrium was disturbed by the failure of any one group of workers to produce goods equivalent in quantity to those produced by each of the other groups, this problem would emerge in all its integrity; and either one group —in the case now before us, the colliers—would be clamouring to the State that the value of its own products should be raised, or each of the other groups would be insisting with equal emphasis that the value of their own products should not be allowed to fall.

It is true that in a society in which ordinary manual labour, uninfluenced by human activity of any other kind, was really, apart from nature, the sole producing agency, it is difficult to imagine that, when in all the groups alike production had once reached a certain standard of efficiency, it could in any one of the groups become substantially less productive except by a conspiracy amongst the members to become idler than the members of the other groups; and the State might conceivably cure this disease by coercion. It might whip the colliers back into their former state of activity, and the old economic equilibrium would in this way be restored. But the problem of value would still have been at the bottom of the disturbance; and the Socialistic State in quelling it would leave in the body politic as much disappointment or indignation against a supposed injustice, as ever results to-day from the failure of any ordinary strike.

So much, then, for the question of value in so far as it relates to a condition of things in which labour alone, or the exertions of manual workers directing their own muscles, produces commodities, determining by its skill and its intensity what quantity of these shall be produced in a given time. Let us now bring our conception of a Socialistic society into closer accord with the actualities of modern life, by supposing that the productivity of labour in one or more of the groups is heightened by the presence of some man of unusual talent, who by causing the labourers to exert themselves in entirely

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new ways, enables them, without an expenditure of any greater effort on their own part, to produce as much in six months as they formerly did in twelve. We will still start with our original five groups in equilibrium, and suppose that such a man brings his talents to bear on the labour of the group of coat-makers. This group, if it goes on working with the same continuity as before, will now make in the year, not fifteen thousand suits of clothes, but thirty thousand. How, then, would this change affect the situation generally? There will be enough clothing produced in the course of a year to provide each citizen, not with three suits only, but with six; but the output of other commodities still remains unchanged. If the State continues its practice of equal distribution, the group which produces the clothes will receive no more food, fuel, and lamp oil than it did before, but the other groups will be receiving a double amount of clothing. This is merely another way of saying that the value of a suit of clothes will have fallen as measured by other commodities, and the value of other commodities will have risen as measured by clothes. Distribution is a question of value still, just as much as it would be under a system of free exchange; and if Mill were to maintain that Socialism affected the situation at all, he could only mean that the factor by which values were determined was not the demand of individuals dealing directly with one another, but a central authority by which the natural demands of some were disregarded in order to satisfy the desires of others. Here we have a case which is the converse of that which we were considering just now. There we had to do with a decline in the productivity of one group of producers, the loss resulting from which, were it borne by that group alone, would produce a conflict between that group and the State, similar to the conflict which at present takes the form of a strike; and which, if distributed amongst all the groups alike, would punish four-fifths of the population for the sluggishness or the incapacity of one-fifth. Here we have to do with an increase in the productivity of one group, the gain resulting from which, if confined to that group alone, would make all the other groups feel that the principles of Socialism were being violated; and which, if it were distributed amongst all the groups alike, would mean that four-fifths of it were taken away from the authors, and would exasperate them with the reflection that, in proportion as they increased their production whilst the rest of the community did nothing to increase theirs, they would, as the direct result of their own exceptional efficiency, get less than the rest of the population, relatively to what they produced.

Such are the features of the situation as at first sight they will present themselves to us. It is, however, necessary to examine them more carefully. So long as we suppose that labour, or ordinary muscular effort, is the sole productive agency, and start, as we did at first, with assuming a society in which labour of all kinds has

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reached its maximum of productivity, the original productivity of any one of the groups can be altered only in one or other of two ways—either by the labourers in that group becoming less careful or industrious than they were, or else by some change beyond their own control in nature, which rendered their work more difficult. Now if the decrease in their productivity were due to their own voluntary conduct, the Socialistic State—to repeat what has been said already—could presumably solve the difficulty by the application of force; for able-bodied men who had been producing a certain amount of goods year by year in the past could presumably be compelled to continue the exercise of their known powers. But if, on the other hand, the decrease in their productive efficiency were due to some change in nature, which was beyond the control of man (a change, let us say, in climate, or in the supply of their raw materials), the loss would fall in that case on all of the groups equally, whether values were determined by the State or by a system of free exchange. The reason of all this is as follows. Whenever we suppose, in any accurate sense, that the entire wealth of a community is due to the labour of the average able-bodied man, we are assuming that, though the labourers may be partitioned into various groups, and acquire special dexterities by confining themselves to labours of one special kind, yet each man, whatever may be the kind of work assigned to him, would be equally capable, after a certain period of habituation, of performing any other. Hence, if the makers of clothes were to disturb the original situation by deliberately refusing to produce as many suits as formerly, the case of the State or of the rest of the population against them would rest on the argument that they were refusing to do, and were only being asked to do, what would be done by any group of other men equally numerous, as soon as these had received a sufficient technical training. But if the decline in the productivity of the clothes-makers were due to some change in external nature the case would be wholly different, and no such argument could be used. For in that case the decrease in productivity exhibited by the existing clothes-makers would be exhibited also by any other group of workers, who might voluntarily address themselves to the same work as their competitors, or be ordered to do so by the Socialistic State as their substitutes. It will thus be easily seen that under a system of free exchange (which means that each man does his best in his own interest) the value of any commodity (say coal), as related to any other commodity for which the producer wishes to exchange it (say coats), is not determined by what it costs the actual producer of the coal to produce a given quantity, as compared with what it costs the actual producer of coats to produce a coat. It is determined, in the case of the coal-producer, by the price at which, if his own price were rejected, the same amount of coal could be supplied by somebody else. If the actual producer is a man of such exceptional strength that he is able to produce two tons of coal in a time in which

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nobody else would be able to produce more than one ton, he will be able to get from the coat-maker in the way of coats for one ton very nearly as much as any other producer would be obliged to demand, and would inevitably receive, for two tons. He would probably not get twice as much—for if he demanded that, the coat-maker might just as well give his custom to two ordinary coal-producers as to him—but he would get very nearly twice as much.

In other words, whenever the personal efficiency of any one producer is such that he is able in a given time to produce twice as much as could be produced by any other workers who are or who might be employed in the same industry, the value of each unit of the product is determined by what its value would be had no other human being been able to produce it in a time less than twice as long. But in actual life, in so far as ordinary labour is really the sole agency involved in the production of commodities, this fact gives rise to few practical problems; for in actual life, if we take any particular population, the ordinary labour of very few individuals is more productive to any disturbing extent, than the labour of the vast majority. Indeed in so far as all commodities were really produced by labour, all commodities would, under a system of free exchange, tend to distribute themselves in equal portions amongst all; and if the State were to take, as it would take under a *régime* of Socialism, the business of distribution into its own official hands, it could do no more than impart something of additional regularity to a process which virtually or roughly would take place without its intervention.

As soon, however, as we suppose our community of equally productive labourers to lose its original equilibrium, not by the failure of one group to produce as much as it can produce, but in consequence of the appearance in one group of one exceptional man, who simply by directing labour in accordance with his superior knowledge enables five hundred men to produce in a year as many commodities as were produced formerly by a thousand, the situation whilst remaining in one way the same is in another completely changed. It remains the same in the sense that there will be a greater amount of one kind of commodity, such as coats, available for distribution somehow. But the question is how, under such circumstances, would this surplus be distributed in reality? It might conceivably be distributed in three different ways. It might be distributed equally amongst the members of all the groups alike; it might be distributed equally amongst the coat-makers, and amongst them only; or it might be retained by the man directing them, to whose talents alone the existence of these goods is due. Now so far as the question lies between the coat-makers whose labour this man directs, and the other productive groups, who have no directors but themselves, the former could establish no special claim on the surplus, for they, from the nature of the hypothesis, have worked no harder and with no greater skill than before. They have done

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nothing which any member of any one of the other groups could not, if similarly occupied, do just as well as they. If the particular men who supplied the bread-makers with coats were to say to the particular men who supplied the coat-makers with bread, 'We refuse to share with you our extra supply of coats, for it is our labour and not yours that has made them,' the bread-makers might truly answer, 'In that case we and the rest of us will by some means or other parcel out for the future the work of coat-making amongst ourselves, and set you to one or other of the tasks at present performed by us. You will find that in these trades you can do no more than we can, whilst we, if we take up yours, shall do just as much as you.' Hence, as was said before, even under a system of free exchange the extra supply of coats would in the end be distributed equally amongst all, and the State could only accelerate a process which would take place anyhow. But then the dispute lies not between one set of labourers and another set, but between the exceptional man and all the labourers collectively, and this is precisely the kind of answer which the labourers cannot make; for the essential fact which distinguishes the exceptional man is this, that, whereas he could presumably do everything that is done by any one of the labourers, not one of the labourers could do what is actually being done by him. The parts played by the two are not potentially interchangeable. It is not a question of whether the extra supply of coats shall be produced by the exertions of one set of men or another set, but whether they shall be produced by the exertions of one man, or not be produced at all. It is evident here that, under a system of free exchange, the exceptional man would be able to make his own bargain, and take anything short of the whole of the extra products for himself. He could not, as has been said already, permanently secure the whole; for if he demanded this, the rest of the community would gain nothing by the exercise of his talents, and it would be a matter of indifference to them whether he continued to exercise them or no; but so long as they derived from his exercise of them any appreciable advantage which they were not willing to forego—if, for example, out of the three extra coats theoretically available for each of them, the exceptional man was willing that each of them should receive one—he would be able to retain the other two for himself.

And this is virtually what happens under the conditions that prevail to-day. Any extra product (as Mill, inconsistently with his main theory of value, admits) brings to the man who is alone capable of producing it 'an extra gain.' Mill, however, contends that under a *régime* of Socialism—a *régime* which, if not immediately, he regards as being ultimately practicable—this result might be obviated, and the 'extra' products due to some one man's superior talents be taken by the State, and distributed as the State saw fit without any regard to the wishes of the man himself. But how would such a change in what Mill describes as the 'artificial arrangement of society' really

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affect the vital elements of the situation? So far as mere argument goes, the State could say no more to the exceptional man than the mass of ordinary producers could say to him, if he and they were left to settle the matter for themselves. The only difference would be this—that, under such conditions, the exceptional man would technically be a State official, just as the bulk of the population would be technically State labourers; and the only reasonable meaning of which Mill's contention is susceptible is that the State would, under these conditions, be able to do what labourers, if left to themselves, could not do—namely, to force this exceptional servant to continue his exceptional services, whether he was satisfied with the reward which might be allotted to him by the State or no; just as, if any one set of bakers refused to go on baking unless they received more than their fellows, the State could undoubtedly solve the difficulty by whipping them, or otherwise chastising them if they failed to do as much.

Indeed that such is the case has recently been admitted by an American advocate of Socialism in discussing the nature of the process by which he anticipates it will be realised. The Socialistic State, he says, if it is not to lapse into poverty, will require, just as much as it can possibly require to-day, the services of those men who have proved their exceptional efficiency by the manner in which we find them directing the labour of the country now; and the first thing which the Socialistic State, when once it has been established, must do, may be shown by what would happen, for instance, in the case of the Pennsylvania railroad. Before it attempted to effect any other alteration, the State would address itself to the administrators, engineers, and controllers of every grade, and say to them, 'You are all of you to remain in your present positions, and go on doing precisely what you are doing now. The only change in your case will be a gradual reduction in your salaries, or in the dividends which you receive on any capital which you have saved out of your salaries and invested. Little by little all or most of the exceptional rewards which, in either of these ways, you have been allowed to enjoy hitherto will be taken away from you by means of progressive taxation, until the rewards of all men are at least approximately equal.'

And it is no doubt conceivable that in the case of those particular men whose talents at any moment are developed and actually operative, such a procedure might be successful, for such men have shown what they are able to do, and have thus betrayed to others how much they may be compelled to do. But even in the case of such men it is doubtful whether any external authority, consisting of other men incapable of such work themselves, could permanently constrain them to maintain their old standard of productivity; and even if, with regard to these, such a *tour de force* were possible, the main difficulty of the situation would still remain untouched. The main difficulty of the situation

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would arise out of the inevitable fact that the existing generation of exceptional men would one by one die off, and unless the wealth of the community were to decline in proportion as they did so (which would mean a decline in the income of every individual citizen) these men, as they died, would have to be replaced by others, whose exceptional powers are at present undeveloped and untried, and can never be known to exist by the State or by anybody else, except in so far as their possessors shall voluntarily exert themselves to develop them. The only means by which the State could secure their development would be, not by coercion (for coercion would be absolutely ineffectual), but by making possible the attainment of a reward by the hope of which the ambitions of these men would be stimulated; and what the nature and extent of this reward would have to be could be determined only by the desires of these men themselves. The ordinary able-bodied man can be forced to perform any ordinary kind of labour that may be prescribed to him, because it is easy to know the kinds of labour of which he is capable. But nobody can tell, in the case of the exceptional man, what the nature or the extent of his capabilities is until he himself chooses to develop and exhibit them.

The exceptional man, therefore, in striking his bargain with the State, is always master of the situation in the sense that he himself, or his own natural temperament (which is only stimulated by the hope of such and such a reward), must always ultimately determine the minimum of which the reward shall consist; for, if the reward which the State proposes to make possible falls below this, his faculties fail to respond to an insufficient stimulus; and the State thus losing his potential services, loses that portion of his extra products which it would otherwise obtain for distribution amongst the community generally. This is virtually what takes place to-day, when, after a man of enterprise has established some new industry and provided subsistence for workmen who would otherwise have been unemployed, these workmen strike, and demand that their wages shall be raised to an amount which the employer is unable or unwilling to pay, and consequently removes his business to some other country. Up to a certain point the strikers may gain by striking; but, when that point is passed, instead of gaining more, they lose everything. Similarly the State, in attempting to curtail the rewards which the most efficient producers, under a system of free competition, would naturally retain for themselves, would be merely a body of strikers called by another name, striking not against any one employer, but against all; and as soon as the process of curtailment were pushed too far, it would, instead of appropriating more of the employers' surplus products, end by discovering that there was no surplus to appropriate. An artificial alteration of what Mill calls 'social arrangements' would alter the form of the problem, but would not alter its essence.

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III

Mill's whole contention, then, with regard to the present question is based on a false antithesis between the laws of production and distribution. 'The conditions and laws of production,' he says, 'would be the same as they are if the arrangements of society did not depend on exchange, or did not admit of it.' These laws and conditions depend 'on necessities arising from the *nature of things*.' On the other hand, he proceeds, the 'conditions and laws of distribution' depend mainly on 'necessities *created by social arrangements*.' But on what does he suppose that these 'social arrangements' depend? The answer to his argument is that those 'social arrangements' which determine the laws of distribution depend on 'necessities arising from the nature of things' no less than do 'the laws and conditions of production.' Just as the primitive production of a harvest by scratching the ground with a stick depends on the nature of the soil, of rain, air, light and seed, no less than does the production of a harvest by the latest methods of agriculture, so does the distribution of the harvest depend on nature of another kind—not on physical nature, but on human nature. The primitive cultivator, or tribe of cultivators, only produces a crop in order that he as an individual may consume it, and not any other individual; or that they as a tribe may consume it, and not any other tribe. If it were not for the prospect of a distribution of this particular kind, there would be no production at all. The two processes are indissolubly linked together. It is true that under primitive conditions the question of value is in abeyance, because amongst primitive producers production is not divided. Each individual or group is the direct producer of what he or it consumes. There is no exchange. But the question of exchange value, though it complicates the original situation, does not alter its nature. What each producer desires is that his productive efforts may bring to himself, whether directly or indirectly, the largest possible products. What he desires is an equation, not between products and products, but between effort and products.

When a man labours alone, like a savage who goes hunting and brings home such game as he catches to his family, the problem of whether his effort has met with its just reward, or the largest reward possible, solves itself. As soon as he has to give a portion of his own products away in return for portions of the products of other people, which are produced under different circumstances and by other kinds of labour, calculations become necessary and differences of opinion may arise for which previously there was no place; but what each party desires remains the same—namely, that the composite total which is distributed to him for his own consumption shall be as truly the equivalent of his own productive efforts as it would be if

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this total were produced directly by himself. No doubt each producer might wish, were it possible, to get more than this; but, since it is obvious that all cannot get more than is produced by all, this wish cannot, without absurdity, be developed into a general claim.

And now, to sum up the conclusions which have been here elucidated, let me begin by recurring to a fact that I have pointed out already. Whatever difficulties may be inseparable from the problem of distribution as soon as the problem of value is created by the division of industries, these difficulties could conceivably be solved by a Socialistic State, and an equal reward could be allotted to each producer, so long as all the producers were labourers approximately equal in capacity; so long as the extent of their capacities was measurable by some external authority; and so long as the conditions under which the various labourers worked were, in general estimation, substantially equal also. The State, under such conditions, could conceivably equalise the distribution of products; but only because such a distribution would be that which would substantially be established by the natural 'higgling of the market,' or the free action of the citizens if left to fight things out for themselves. All the State could do which could not be done by the citizens would be to obviate accidental inequalities which otherwise might here and there, and perhaps frequently, arise. It must, however, be noted that, even without the introduction of any productive force other than labour of hand and muscle directed by the intelligence of the labourers themselves, the power of the State to secure an equality of distribution would begin to diminish as soon as any labour developed itself of an exceptionally skilled kind, and the community began to any important extent to demand products which such labour alone could produce. The State could bring up any number of boys as masons, and compel them to perform whatever work might be required of them; but it could not so secure for itself even craftsmen of very rare skill. Still less could it so secure great original artists. It could not secure such men, because it would have no means of identifying them, unless it promised them rewards which would tempt them to reveal their talents. It would be equally impossible for the State—and in the sphere of ordinary production this impossibility would be fraught with far more extensive consequences—to know that any man was capable of inventing uninvented machines or processes, of initiating and carrying to completion enterprises not hitherto attempted, or of doing anything greatly in excess of what can be done by anybody.

But before we dwell upon this point further, let us go back again to the case of average labour, excluding all manual skill, whether of the craftsman or the artist, which is the natural monopoly of a minority, and is not the mere result of habituation on average faculties. In so far as such ordinary labour was the sole form of productive effort in operation, the State, it was said, might ensure an equal

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distribution of the products, thus satisfying equally all the practicable demands of everybody; but a certain condition, which we have not yet dwelt upon, was mentioned as essential to the full realisation of this result. That condition was that the labours of the various groups of producers should not only be equal in respect of the capacities required for the prosecution of them, but should also be equal in respect of the estimation in which the workers held them. As a matter of fact, however, it is certain that, whenever industries are divided, different industries will differ so widely in their circumstances that the workers in some groups, though they work no longer than the others, and are called on to exercise no greater intelligence, may be tempted to complain that their own work is of a specially disagreeable kind; and that this inequality should be redressed by the payment to them of higher wages, or else that their working day should be shorter than that of the rest of their fellow-citizens.

This, indeed, is a point on which Socialists themselves very often insist. For example, Professor Ferri, a well-known Italian scientist who has in his mature years become a convert to Socialism, and has written a book a translation of which has been issued by the English Labour party, mentions the getters of coal as an important class of labourers who might justly demand preferential treatment of some kind, not because the work was exceptionally hard, but because it was exceptionally distasteful. He accordingly proposes that, in order to meet the Socialistic demand for equality, the producers of coal shall not receive more wages than other workers, but shall be required for the same wages to exert themselves for a shorter time—for two days in the week, he suggests, instead of six. And since even Socialistic professors, not directly interested in the matter, are moved to advocate this kind of preferential treatment, we may be sure that any group of workers who could persuade themselves that a preference was due to them would demand it of the State with no less energy and conviction.

Let us suppose, then, that in a Socialistic community composed of different groups of labourers from all of whom the State demands at the outset the same hours of work, and to all of whom it distributes an equal amount of products, the producers of coal, taking Professor Ferri at his word, should demand a special increase of wages or shorter hours of labour. If either of these demands were conceded, a situation would arise of which Professor Ferri appears to have no conception. The amount of wages or products which the State has to distribute depends on the amount produced; and we start with supposing, firstly, that this amount is the maximum which the labour of the community can produce, and, secondly, that it is at present apportioned in equal quantities. If, therefore, any one group secures an addition to its original wages, it can do this only by a lowering of the wages of all the other groups. On the other hand, if the producers of coal adopt

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Professor Ferri's suggestion, and, instead of securing each week a larger amount of products, secure the privilege of working for only two days out of the six, the rest of the workers will suffer to a still greater degree. Their coal will cost them three times as much as formerly, or they will have to put up with one-third of the former quantity.

That is to say, if we start with a given number of labourers, equal in productivity, working for an equal number of hours, and receiving as their reward equal shares of the total product, no one group of labourers could augment their own gains in any way except by a successful attack on the gains of all the others. This obvious fact is sufficient to show that, however, so far as form went, an individualist community might be socialised, all the elements of industrial conflict would survive in it; and the transformation of such a community from a condition of freedom into one of Socialism would, instead of modifying this fact, merely bring it into greater and wider prominence. The only way in which the position of any group of equal labourers could be improved, except at the expense of the prosperity of all the rest, would be by the advent of some exceptional man or men, who by taking the labour of this group—say, the coal-producers—under his own control, and thus bringing superior knowledge to bear on it, should enable them to produce more than as much in two days as formerly they produced in six. As soon as this was done, it would then be possible for the coal-producers to enjoy the privilege of reduced hours of labour, and for the rest of the workers to obtain an undiminished supply of coal. But all this would depend on the continued activity of the exceptional man. He, like the labourers under him, would demand his special reward; the only essential difference between him and the labourers being that, whereas their special reward would be drawn from the effects of other people, his would be drawn from a surplus which he had produced himself; and if the State refused to concede him this, thereby causing the cessation of his special productive efforts, the whole community would relapse into the condition from which it had just emerged, and either the coal-producers would have to forego the leisure for which they had been struggling, or else the rest of the community would be impoverished by a diminution in its supply of coal. Thus the bargain which a Socialistic State would have to strike, in the interest of the majority, with its exceptionally efficient citizens, would be in its essentials a bargain of the same kind as that which such men virtually make to-day with the rest by a mass of the community under a system of free exchange and competition.

W. H. MALLOCK.

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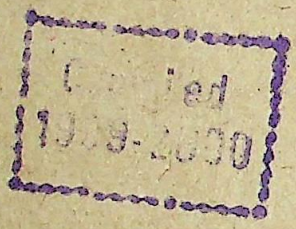
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